

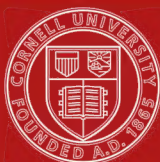


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Researches on the Danube and the Adriati



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RESEARCHES

ON THE

DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC.

RESEARCHES :
ON THE
DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC;
OR,
CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MODERN HISTORY
OF
HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA, DALMATIA AND
CROATIA, SERBIA AND BULGARIA.

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"MELUSINA. A NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT."

VOLUME I.



LEIPZIG:
F. A. BROCKHAUS.

1861.

P R E F A C E .

This work is an abridged recast, of several English books of travel, through the regions of the Danube, and the Adriatic, for the countries being contiguous, a desire has been more than once expressed to the author, to see them fused into one continuous narrative. Since the last of these works appeared, important events have occurred; a revolution in Servia, a war in Italy, and an agitation in Hungary, but the career of the author as an active political writer having terminated, he leaves to subsequent travellers and historians all the events that have occurred since the Crimean war. At the same time he does not think, that the work in its present state, will prove of less value, as there is an interest, attaching to those regions of the Danube and the Adriatic, not likely to pass away, for some generations at least. And every thing relating to general history, ethnology, topography, manners and customs, the economical conditions that spring from national character, and the archaeology, that

alternately illumines, and is explained by the landmarks of history, has been carefully revised, so as to render the present as much a work of reference, as the form of a book of travels allows.

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BOOK I.

S E R V I A.

CHAPTER I.

SYRIA TO BELGRADE.

It was after several years' residence in Egypt and Syria, that I embarked for Turkey in Europe, in one of those comfortable, but not showy Austrian steamers, that ply along the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean.

Our first station was at Rhodes, where I felt as if an enchanter had waved his wand; in reading of the wondrous world of the ancients, one feels a desire to get a peep at Rome before its destruction by barbarian hordes. A leap backwards of half this period is what one seems to make at Rhodes, a perfectly preserved city and fortress of the middle ages. Here has been none of the Vandalism of Vauban, Cohorn, and those mechanical-pated fellows, who, with their Dutch dyke-looking parapets, made such havoc of donjons and picturesque turrets in Europe. Here is every variety of mediæval battlement; so perfect is the illusion, that one wonders the warder's horn should be mute, and the walls devoid of bowman, knight, and squire.

Two more delightful days of steaming among the Greek Islands now followed. The heat was moderate, the motion

gentle, the sea was liquid lapis lazuli, and the hundred-tinted islets around us, wrought their accustomed spell. Surely there is something in climate which creates permanent abodes of art! The Mediterranean, with its hydrographical configuration, excluding from its great peninsulas the extremes of heat and cold, seems destined to nourish the most exquisite sentiment of the Beautiful. Those brilliant or softly graduated tints invite the palette, and the graces of the mind, shining through lineaments thorough-bred from generation to generation, invites the sculptor to transfer to marble grace of contour and elevation of expression. But let us not envy the balmy South. The Germanic or northern element, if less susceptible of the beautiful, is more masculine, better balanced, less in extremes. It was this race that struck down the Roman empire, that peoples America and Australia, and rules India; and more than any other on the face of the globe, superadds Patient Effort and Invincible Perseverance, to whatever genius the Almighty has given it, in Art, Science and Literature.

The most remarkable of our fellow passengers was an American Presbyterian clergyman, with furibond dilated nostril and a terrific frown.

"You must lose Canada," said he to me one day, abruptly, "ay, and Bermuda into the bargain."

"I think you had better round off your acquisitions with a few odd West India Islands."

"We have stomach enough for that too."

"I hear you have been to Jerusalem."

"Yes; I went to recover my voice, which I lost; for I have one of the largest congregations in Boston."

"But, my good friend, you breathe nothing but war and conquest."

"The fact is, war is as unavoidable as thunder and lightning; the atmosphere must be cleared from time to time."

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"No; I was in the American navy. Many a day I was after John Bull on the shores of Newfoundland."

"After John Bull?"

"Yes, Sir, *sweating* after him: I delight in energy; give me the man who will shoulder a millstone, if need be."

"The capture of Canada, Bermuda, and a few odd West India Islands, would certainly give scope for your energy. This would be taking the bull by the horns."

"Swinging him by the tail, say I."

The burlesque vigour of his illustrations sometimes ran to anti-climax. One day, he talked of something (if I recollect right, the electric telegraph), moving with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, with a pair of spurs clapped into it.

In spite of all this ultra-national bluster, we found him to be a very good sort of man, having nothing of the bear but the skin, and in the test of the quarantine arrangements, the least selfish of the party.

One day he passed from politics to religion. "I am fond of fun," said he, "I think it is the sign of a clear conscience. My life has been spent among sailors. I have begun with many a blue jacket hail-fellow-well-met in my own rough way, and have ended in weaning him from wicked courses. None of your gloomy religion for me. When I see a man whose religion makes him melancholy, and averse from gaiety, I tell him his god must be my devil."

The originality of this gentleman's intellect and manners, led me subsequently to make further inquiry; and I find one of his sermons reported by a recent traveller, who, after stating that his oratory made a deep impression on the congregation of the Sailors' chapel in Boston, who sat with their eyes, ears, and mouths open, as if spellbound in listening to him, thus continues: "He describes a ship at sea, bound for the port of Heaven, when the man at the head sung out, 'Rocks ahead!' 'Port the helm,' cried the mate. 'Ay, ay, sir,' was the answer; the ship obeyed, and stood upon a tack. But in two minutes more, the lead indicated a shoal. The man on the out-look sung out, 'Sandbreaks and breakers

ahead!' The captain was now called, and the mate gave his opinion; but sail where they could, the lead and the eye showed nothing but dangers all around,—sand-banks, coral reefs, sunken rocks, and dangerous coasts. The chart showed them clearly enough where the port of Heaven lay; there was no doubt about its latitude and longitude: but they all sung out, that it was impossible to reach it; there was no fair way to get to it. My friends, it was the devil who blew up that sand-bank, and sunk those rocks, and set the coral insects to work; his object was to prevent that ship from ever getting to Heaven, to wreck it on its way, and to make prize of the whole crew for slaves for ever. But just as every soul was seized with consternation, and almost in despair, a tight little schooner hove in sight; she was cruising about, with one Jesus, a pilot, on board. The captain hailed him, and he answered that he knew a fair way to the port in question. He pointed out to them an opening in the rocks, which the largest ship might beat through, with a channel so deep, that the lead could never reach to the bottom, and the passage was land-locked the whole way, so that the wind might veer round to every point in the compass, and blow hurricanes from them all, and yet it could never raise a dangerous sea in that channel. What did the crew of that distressed ship do, when Jesus showed them his chart, and gave them all the bearings? They laughed at him, and threw his chart back in his face. He find a channel where they could not! Impossible; and on they sailed in their own course, and every one of them perished."

As for Constantinople, I refer all readers to the industry and accuracy of Mr. White, who might justly have terminated his volumes with the Oriental epistolary phrase, "What more can I write?" Mr. White is not a mere sentence balancer, but belongs to the guild of *bonâ fide* Oriental travellers.

In summer, all Pera is on the Bosphorus: so I jumped into a caique, and rowed up to Buyukdéré. On the

threshold of the villa of the British embassy, I met A——, the prince of attachés, who led me to a beautiful little kiosk, on the extremity of a garden, and there installed me in his fairy abode of four small rooms, which embraced a view like that of Isola Bella on Lake Maggiore; here books, the piano, the narghilé, and the parterre of flowers, relieved the drudgery of his Eastern diplomacy. Lord N——, Mr. H——, and Mr. T——, the other attachés, lived in a house at the other end of the garden.

I here spent a week of delightful repose. The mornings were occupied *ad libitum*, the gentlemen of the embassy being overwhelmed with business. At four o'clock dinner was usually served in the airy vestibule of the embassy villa, and with the occasional accession of other members of the diplomatic corps we usually formed a large party. A couple of hours before sunset a caique, which from its size might have been the galley of a doge, was in waiting, and Lady C—— sometimes took us to a favourite wooded hill or bower-grown creek in the Paradise-like environs, while a small musical party in the evening terminated each day.

From the Bosphorus I proceeded to Varna in Bulgaria, but how different are the features of Slavic Turkey, from those of the Arabic provinces in which I so long resided. The flat roofs, the measured pace of the camel, the half-naked negro, the uncouth Bedouin, the cloudless heavens, the tawny earth, and the meagre apology for turf, are exchanged for ricketty wooden houses with coarse tiling, laid in such a way as to eschew the monotony of straight lines; strings of primitive waggons drawn by buffaloes, and driven by Bulgarians with black woolly caps, real genuine grass growing on the downs outside the walls, and a rattling blast from the Black Sea, more welcome than all the balmy spices of Arabia, for it reminded me that I was once more in Europe, and must befit my costume to her ruder airs. This was indeed the north of the Balkan, and I must needs pull out my pea-jacket. How I relished those winds, waves, clouds, and grey

skies! They reminded me of English nature and Dutch art. The Nore, the Downs, the Frith of Forth, and sundry dormant Backhuysens, re-awoke to my fancy.

The moral interest too was different. In Egypt or Syria, where whole cycles of civilization lie entombed, we interrogate the past; here in Bulgaria the past is nothing, and we vainly interrogate the future.

Having subsequently seen Varna, Shumla, Rustschuk and Widdin, under circumstances of more stirring interest, I shall say nothing of them at the present time. At the last mentioned town, I was introduced to a historical character. Hussein Pasha, the celebrated destroyer of the Janissaries, whose bloody feat forms one of the great landmarks of the modern history of the Ottoman Empire. He appeared to be verging on eighty, and, afflicted with gout, was sitting in the corner of the divan at his ease, in the old Turkish ample costume. The white beard, the dress of the Pasha, the rich, but faded carpet which covered the floor, the roof of elaborate, but dingy wooden arabesque, were all in perfect keeping, and the dubious light of two thick wax-candles, rising two or three feet from the floor, but seemed to bring out the picture, which carried me back, a generation at least, to the Pasha of the old school. Hussein smoked a narghilé of dark red Bohemian cut crystal, while my introducer Mr. Petronievitch and myself were supplied with pipes, profusely mounted with diamonds.

It is clearly the perfection of the art, and instruments of war, arising from the general advance of civilization, that lies at the root of the extinction of the Feudal Principle and the crushing of the Military Factions and Aristocracies of modern times. A more perfect instrument of power being in the hands of the Sovereign, local Oligarchies have no longer the same chance in the conflict. But while a large part of Asia still remains Feudal, the Ottoman Empire, from its vicinity to Europe, has in this century been fully drawn within the centralizing vortex. The trouble Mahomed Ali gave the Porte, arose

from his having earlier and more promptly than Mahmoud, carried out the unfeudalizing process against Mamelukes, Druses and all and sundry below him, while he himself remained the one great and dangerous Feudatory of the Empire.

The destruction of the Janissaries by Hussein may be called the first of the great steps taken by the government of Constantinople to walk in the road of the other long since centralized Monarchies of Europe, and Mahmoud, if I may be pardoned the bull, untied the Gordian Knot in old eastern fashion by cutting it. The period of rebellious Pashas successfully defying the Porte, such as Pasvan, Oglou, whose capital was this very Widdin, and Daoud Pasha of Bagdad seems to have passed away as well as that of the hereditary Feudal Chiefs scattered all over the Empire—the Dereh Beys of Asia-Minor, the Nobles of Bosnia, the Chiefs of Albania and Kurdistan, and the Emirs and hereditary Sheikhs of Syria have all been made to feel that the centralization and unfeudalization of the European Monarchies is in course of transfer to the Ottoman Empire.

Those vast alternate surges of scattered Townships and Principalities, disfigured by Anarchy, but compatible with much individual and national liberty—and large centralized Monarchies, characterized by overgrown Capitals, standing armies, an advanced material civilization, and a diminution of political freedom, seem to be as inevitable as the cycles observable in the external Universe. No law seems to be absolute in the political government of the human race, for not only are laws relative to national temperament (for instance, the above remarks would only apply partially to the Saxon Races), but they are also relative to vast cycles, in which the transformation seems as remarkable as that of caterpillar or silk-worm. Aristotle described the multitude of scattered communities which the legions of Rome subsequently fused into one vast Empire. Tacitus wrote during the completest period of centralized tyranny, but as M. Guizot says, Rome began

with towns, and returned to towns again. The towns are again become Monarchies, and the Ottoman Empire has been the last to exchange the feudal for the centralized form.

The Saxon races we leave out of the question.

Pursuing my journey I approached the Iron Gates.

New Orsova, one of the few remaining retreats of the Turks in Servia, is built on an island, and with its frail houses of yawning rafters looks very *old*. *Old Orsova*, opposite which we now arrived, looked quite *new*, and bore the true German type of formal white-washed houses, and high sharp ridged roofs, which called up forthwith the image of a dining-hall, where, punctually as the village-clock strikes the hour of twelve, a fairhaired, fat, red-faced landlord, serves up the soup, the *rindfleisch*, the *zuspeise*, and the other dishes of the holy Roman empire to the Platzmajor, the Hauptzollamtdirector, the Kanzleidirector, the Concepist, the Protocollist, and *hoc genus omne*.

After a night passed in the quarantine, I removed to the inn, and punctually as the clock struck half past twelve, the very party my imagination conjured up assembled to discuss the *mehlspeise* in the stencilled parlour of the *Hirsch*.

Favoured by the most beautiful weather, I started in a sort of calèche for Dreucova. The excellent new macadamized road was as smooth as a bowling-green, and only a lively companion was wanting to complete the exhilaration of my spirits.

My fair fellow-traveller was an enormously stout Wallachian matron, on her way to Vienna, to see her daughter, who was then receiving her education at a boarding-school. I spoke no Wallachian, she spoke nothing but Wallachian; so our conversation was carried on by my attempting to make myself understood alternately by the Italian, and the Spanish forms of Latin.

"*Una bella campagna*," said I, as we drove out Orsova.

"*Bella, bella?*" said the lady, evidently puzzled.

So I said, "*Hermosa.*"

"*Ah! formosa; formosa prate,*" repeated the lady evidently understanding that I meant a fine country.

"*Deunde venit?*" Whence have you come?

"Constantinopolis;" and so on we went, supposing that we understood each other, she supplying me with new forms of bastard Latin words, and adding with a smile, *Romani*, or Wallachian, as the language and people of Wallachia are called by themselves. It is worthy of remark, that the Wallachians and a small people in Switzerland, are the only descendants of the Romans, that still designate their language as that of the ancient mistress of the world.

As I rolled along, the fascinations of nature got the better of my gallantry; the discourse flagged, and then dropped, for I found myself in the midst of the noblest river scenery I had ever beheld, certainly far surpassing that of the Rhine, and Upper Danube. To the gloom and grandeur of natural portals, formed of lofty precipitous rocks, succeeds the open smiling valley, the verdant meadows, and the distant wooded hills, with all the soft and varied hues of autumn. Here we appear to be driving up the avenues of an English park; yonder, where the mountain sinks sheer into the river, the road must find its way along an open gallery, with a roof weighing millions of tons, projecting from the mountain above.

After sunset we arrived at Dreucova, and next morning went on board the steamer, which conveyed me up the Danube to Semlin. The lower town of Semlin is, from the exhalations on the banks of the river, frightfully insalubrious, but the cemetery enjoys a high and airy situation. The people in the town die off with great rapidity; but, to compensate for this, the dead are said to be in a highly satisfactory state of preservation.

CHAPTER II.

BELGRADE.

Few travellers arriving from central Europe, fail to record the striking impression made upon them, by the descent of the Danube, on their first visit to Belgrade, quiet sombre bureaucratic Ofen with the noisy, bustling movement-loving new city, which has sprung up, as it were by enchantment on the opposite side of the water and the long and graceful quay, form, as it were, a fine peristrepthic panorama, as the vessel wheels round, and, prow downwards, commences her voyage for the vast and curious East, while the Danubian tourist bids a dizzy farewell to this last snug little centre of European civilization. We hurry downwards towards the frontiers of Turkey, but nature smiles not.—We have on our left the dreary steppe of central Hungary, and on our right the low distant hills of Baranya. This is not the Danube of Passau, and Lintz, and Mölk, and Theben. But now the Drave pours her broad waters into the great artery. The right shore soon becomes somewhat bolder, and agreeably wooded hills enliven the prospect. This little mountain chain is the celebrated Frusca Gora, the stronghold of the Servian language, literature, and nationality on the Austrian side of the Save. This region determinates, and sinks into a low point of land, at the confluence of the Danube with this, one of the largest of all its tributaries, where the waters remain for a space distinct, the Danube faithfully retaining its brown muddy character, while the Save, in juxta position, shows itself dark yet somewhat limpid.

The rock of Belgrade crowned by battlements, and flanked by some crumbling Minarets, becomes more distinct as we approach. Large embrasures, slightly elevated above the water's edge, indicate the intention to command all water approaches to the town, and above grass-grown and moss-covered fortifications, crowned by red-tiled, rickety Turkish houses, look most unlike the magni-

ificent towers to which one has been accustomed in the last scene of the siege of Belgrade.

But when the traveller arrives from Turkey itself, the impression is considerably different, and the numerous traces which I have seen of the desolation of this fine Empire, were effaced from my recollection, at Belgrade. Here all was life and activity. It was at the period of my first visit, in 1839, quite an oriental town; but now the haughty parvenu spire of the cathedral throws into shade the minarets of the mosques, graceful even in decay. Many of the bazaar-shops have been fronted and glazed. The oriental dress has become much rarer; and houses several stories high, in the German fashion, are springing up everywhere.

Ascending the spire of the cathedral, we have a panoramic view of the town and environs. The fortress of Belgrade, jutting out exactly at the point of confluence of the rivers, has the town behind it. The Servian, or principal quarter slopes down to the Save; the Turkish quarter to the Danube. I might compare Belgrade to a sea-turtle, the head of which is represented by the fortress, the back of the neck by the esplanade or Kalai Meidan, the right flank by the Turkish quarter, the left by the Servian, and the ridge of the back by the street running from the esplanade to the gate of Constantinople. In the town itself, you see distinctly divided from each other, the military force of the sovereign power, within the Citadel, the decadent remainder of the civil moslem population, in a crumbling quarter, and the ascendancy of the Christian Servian element, represented by wide spreading streets, all of the German type. The open square in the centre of the town, forms the line of demarcation between the crescent and the cross. On the one side several large and good houses have been constructed by the wealthiest senators, in the German manner, with flaring new white walls and bright green shutter-blinds. On the other side is a mosque, and dead old garden walls, with walnut trees and Levantine roofs peeping up behind them. Look on

this picture, and you have a type of all domestic architecture, lying between you and the snow-fenced huts of Lapland; cast your eyes over the way, and imagination wings lightly to the sweet south with its myrtles, citrons, marbled steps and fragrance-bearing gales.

The environs contain the materials of a good panorama. Looking westward, we see the Save, winding its way from the woods of Topshider; the Servian shore is abrupt, the Austrian flat, and subject to inundation; the prospect on the north-west being closed in by the dim dark line of the Frusca Gora, or "Wooded Mountain," which forms the backbone of Slavonia, and is the high wooded region between the Save and the Drave. Northwards are the spires of Semlin, rising up from the Danube, which here resumes its easterly course; while south and east stretch the Turkish quarter, which I have been describing. The greater part of the town is under the government of the Servian Prefect of Belgrade, but the castle and the Turkish town is under the Pasha. One day I accompanied the British Consul General on a visit to the Pasha in the citadel, which we reached by crossing the glacis or neck of land that connects the castle with the town. This place forms the pleasantest evening lounge in the vicinity of Belgrade; for on the one side is an extensive view of the Turkish town, and the Danube wending its way down to Semendria; on the other is the Save, its steep bank piled with street upon street, and the hills beyond them sloping away to the Bosniac frontier.

The ramparts are in good condition; and the first object that strikes a stranger on entering are six iron spikes, on which, in the time of the first revolution, the heads of Servians used to be stuck. Milosh once saved his own head from this elevation by his characteristic astuteness. During his alliance with the Turks in 1814, (or 1815,) he had large pecuniary transactions with the Pasha, for he was the medium through whom the people paid their tribute. Five heads grinned from five spikes

as he entered the castle, and he comprehended that the sixth was reserved for him; the last head set up being that of Glavash, a leader, who, like himself, was then supporting the government: so he immediately took care to make the Pasha understand that he was about to set out on a tour in the country, to raise some money for the vizierial strong-box. "Pek eiu," said Soliman Pasha, thinking to catch him next time, and get the money at the same time; so Milosh was allowed to depart; but knowing that if he returned spike the sixth would not wait long for its head, he at once raised the district of Rudnick, and ended the terrible war which had been begun, under much less favourable auspices, by the more valiant but less astute Kara Georg.

We passed a second draw-bridge, and found ourselves in the interior of the fortress. A large square was formed by ruinous buildings. Extensive barracks were windowless and tenantless, but the mosque and the Pasha's Konak were in good order. We were ushered into an audience-room of great extent, with a low carved roof and some old-fashioned furniture, the divan being in the corner, and the windows looking over the precipice to the Danube below. Hafiz Pasha, the same who commanded at the battle of Nezib, was about fifty-five, and a gentleman in air and manner, with a grey beard. In course of conversation he told me that he was a Circassian. He asked me about my travels: and with reference to Syria said, "Land operations through Kurdistan against Mehemet Ali were absurd. I suggested an attack by sea, while a land force should make a diversion by Antioch, but I was opposed." After the usual pipes and coffee we took our leave.

Hafiz Pasha's political relations were necessarily of a very restricted character, as he rules only the few Turks remaining in Servia; that is to say, a few thousands in Belgrade and Ushitza, a few hundreds in Shabatz Sokol and the island of Orsova. He represents the suzerainety of the Porte over the Christian population, without having

any thing to do with the details of administration. His income, like that of other mushirs or pashas of three tails, is 8000*l.* per annum. Hafiz Pasha, if not a successful general, was at all events a brave and honourable man, and his character for justice made him highly respected. One of his predecessors, who was at Belgrade on my first visit there in 1839, was a man of another stamp,—the notorious Youssouf Pasha, who sold Varna during the Russian war. The re-employment of such an individual is a characteristic illustration of Eastern manners.

I now entered the region of gardens and villas, which, previous to the revolution of Kara Georg, was occupied principally by Turks. Passing down a shady lane, my attention was arrested by a rotten moss-grown garden door, at the sight of which memory leaped backwards for four or five years. Here I had spent a happy forenoon with Colonel H—, and the physician of the former Pasha, an old Hanoverian, who, as surgeon to a British regiment had gone through all the fatigues of the Peninsular war. I pushed open the door, and there, completely secluded from the bustle of the town, and the view of the stranger, grew the vegetation as luxuriant as ever, relieving with its dark green frame the clear white of the numerous domes and minarets of the Turkish quarter, and the broad-bosomed Danube which filled up the centre of the picture; but the house and stable, which had resounded with the good-humoured laugh of the master, and the neighing of the well-fed little stud (for horse-flesh was the weak side of our Esculapius), were tenantless, ruinous, and silent. The doctor had died in the interval at Widdin, in the service of Hussein Pasha.

If we examine the population in detail, we find it perfectly to correspond with those salient architectural characteristics, to which we have alluded. No sooner do you set foot on the quay, than you see, that the Turks, are here a disinherited race. The *Caput mortuum*, instead of the human face divine. There are the turbans and the minarets, but you feel that Stamboul is far off, and that

the representative of the Padishah is cabined, cribbed and confined, within the precincts of an old Austrian fortress. The Turkish population of the town, has sunk into extreme poverty, and they have become literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water", the better class, keeping up their position by making good sales of houses and shops, in consequence of the enhanced value of building ground, in short, on the high road to ruin, by consuming their capital; and as to those that remain, one sees, that they are composed of rafters, knocked carelessly together, and looking, as if the first strong gust of wind would send them smack over the water into Hungary, without the formality of a quarantine. Not so a singular looking street, composed of the ruins of ornamented houses in the imposing, but too elaborate style of architecture, which was in vogue in Vienna, during the life of Charles the Sixth, and which was a corruption of the style de Louis Quatorze. These buildings were half way up concealed from view by common old bazaar shops. This was the "Lange Gasse," or main street of the German town during the Austrian occupation of twenty-two years, from 1717 to 1739. Most of these houses were built with great solidity, and many still have the stucco ornaments that distinguish this style. The walls of the palace of Prince Eugene are still standing complete, but the court-yard is filled up with rubbish, at least six feet high, and what were formerly the rooms of the ground-floor have become almost cellars. The edifice is called to this day, "*Princeps Konak*." This mixture of the coarse, but picturesque features of oriental life, with the dilapidated stateliness of architectural remains of the first part of the eighteenth century, of the style, and during the period, when Vanbrugh, with flowing full-bottomed wig, created similar edifices in our own island, has something in it so quaint and unexpected, as vividly to arrest the attention of the archæologic loungeur to whom every transformation of ornament calls up a phase of by-gone history—the battle won, which seats a new, or unseats an old dynasty, or the wider cycle of hostilities, which ends

the life of a nation; a new race, budding forth, and growing in power out of the prostration and corruption of a predecessor that lives only in history. The Empire of the East fell before the middle aged Kingdom of Servia. This in its turn was absorbed in the Ottoman Empire, Servia again, seemed added permanently by Eugene, to the dominions of the House of Habsburg. But the German element, which has taken firm and seemingly ineradicable root, in the Banat and Transsylvania, was not destined to similar endurance in Servia, and after a brief Turkish domination, of three quarters of a century, the native Servian element comes again to the surface.

CHAPTER III.

A SKETCH OF SERVIAN HISTORY.

The Servians, known in Europe from the seventh century, at which period they migrated from the Carpathians to the Danube, were in the twelfth century divided into petty states.

"Le premier Roi fut un soldat heureux."

Neman the First, who lived near the present Novibazar, first cemented these scattered principalities into a united monarchy. He assumed the double eagle as the insignium of his dignity, and considered the archangel Michael as the patron saint of his family. He was brave in battle, cunning in politics, and the convent of Studenitz is a splendid monument of his love of the arts. Here he died, and was buried in 1195.

Servia and Bosnia were, at this remote period, the debatable territory between the churches of Rome and Constantinople, so divided was opinion at that time even in Servia Proper, where now a Roman Catholic community is not to be found, that two out of the three sons of this prince were inclined to the Latin ritual.

Stephan, the son of Neman, ultimately held by the Greek Church, and was crowned by his brother Sava, Greek Archbishop of Servia. The Chronicles of Daniel tell that "he was led to the altar, anointed with oil, clad in purple, and the archbishop, placing the crown on his head, cried aloud three times, 'Long live Stephan the first crowned King and Autocrat of Servia,' on which all the assembled magnates and people cried, '*nogo lieto!*' (many years!)"

The Servian kingdom was gradually extended under his successors, and attained its climax under Stephan Dushan, surnamed the Powerful, who was, according to all contemporary accounts, of tall stature and a commanding kingly presence. He began his reign in the year 1336, and in the course of the four following years, overran nearly the whole of what is now called Turkey in Europe; and having besieged the Emperor Andronicus in Thessalonica, compelled him to cede Albania and Macedonia. Prisrend, in the former province, was selected as the capital; the pompous honorary charges and frivolous ceremonial of the Greek emperors were introduced at his court, and the short-lived national order of the Knights of St. Stephan was instituted by him in 1346.

He then turned his arms northwards, and defeated Louis of Hungary in several engagements. He was preparing to invade Thrace, and attempt the conquest of Constantinople, in 1356, with eighty thousand men, but death cut him off in the midst of his career.

The brilliant victories of Stephan Dushan were a misfortune to Christendom. They shattered the Greek empire, the last feeble bulwark of Europe, and paved the way for those ultimate successes of the Asiatic conquerors, which a timely union of strength might have prevented. Stephan Dushan conquered, but did not consolidate: and his scourging wars were insufficiently balanced by the advantage of the code of laws to which he gave his name.

His son Urosh, being a weak and incapable prince, was murdered by one of the generals of the army, and

thus ended the Neman dynasty, after having subsisted 212 years, and produced eight kings and two emperors. The crown now devolved on Knes, or Prince Lasar, a connexion of the house of Neman, who was crowned Czar, but is more generally called Knes Lasar. Of all the ancient rulers of the country, his memory is held the dearest by the Servians of the present day. He appears to have been a pious and generous prince, and at the same time to have been a brave but unsuccessful general.

Amurath, the Ottoman Sultan, who had already taken all Roumelia, south of the Balkan, now resolved to pass these mountains, and invade Servia Proper; but, to make sure of success, secretly offered the crown to Wuk Brankovich, a Servian chief, as a reward for his treachery to Lasar.

Wuk caught at the bait, and when the armies were in sight of each other, accused Milosh Kobilich, the son-in-law of Lasar, of being a traitor. On the night before the battle, Lasar assembled all knights and nobles to decide the matter between Wuk and Milosh. Lasar then took a silver cup of wine, handed it over to Milosh, and said, "Take this cup of wine from my hand and drink it." Milosh drank it, in token of his fidelity, and said, "Now there is no time for disputing. To-morrow I will prove that my accuser is a calumniator, and that I am a faithful subject of my prince and father-in-law."

Milosh then embraced the plan of assassinating Amurath in his tent, and taking with him two stout youths, secretly left the Servian camp, and presented himself at the Turkish lines, with his lance reversed, as a sign of desertion. Arrived at the tent of Amurath, he knelt down, and, pretending to kiss the hand of the Sultan, drew forth his dagger, and stabbed him in the body, from which wound Amurath died. Hence the usage of the Ottomans not to permit strangers to approach the Sultan, otherwise than with their arms held by attendants.

The celebrated battle of Kossovo then took place. The wing commanded by Wuk gave way, he being the first

to retreat. The division commanded by Lasar held fast for some time, and, at length, yielded to the superior force of the Turks. Lasar himself lost his life in the battle, and thus ended the Servian monarchy on the 15th of June, 1389.

The state of Servia, previous to its subjugation by the Turks, appears to have been strikingly analogous to that of the other feudal monarchies of Europe; the revenue being derived mostly from crown lands, the military service of the nobles being considered an equivalent for the tenure of their possessions. Society consisted of ecclesiastics, nobles, knights, gentlemen, and peasants. A citizen class seldom or never figures on the scene. Its merchants were foreigners, Byzantines, Venetians, or Ragusans, and history speaks of no Bruges or Augsburg in Servia, Bosnia, or Albania.

The religion of the state was that of the oriental church; the secular head of which was not the patriarch of Constantinople; but, as is now the case in Russia, the emperor himself, assisted by a synod, at the head of which was the patriarch of Servia and its dependencies.

The first article of the code of Stephan Dushan runs thus: "Care must be taken of the Christian religion, the holy churches, the convents, and the ecclesiastics." And elsewhere, with reference to the Latin heresy, as it was called, "the Orthodox Czar" was bound to use the most vigorous means for its extirpation; those who resisted were to be put to death.

At the death of a noble, his arms belonged by right to the Czar; but his dresses, gold and silver plate, precious stones, and gilt girdles fell to his male children, whom failing, to the daughters. If a noble insulted another noble, he paid a fine; if a gentleman insulted a noble, he was flogged.

The laity were called "dressers in white:" hence one must conclude that light coloured dresses were used by the people, and black by the clergy. Beards were worn and held sacred: plucking the beard of a noble was punished by the loss of the right hand.

Rape was punished with cutting off the nose of the man; the girl received at the same time a third of the man's fortune, as a compensation. Seduction, if not followed by marriage, was expiated by a pound of gold, if the party were rich; half a pound of gold, if the party were in mediocre circumstances; and cutting off the nose if the party were poor..

If a woman's husband were absent at the wars, she must wait ten years for his return, or for news of him. If she got sure news of his death, she must wait a year before marrying again. Otherwise a second marriage was considered adultery.

Great protection was afforded to friendly merchants, who were mostly Venetians. All lords of manors were enjoined to give them hospitality, and were responsible for losses sustained by robbery within their jurisdiction. The lessees of the gold and silver mines of Servia, as well as the workmen of the state mint, were also Venetians; and on looking through Professor Shafarik's collection, I found all the coins closely resembling in die those of Venice. Saint Stephan is seen giving to the king of the day the banner of Servia, in the same way as Saint Mark gives the banner of the republic of Venice to the Doge, as seen on the old coins of that state.

The process of embalming was carried to high perfection, for the mummy of the canonized Knes Lasar is to be seen to this day. I made a pilgrimage some years ago to Vrdnik, a retired monastery in the Frusca Gora, where his mummy is preserved with the most religious care, in the church, exposed to the atmosphere. It is, of course, shrunk, shrivelled, and of a dark brown colour, bedecked with an antique embroidered mantle, said to be the same worn at the battle of Kossovo. The fingers were covered with the most costly rings, no doubt since added.

It appears that the Roman practice of burning the dead, (probably preserved by the Tsinsars, the descendants of the colonists in Macedonia,) was not uncommon, for any village in which such an act took place was subject to fine.

If there be Moslems in secret to this day in Andalusia, and if there were worshippers of Odin and Thor till lately on the shores of the Baltic, may not some secret votaries of Jupiter and Mars have lingered among the recesses of the Balkan, for centuries after Christianity had shed its light over Europe?

The Servian monarchy having terminated more than half a century before the invention of printing, and most of the manuscripts of the period having been destroyed, or dispersed during the long Turkish occupation, very little is known of the literature of this period except the annals of Servia, by Archbishop Daniel, the original manuscript of which is now in the Hiliendar monastery of Mount Athos. The language used was the old Slaavic, now a dead language, but used to this day as the vehicle of divine service in all Greco-Slaavic communities from the Adriatic to the utmost confines of Russia, and the parent of all the modern varieties of the Southern and Eastern Slaavic languages

The Turkish conquest was followed by the gradual dispersion or disappearance of the native nobility of Servia, the last of whom, the Brankovitch, lived as *despots* in the castle of Semendria, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century; so that at this moment scarcely a single representative of the old stock is to be found¹.

The nobility of Bosnia, occupying the middle region between the sphere of the Eastern and Western churches, were in a state of religious indifference, although nominally Catholic; and in order to preserve their lands and influence, accepted Islamism *en masse*; they and the Albanians being the only instances, in all the wars of the Moslems, of a European nobility embracing the Mohamedan faith in a body. Chance might have given the Bosniacs a leader of energy and military talents. In that case, these men,

¹ The last of the Brankovitch line wrote a history of Servia; but the most valuable portion of the matter is to be found in Raitch, a subsequent historical writer.

instead of now wearing turbans in their grim feudal castles, might, frizzed and perfumed, be waltzing in pumps; and Shakespeare and Mozart might now be delighting the citizens assembled in the Theatre Royal Seraievo!

The period preceding the second siege of Vienna was the spring-tide of Islam conquest. After this event, in 1684, began the ebb. Hungary was lost to the Porte, and six years afterwards thirty-seven thousand Servian families emigrated into that kingdom; this first led the way to contact with the civilization of Germany: and in the attendance on the Austrian schools by the youth of the Servian nation during the eighteenth century, were sown the seeds of the now budding civilization of the principality.

Servia Proper, for a short time wrested from the Porte by the victories of Prince Eugene, again became a part of the dominions of the Sultan. But a turbulent militia overawed the government and tyrannized over the Rayahs. Pasvan Oglou and his bands at Widdin were, at the end of the last century, in open revolt against the Porte. Other chiefs had followed his example; and for the first time the Divan thought of associating Christian Rayahs with the spahis, to put down these rebels, who had organized a system which savoured more of brigandage than of government. They frequently used the holiday dresses of the peasants as horse-cloths, interrupted the divine service of the Christian Rayahs, and gratified their licentious appetites unrestrained.

The Dahis, as these brigand-chiefs were called, resolved to anticipate the approaching struggle by a massacre of the most influential Christians. This atrocious massacre was carried out with indescribable horrors. In the dead of the night a party of Dahis Cavasses would surround a house, drive open gates and doors with sledge-hammers; the awakened and affrighted inmates would rush to the windows, and seeing the court-yard filled with armed men with dark lanterns, the shrieks of women and children were added to the confusion; and the unhappy father was often murdered with the half-naked females of his family

clinging to his neck, but unable to save him. The rest of the population looked on with silent stupefaction: but Kara Georg, a peasant, born at Topola about the year 1767, getting timely information that his name was in the list of the doomed, fled into the woods, and gradually organized a formidable armed force.

His efforts were every where successful. In the name of the Porte he combated the Dahis, who had usurped local authority, in defiance of the Pasha of Belgrade. The Divan, little anticipating the ultimate issue of the struggle in Servia, was at first delighted at the success of Kara Georg; but soon saw with consternation that the rising of the Servian peasants grew into a formidable rebellion, and ordered the Pashas of Bosnia and Scodra to assemble all their disposable forces, and invade Servia. Between forty and fifty thousand Bosniacs burst into Servia on the west, in the spring of 1806, cutting to pieces all who refused to receive Turkish authority.

Kara Georg undauntedly met the storm; with amazing rapidity he marched into the west of Servia, cut up in detail several detached bodies of Turks, being here much favoured by the broken ground, and put to death several village-elders who had submitted to them. The Turks then retired to Shabatz; and Kara Georg at the head of only seven thousand foot and two thousand horse, in all nine thousand men, took up a position at an hour's distance, and threw up trenches. The following is the account which Wuk Stephanovitch gives of this engagement.

"The Turks demanded the delivery of the Servia arms. The Servians answered, 'Come and take them.' On two successive mornings the Turks came out of Shabatz and stormed the breast-work which the Servians had thrown up, but without effect. They then sent this message to the Servians: 'You have held good for two days; but we will try it again with all our force, and then see whether we give up the country to the Drina, or whether we drive you to Semendria.'

"In the night before the decisive battle (August, 1806,)

Kara Georg sent his cavalry round into a wood, with orders to fall on the enemy's flank as soon as the first shot should be fired.

"To the infantry within the breastworks he gave orders that they should not fire until the Turks were so close that every shot might tell. By break of day the Seraskier with his whole army poured out of his camp at Shabatz, the bravest Beys of Bosnia bearing their banners in the van. The Servians waited patiently until they came close, and then opening fire did deadly execution. The standard-bearers fell, confusion ensued, and the Servian cavalry issuing from the wood at the same time that Kara Georg passed the breastworks at the head of the infantry, the defence was changed into an attack; and the rout of the Turks was complete. The Seraskier Kullin was killed, as well as Sinan Pasha, and several other chiefs. The rest of the Turkish army was cut up in the woods, and all the country as far as the Drina evacuated by them.

The Porte saw with astonishment the total failure of its schemes for the re-conquest of Servia, resolved to temporize, and agreed to allow them a local and national government with a reduction of tribute; but previous to the ratification of the agreement withdrew its consent to the fortresses going into the hands of Christian Rayahs; on which Kara Georg resolved to seize Belgrade by stratagem.

Before daybreak on the 12th of December, 1806, a Greek Albanian named Konda, who had been in the Turkish service, and knew Belgrade well, but now fought in the Christian ranks, accompanied by six Servians, passed the ditch and palisades that surrounded the city of Belgrade, at a point between two posts so as not to be seen, and proceeding to one of the gates, fell upon the guard, which defended itself well. Four of the Servians were killed; but the Turks being at length overpowered, Konda and the two remaining Servians broke open the gate with an axe, on which a corps of Servians rushed in. The Turks being attracted to this point, Kara Georg passed

the ditch at another place with a large force. After a sanguinary engagement in the streets, and the conflagration of many houses, the windows of which served as embrasures to the Turks, victory declared for the Christians, and the Turks took refuge in the citadel.

The Servians, now in possession of the town, resolved to starve the Turks out of the fortress; and having occupied a flat island at the confluence of the Save and the Danube, were enabled to intercept their provisions; on which the Pasha capitulated and embarked for Widdin.

The succeeding years were passed in the vicissitudes of a guerilla warfare, neither party obtaining any marked success; and an auxiliary corps of Russians assisted in preventing the Turks from making the re-conquest of Servia.

Baron, subsequently Marshal Diebitch, on a confidential mission from the Russian government in Servia during the years 1810, 1811, writes as follows¹:

“George Petrovitch, to whom the Turks have given the surname of Kara or Black, is an important character. His countenance shows a greatness of mind, which is not to be mistaken; and when we take into consideration the times, circumstances, and the impossibility of his having received an education, we must admit that he has a mind of a masculine and commanding order. The imputation of cruelty and bloodthirstiness appears to be unjust. When the country was without the shadow of a constitution, and when he commanded an unorganized and uncultivated nation, he was compelled to be severe; he dared not vacillate or relax his discipline: but now that there are courts of law, and legal forms, he hands every case over to the regular tribunals.

“He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly

¹ The original is now in the possession of the Servian government, and I was permitted to peruse it; but although interesting, it is too long for insertion.

and soundly formed, and to great address he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier, there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness."

Kara Georg was now a Russian lieutenant-general, and exercised an almost unlimited power in Servia; the revolution, after a struggle of eight years, appeared to be successful, but the momentous events then passing in Europe, completely altered the aspect of affairs. Russia in 1812, on the approach of the countless legions of Napoleon, precipitately concluded the treaty of Bucharest, the eighth article of which formally assured a separate administration to the Servians.

Next year, however, was fatal to Kara Georg. In 1813, the vigour of the Ottoman empire, undivided by exertions for the prosecution of the Russian war, was now concentrated on the resubjugation of Servia. A general panic seemed to seize the nation; and Kara Georg and his companions in arms sought a retreat on the Austrian territory, and thence passed into Wallachia. In 1814, three hundred Christians were impaled at Belgrade by the Pasha, and every valley in Servia presented the spectacle of infuriated Turkish spahis, avenging on the Servians the blood, exile, and confiscation of the ten preceding years.

At this period Milosh Obrenovitch appears prominently on the political tapis. He spent his youth in herding the famed swine of Servia; and during the revolution was employed by Kara Georg to watch the passes of the Balkan, lest the Servians should be taken aback by troops from Albania and Bosnia. He now saw that a favourable conjuncture had come for his advancement from the position of chieftain to that of chief; he therefore lost no time in making terms with the Turks, offering to collect the tribute, to serve them faithfully, and to aid them in the re-subjugation of the people: he was, therefore, loaded with caresses by the Turks as a faithful subject of the Porte. His offers were at once accepted; and he now displayed singular activity in the extirpation of all the other popular chiefs, who still held out in the woods and fastnesses, and

sent their heads to the Pasha; but the decapitation of Glavash, who was, like himself, supporting the government, showed that when he had accomplished the ends of Soliman Pasha his own turn would come; he therefore employed the ruse described in page 12, made his escape, and, convinced that it was impossible ever to come to terms with Soliman Pasha, raised the standard of open revolt. The people, grown desperate through the ill-treatment of the spahis, who had returned, responded to his call, and rose in a body. The scenes of 1804-5-6, were about to be renewed; but the Porte quickly made up its mind to treat with Milosh, who behaved, during this campaign, with great bravery, and was generally successful. Milosh consequently came to Belgrade, made his submission, in the name of the nation, to Marashly Ali Pasha, the governor of Belgrade, and was reinstated as tribute-collector for the Porte; and the war of mutual extermination was ended by the Turks retaining all the castles, as stipulated in the eighth article of the treaty of Bucharest.

Many of the chiefs, impatient at the speedy submission of Milosh, wished to fight the matter out, and Kara Georg, in order to give effect to their plans, landed in Servia. Milosh pretended to be friendly to his designs, but secretly betrayed his place of concealment to the governor, whose men broke into the cottage where he slept, and put him to death. Thus ended the brave and unfortunate Kara Georg, who was, no doubt, a rebel against his sovereign, the Sultan, and, according to Turkish law, deserving of death; but this base act of treachery, on the part of Milosh, who was not the less a rebel, is justly considered as a stain on his character.

M. Boué, who made the acquaintance of Milosh in 1836, gives a short account of him.

“Milosh rose early to the sound of military music, and then went to his open gallery, where he smoked a pipe, and entered on the business of the day. Although able neither to read, write, nor sign his name, he could dictate and correct despatches; and in the evening he caused the

articles in the *Journal des Débats*, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Augsburg Gazette*, to be translated to him.

The Belgrade chief of police ¹ having offended Milosh by the boldness of his language, and having joined the detractors of the prince at a critical moment, although he owed everything to him, Milosh ordered his head to be struck off. Fortunately his brother Prince Ievren met the people charged with the bloody commission; he blamed them, and wished to hinder the deed: and knowing that the police director was already on his way to Belgrade from Posharevatz, where he had been staying, he asked the momkes to return another way, saying they had missed him. The police director thus arrived at Belgrade, was overwhelmed with reproaches by Milosh, and pardoned.

A young man having refused to marry one of his cast-off mistresses, he was enlisted in the army, but after some months submitted to his fate.

He used to raise to places, in the Turkish fashion, men who were unprepared by their studies for them. One of his cooks became a colonel. Another colonel had been a merry-andrew. Having once received a good medical advice from his butler, he told him that nature intended him for a doctor, and sent him to study medicine under Dr. Cunibert.

When Milosh sent his meat to market, all other sales were stopped, until he had sold off his own at a higher price than that current, on the ground of the meat being better.

The prince considered all land in Servia to belong to him, and perpetually wished to appropriate any property that seemed better than his own, fixing his own price, which was sometimes below the value, which the proprietor dared not refuse to take, whatever labour had been bestowed on it. At Kragujevatz, he prevented the completion

¹ M. Boué, in giving this anecdote, calls him "Newspaper Editor" this is a mistake.

of the house of M. Raditchevitch, because some statues of wood, and ornaments, which were not to be found in his own palace, were in the plan. An almanack having been printed, with a portrait of his niece Auka, he caused all the copies to be given back by the subscribers, and the portraits cut out."

There can be no doubt, that, after the miserable end of Kara Georg, and the violent revolutionary wars, an unlimited dictatorship was the best regimen for the restoration of order. Milosh was, therefore, many years at the head of affairs of Serbia before symptoms of opposition appeared. Allowances are certainly to be made for him; he had seen no government but the old Turkish régime, and had no notion of any other way of governing but by decapitation and confiscation. But this system, which was all very well for a prince of the fifteenth century, exhausted the patience of the new generation, many of whom were bred at the Austrian universities. Without seeking for democratic institutions, for which Serbia is totally unfit, they loudly demanded written laws, which should remove life and property from the domain of individual caprice, and which, without affecting the suzerainty of the Porte, should bring Serbia within the sphere of European institutions. They murmured at Milosh making a colossal fortune out of the administration of the principality, while he rendered no account of his intromissions, either to the Sultan or to the people, and seized lands and houses merely because he took a fancy to them ¹. Hence arose the *national party* in Serbia, which included nearly all the opulent and educated classes; which is not surprising,

¹ It is very true that the present Prince of Serbia does not possess anything like the power which Milosh wielded; he cannot hang a man up at the first pear-tree: but it is a mistake on the part of the liberals of France and England, to suppose that the revolutions which exalted Milosh and Michael were democratic. There has been no turning upside down of the social pyramid; and in the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, the wealthiest and most influential persons in Serbia, such as Ressavatz, Simitch, Garashanin, &c. supported the election of Alexander Kara Georgevitch.

since his rule was so stringent that he would allow no carriage but his own to be seen in the streets of Belgrade: and, on his fall, so many orders were sent to the coach-makers of Pesth, that trade was brisk for all the summer.

The details of the debates of the period would exhaust the reader's patience. I shall, therefore, at once proceed to the summing up.

1st. In the nine years' revolt of Kara Georg nearly the whole sedentary Turkish population disappeared from Servia, and the Ottoman power became, according to their own expression, *assassiz* (foundationless).

2nd. The eighth article of the treaty of Bucharest, concluded by Russia with the Porte, which remained a dead letter, was followed by the fifth article in the treaty of Akerman, formally securing the Servians a separate administration.

3rd. The consummate skill with which Milosh played his fast and loose game with the Porte, had the same consequences as the above, and ultimately led to

4th. The formal act of the Sultan constituting Servia a tributary principality to the Porte, in a *Hatti Sherif*, of the 22nd November, 1830.

5th. From this period, up to the end of 1838, was the hard struggle between Milosh, seeking for absolute power, supported by the peasantry of Rudnik, his native district, and the "Primates," as the heads of the national party are called, seeking for a habeas-corpus act and a legislative assembly.

Milosh was in 1838 forcibly expelled from Servia; and his son Michael having been likewise set aside in 1842, and the son of Kara Georg selected by the sublime Porte and the people of Servia, against the views of Russia, the long-debated "Servian Question" arose, which received a satisfactory solution by the return of Wucics and Petro-nievitch, the exiled supports of Kara Georgevitch, through the mediation of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Kara Georgevitch does not possess the political and military talents of his father, but he has been unswerving

in his attachment to his legitimate Sovereign, the Sultan. The recent revolution, through which he fell, and was replaced by Milosh, is not within the scope of the present work, which, designedly avoids the topics of the day, in order to treat more fully the general history and permanent Geography of these Danubian and Adriatic regions.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AND LETTERS IN BELGRADE.

There were no formal levees or receptions at the palace of Prince Alexander, except on his own fête day. Once or twice a year he entertained at dinner the Pasha, the ministers, and the foreign consuls-general. In the winter, the prince gave one or two balls.

One of the former species of entertainments took place during my stay, and I received the prince's invitation. At the appointed day, I found the avenue to the residence thronged with people who were listening to the band that played in the court-yard; and on arriving at the top of the stairs, was led by an officer in a blue uniform, who seemed to direct the ceremonies of the day, into the saloon, in which I had, on my arrival in Belgrade, paid my respects to the prince, which might be pronounced the facsimile of the drawing-room of a Hungarian nobleman; the parquet was inlaid and polished, the chairs and sofas covered with crimson and white satin damask, which is an unusual luxury in these regions, the roof admirably painted in subdued colours, in the best Vienna style. High white porcelain urn-like stoves heated the suite of rooms.

The company had that picturesque variety of character and costume which every traveller delights in. The prince, a muscular middle-sized dark-complexioned man, of about

thirty-five, with a serious composed air, wore a plain blue military uniform. The princess wore the graceful native Servian costume. The Pasha wore the Nizam dress, and the Nishan Iftihar; the foreign agents wore their embroidered uniforms. The archbishop's head was covered with his black velvet cap, a large enamelled cross hung by a massive gold chain from his neck, and the six feet four inches high Garashanin, minister of the interior, conversed with Stojan Simitch, the president of the senate, one of the few Servians in high office, who retains his old Turkish costume, and has a frame that reminds one of the Farnese Hercules. Then what a medley of languages; Servian, German, Russian, Turkish, and French, all in full buzz!

We proceeded to the dining-room, where the *cuisine* was in every respect in the German manner. When the dessert appeared, the prince rose with a creaming glass of champagne in his hand, and proposed the health of the Sultan, which was acknowledged by the Pasha. The Pasha and the Princess were toasted in turn. The entertainment, which commenced at one o'clock, was prolonged to an advanced period of the afternoon, and closed with coffee, liqueurs, and chibouques in the drawing-room; the princess and the ladies having previously withdrawn to the private apartments.

Kara Georgevitch means son of Kara Georg, his father's name having been Georg Petrovitch, or son of Peter; this manner of naming being common to all the southern Slaaves, except the Croats and Dalmatians. This is the opposite of the Arabic custom, which confers on a father the title of parent of his eldest son, as Abou-Selim, Abou-Hassan, &c. while his own name is dropped by his friends and family.

The Prince's household appointments were about £20,000 sterling, and, making allowance for the difference of provisions, servants' wages, horse keep, &c. was equal to about £35,000 sterling in England, which was not a large sum for a principality of the size of Servia.

The senate consisted of twenty-one individuals, four of whom were ministers. The senators were not elected by the people, but were named by the prince, and formed an oligarchy composed of the wealthiest and most influential persons. They held their offices for life; they must be at least thirty-five years, and possess landed property.

M. Petronievitch, the minister for foreign affairs, and director of the private chancery of the Prince, was unquestionably the most remarkable public character in Servia previous to the recent revolutions. He passed some time in a commercial house at Trieste, which gave him a knowledge of Italian; and the bustle of a sea-port first enlarged his views. Nine years of his life were passed at Constantinople as a hostage for the Servian nation, guaranteeing the non-renewal of the revolt; no slight act of devotion, when one considers that the obligations of the contracting parties reposed rather on expediency than on moral principles. Here he made the acquaintance of all the leading personages at the Ottoman Porte, and learned colloquial Turkish in perfection. Petronievitch was astute by education and position, but he had a good heart and a capacious intellect, and his defects belonged not to the man, but to education and circumstances. Most travellers traced in his countenance a resemblance to the busts and portraits of Fox.

In the course of a very tortuous political career, he has kept the advancement and civilization of Servia steadily in view, and has always shown himself regardless of sordid gain. He was one of the very few public men in Servia, in whom public spirit triumphed over the Oriental allegiance to *self*, and this disinterestedness was, in spite of his defects, the secret of his popularity.

The commander of the military force was M. Wucics, who was also minister of the interior, a man of great personal courage; and although unacquainted with the tactics of European warfare, said to possess high capacity for the command of an irregular force. He possessed great energy of character, and was free from the taint of

venality; but he was at the same time somewhat proud and vindictive. His predecessor in the ministry of the interior was M. Ilia Garashanin, the rising man in Serbia. Sound practical sense, and unimpeachable integrity, without a shade of intrigue, distinguish this senator.

The standing army is a mere skeleton. The reason of this is obvious. Serbia forms part of one great empire, and adjoins two others; therefore, the largest disciplined force that she might bring into the field, in the event of hostilities, could make no impression for offensive objects; while for defensive purposes, the countless riflemen, taking advantage of the difficult nature of the country, are amply sufficient.

Let the Servians thank their stars that their army is a skeleton. May the pen rapidly supersede the sword, and a council-board be established, to which strong and weak are equally amenable. May this diplomarchy ultimately compass the ends of the earth, and every war be reckoned a civil war, an arch-high-treason against confederate hemispheres!

The portfolios of justice and finance are usually in the hands of men of business-habits, who mix little in politics.

The courts of law have something of the promptitude of oriental justice, without its flagrant venality. The salaries of the judges are small. M. Hadschitch, who framed the code of laws, had £700 sterling per annum.

The criminal code is founded on that of Austria. The civil code is a localized modification of the *Code Napoléon*. The first translation of the latter code was almost literal, and made without reference to the manners and historical antecedents of Serbia: some of the blunders in it were laughable:—*Hypothèque* was translated as if it had been *Apotheke*, and made out to be a *depôt of drugs*!

The people prefer short *vivâ voce* procedure, and dislike documents. It is remarked, that when a man is supposed to be in the right, he wishes to carry on his own suit; when he has a bad case, he resorts to a lawyer.

The ecclesiastical affairs of this department occupy a considerable portion of the minister's attention.

In consequence of the wars which Stephan Dushan, the Servian emperor, carried on against the Greeks in the fourteenth century, he made the archbishop of Servia independent of the patriarch of Constantinople, who, in turn, excommunicated Stephan and his nominee. This independence continued up to the year 1765, at which period, in consequence of the repeated encouragement given by the patriarchs of Servia to revolts against the Turkish authority, the nation was again subjected to the immediate spiritual jurisdiction of Constantinople. Wuk Stephanovitch gives the following anecdote, illustrative of the abuses which existed in the selection of the superior clergy from this time, and up to the Servian revolution, all the charges being sold to the highest bidder, or given to courtiers, destitute of religion, and often of common morality.

In 1797, a Greek priest came to Orsova, complaining that he had not funds sufficient to enable him to arrive at his destination. A collection was made for him; but instead of going to the place he pretended to be bound for, he passed over to the island of New Orsova, and entered, in a military capacity, the service of the local governor, and became a petty chief of irregular Turkish troops. He then became a salt inspector; and the commandant wishing to get rid of him, asked what he could do for him; on which he begged to be made Archbishop of Belgrade! This modest request not being complied with, the Turkish commandant sent him to Sofia, with a recommendation to the Grand Vizier to appoint him to that see; but the vacancy had already been filled up by a priest of Nissa, who had been interpreter to the Vizier, and who no sooner seated himself, than he commenced a system of the most odious exactions."

In the time of Kara Georg, the Patriarchate of Constantinople was not recognized, and the Archbishop of Carlovitz in Hungary was looked up to as the spiritual

head of the nation; but after the treaty of Adrianople, the Servian government, on paying a peppercorn tribute to the Patriarch of Constantinople, was admitted to have the exclusive direction of its ecclesiastical affairs. The Archbishop's salary is 800*l.* per annum, and that of his three Bishops about half as much.

The finances of Servia were in good condition. The greater part of the revenue being produced by the *poresa*, which is paid by all heads of families, from the time of their marriage to their sixtieth year, and, in fact, includes nearly all the adult population; for, as is the case in most eastern countries, nearly every man marries early. The bachelors pay a separate tax. Some of the other items in the budget are curious: under the head of "Interest of a hundred thousand ducats lent by the government to the people at six per cent." we find a sum of fourteen thousand four hundred dollars. Not only has Servia no public debt, but she lends money. Interest is high in Servia; not because there is a want of capital, but because there are no means of investment. The consequence is that the immense savings of the peasantry are hoarded in the earth. A father of a family dies, or *in extremis* is speechless, and unable to reveal the spot; thus large sums are annually lost to Servia. The favourite speculation in the capital is the building of houses.

The largest gipsy colonies are to be found on this part of the Danube, in Servia, in Wallachia, and in the Banat. The tax on the gipsies in Servia amounts to more than six thousand dollars. They are under a separate jurisdiction, but have the choice of remaining nomade, or settling; in the latter case they are fiscally classed with the Servians. Some settled gipsies are peasants, but for the most part smiths. Both settled and nomade gipsies, are alike remarkable for their musical talents. Having fought with great bravery during the war of emancipation, they are not so despised in Servia as in some other countries.

For produce of the state forests, appears a very

insignificant sum. The interior of Servia being so thickly wooded, every Servian is allowed to cut as much timber as he likes. The last item in the budget sounds singularly enough: the produce of sales of stray cattle, which are first delivered up to the captain of the district, who makes the seizure publicly, and then hands them over to the judge for sale, if there be no claimant within a given time.

On passing to the town the politician views with interest the transitional state of society: but the student of manners finds nothing salient, picturesque, or remarkable; every thing is verging to German routine. If you meet a young man in any department, and ask what he does; he tells you that he is a Concepist or Protocollist.

In the public offices, the paper is atrociously coarse, being something like that with which parcels are wrapped up in England; and sand is used instead of blotting paper. They commence business early in the morning, at eight o'clock, and go on till twelve, at which hour every body goes to the mid-day meal. They commence again at four o'clock, and terminate at seven, which is the hour of supper. The reason of this is, that almost every body takes a siesta.

The public offices throughout the interior of Servia are plain houses, with white-washed walls, deal desks, shelves, and presses, but having been recently built, have generally a respectable appearance. The Chancery of State and Senate house are also quite new constructions, close to the palace; but in the country, a Natchalnik transacts a great deal of business in his own house.

Servia contains within itself the forms of the East and the West, as separately and distinctly as possible. See a Natchalnik in the back woods squatted on his divan, with his enormous trowsers, smoking his pipe, and listening to the contents of a paper, which his secretary, crouching and kneeling on the carpet, reads to him, and you have the Bey, the Kaimacam, or the Mutsellim before you. See M. Petronievitch scribbling in his cabinet, and you have

the *Fürstlicher Haus-Hof-Staats- und Conferenz-Minister* of the meridian of Saxe or Hesse.

Servia being an agricultural country, and not possessing a sea-port, there does not exist an influential, mercantile, or capitalist class *per se*. Greeks, Jews, and Tsinsars form a considerable proportion of those engaged in the foreign trade.

In Belgrade, the best tradesmen are Germans, or Servians, who have learned their business at Pesth, or Temeswar; but nearly all the retailers are Servians.

The Turks in Belgrade are nearly all of a very poor class, and follow the humblest occupations. The river navigation causes many hands to be employed in boating; and it always seemed to me that the proportion of the turbans on the river exceeded that of the Christian short fez. Most of the porters on the quay of Belgrade are Turks in their turbans, which gives the landing-place, on arrival from Semlin, a more Oriental look than the Moslem population of the town warrants. From the circumstance of trucks being nearly unknown in this country, these Turkish porters carry weights that would astonish an Englishman, and show great address in balancing and dividing heavy weights among them.

Most of the barbers in Belgrade are Turks, and have that superior dexterity which distinguishes their craft in the east. There are also Christian barbers; but the Moslems are in greater force. I never saw any Servian shave himself; nearly all resort to the barber. Even the Christian barbers, in imitation of the Oriental fashion, shave the straggling edges of the eye-brows, and with pincers tug out the small hairs of the nostrils.

Moslem boatmen, porters, barbers, &c. serve Christians and all and sundry. But in addition to these there is a sort of bazaar in the Turkish quarter, occupied by tradespeople, who subsist almost exclusively by the wants of their co-religionists living in the quarter, as well as of the Turkish garrison in the fortress. The only one of this class who frequented me, was the public writer, who

had several assistants; he was not a native of Belgrade, but a Bulgarian Turk from Ternovo. He drew up petitions to the Pasha in due form, and, moreover, engraved seals very neatly. His assistants, when not engaged in either of these occupations, copied Korans for sale. His own handwriting was excellent, and he knew all the styles, Arab, Deewanee, Persian, Reka, &c. What keeps him mostly in my mind, was the delight with which he entered into, and illustrated, the proverbs at the end of M. Joubert's grammar, which the secretary of the Russian Consul general had lent him. Some of the proverbs are so applicable to Oriental manners, that I hope the reader will excuse the digression.

"Kiss the hand thou hast not been able to cut."

"Hide thy friend's name from thine enemy."

"Eat and drink with thy friend; never buy and sell with him."

"This is a fast day, said the cat, seeing the liver she could not get at."

"Of three things one—Power, gold, or quit the town."

"The candle does not light its base."

"The orphan cuts his own navel-string," &c.

In the whole range of the Slaavic family there is no nation possessing so extensive a collection of excellent popular poetry. The romantic beauty of the region which they inhabit, the relics of a wild mythology, which, in its general features, has some resemblance to that of Greece and Scandinavia,—the adventurous character of the population, the vicissitudes of guerilla warfare, and a hundred picturesque incidents which are lost to the muses when war is carried on on a large scale by standing armies, are all given in a dialect, which, for musical sweetness, is to other Slavonic tongues what the Italian is to the languages of Western Europe. And those who take an interest in this subject, I have great pleasure in recommending a perusal of "Servian popular Poetry," by the accomplished and intelligent Dr., now Sir John, Bowring.

The poet of the last generation was Milutinovitch,

who has been sometimes called, "the Ossian of the Balkan", a most modest and intelligent man, with whom I had a great deal of intercourse. He was born in the last years of the eighteenth century, and having been in great poverty, he was enabled to print his poems out of a sum which a young surgeon had destined for his own support at a University in order to obtain his degree. This sacrifice, for such it may truly have been called, was compared by Milutinovitch to the subject of one of the wildest and strangest legends of Bulgaria, although by no means in accordance with nature and good taste, and which runs as follows:

"The day departed, and the stranger came, as the moon rose on the silver snow. 'Welcome,' said the poor Lasar to the stranger; 'Luibitza, light the faggot, and prepare the supper.'

"Luibitza answered: 'The forest is wide, and the lighted faggot burns bright, but where is the supper? Have we not fasted since yesterday?'

"Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"'Art thou a Bulgarian,' said the stranger, 'and settest not food before thy guest?'

"Poor Lasar looked in the cupboard, and looked in the garret, nor crumb, nor onion, were found in either. Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"'Here is fat and fair flesh,' said the stranger, pointing to Janko, the curly-haired boy. Luibitza shrieked and fell. 'Never,' said Lasar, 'shall it be said that a Bulgarian was wanting to his guest.' He seized a hatchet, and Janko was slaughtered as a lamb. Ah, who can describe the supper of the stranger!

"Lasar fell into a deep sleep, and at midnight he heard the stranger cry aloud, 'Arise, Lasar, for I am the Lord thy God; the hospitality of Bulgaria is untarnished. Thy son Janko is restored to life, and thy stores are filled.'

"Long lived the rich Lasar, the fair Luibitza, and the curly-haired Janko."

In imitation of more populous cities, Belgrade has also a "Literary Society," for the formation of a complete dictionary of the language, and the encouragement of popular literature. I could not help smiling at the thirteenth statute of the society, which determines that the seal should represent an uncultivated field, with the rising sun shining on a monument, on which the arms of Serbia are carved.

The fine arts are necessarily at a very low ebb in Serbia. The useful being so imperfect, the ornamental scarcely exists at all. The pictures in the churches are mostly in the Byzantine manner, in which deep browns and dark reds are relieved with gilding, while the subjects are characterized by such extravagancies as one sees in the pictures of the early German painters, a school which undoubtedly took its rise from the importations of Byzantine pictures at Venice, and their expedition thence across the Alps. At present everything artistic in Serbia bears a coarse German impress, such as for instance the pictures in the cathedral of Belgrade.

Thus has civilization performed one of her great evolutions. The light that set on the Thracian Bosphorus rose in the opposite direction from the land of the once barbarous Germans, and now feebly re-illuminates the modern Serbia.

The history, antiquities and geology of Serbia have now begun to be studied by the younger generation, for Belgrade now possesses a college for higher education, with a geological and antiquarian Museum, including a Byzantine and Servian numismatic collection, and an interesting national relic—the first banner of Kara Georg, which is in red silk, and bears the emblem of the Cross, with the inscription, "Jesus Christ conquers."

CHAPTER V.

SHABATZ AND THE BANKS OF THE SAVE.

I now began a journey through the interior of Servia: some persons recommended my hiring a Turkish Araba; but as this is practicable only on the regularly constructed roads, I should have lost the sight of the most picturesque regions, or been compelled to take my chance of getting horses, and leaving my baggage behind. To avoid this inconvenience, I resolved to perform the whole journey on horseback.

The government showed me every attention, and orders were sent by the minister of the interior to all governors, vice-governors, and employés, enjoining them to furnish me with every assistance, and communicate whatever information I might desire; to which, as the reader will see in the sequel, the fullest effect was given by those individuals.

The immediate object of my first journey was Shabatz, the second town in Servia, which is situated further up the Save than Belgrade, and is thus close upon the frontier of Bosnia. We consequently had the river on our right hand all the way. After five hours' travelling, the mountains, which hung back as long as we were in the vicinity of Belgrade, now approached, and draped in forest green, looked down on the winding Save and the pinguid flats of the Slavonian frontier. Just before the sun set, we wound by a circuitous road to an eminence which projected promontory-like into the river's course. Three rude crosses were planted on a steep, not unworthy the columnar harmony of Grecian marble.

When it was quite dark, we arrived at the Colubara, and passed the ferry which, during the long Servian revolution, was always considered a post of importance, as commanding a communication between Shabatz and the capital. An old man accompanied us, who was returning to his native place on the frontiers of Bosnia, having gone

to welcome Wucics and Petronievitch. He amused me by asking me "if the king of my country lived in a strong castle?" I answered, "No, we have a queen, whose strength is in the love of all her subjects." Indeed, it is impossible to travel in the interior of Turkey without having the mind perpetually carried back to the middle ages by a thousand quaint remarks and circumstances, inseparable from the moral and political constitution of a half civilized empire.

From Palesh we started with fine weather for Skela, through a beautifully wooded park, some fields being here and there inclosed with wattling. Skela is a new ferry on the Save, to facilitate the communication with Austria. Near here are redoubts, where Kara Georg, the father of the reigning prince, held out during the disasters of 1813, until all the women and children were transferred in safety to the Austrian territory. Here we met a very pretty girl, who, in answer to the salute of my fellow-travellers, bent herself almost to the earth. On asking the reason, I was told that she was a bride, whom custom compels, for a stated period, to make this humble reverence.

We then came to the Skela, and seeing a large house within an enclosure, I asked what it was, and was told that it was the reconciliation-house, (*primiritelnj sud*), a court of first instance, in which cases are decided by the village elders, without expense to the litigants, and beyond which suits are seldom carried to the higher courts. There is throughout all the interior of Servia a stout opposition to the nascent lawyer class in Belgrade. As it began to rain we entered a tavern, and ordered a fowl to be roasted. A booby, with idiocy marked on his countenance, was lounging about the door, and when our mid-day meal was done I ordered the man to give him a glass of *shivoritsa*, as plum brandy is called. He then came forward, trembling, as if about to receive sentence of death, and taking off his greasy fez, said, "I drink to our prince Kara Georgovich, and to the progress and

enlightenment of the nation." I looked with astonishment at the torn, wretched habiliments of this idiot swineherd. He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself; but this trifling circumstance was the feather which indicated how the wind blew. The Servians are by no means a nation of talkers; they are a serious people; and if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of the baboon-visaged oaf of an insignificant hamlet.

The rain now began to pour in torrents, so to make the most of it, we ordered another magnum of strong red wine, and procured from the neighbourhood a blind fiddler, who had acquired a local reputation. His instrument, the favourite one of Servia, is styled a *gooseely*, being a testudo-formed viol; no doubt a relic of the antique, for the Servian monarchy derived all its arts from the Greeks of the Lower Empire. But the musical entertainment, in spite of the magnum of wine, and the jovial challenges of our fellow traveller from the Drina, threw me into a species of melancholy. The voice of the minstrel, and the tone of the instrument, were soft and melodious, but so profoundly plaintive as to be painful. The song described the struggle of Osman Bairactar with Michael, a Servian chief, and, as it was explained to me, called up successive images of a war of extermination, with its pyramids of ghastly trunkless heads, and fields of charcoal, to mark the site of some peaceful village, amid the blaze of which its inhabitants had wandered to an eternal home in the snows and trackless woods of the Balkan. I again ordered the horses, although it still rained, and set forth, the road being close to the river, at one part of which a fleet of decked boats were moored. I perceived that they were all navigated by Bosniac Moslems, one of whom, smoking his pipe under cover, wore the green turban of a Shereef; they were all loaded with raw produce, intended for sale at Belgrade or Semlin.

The rain increasing, we took shelter in a wretched khan, with a mud floor, and a fire of logs blazing in the

centre, the smoke escaping as it best could by the front and back doors. Gipsies and Servian peasants sat round it in a large circle; the former being at once recognizable, not only from their darker skins, but from their traits being finer than those of the Servian peasantry. The gipsies fought bravely against the Turks under Kara Georg, and are now for the most part settled, although politically separated from the rest of the community, and living under their own responsible head; but, as in other countries, they prefer horse dealing and smith's work to other trades. As there was no chance of the storm abating, I resolved to pass the night here on discovering that there was a separate room, which our host said he occasionally unlocked, for the better order of travellers.

Next morning, on waking, the sweet chirp of a bird, gently echoed in the adjoining woods, announced that the storm had ceased, and nature resumed her wonted calm. On arising, I went to the door, and the unclouded effulgence of dawn bursting through the dripping boughs and rain-bespangled leaves, seemed to realize the golden tree of the garden of the Abbassides. The road from this point to Shabatz was one continuous avenue of stately oaks—nature's noblest order of sylvan architecture; at some places, gently rising to views of the winding Save, with sun, sky, and freshening breeze to quicken the sensations, or falling into the dell, where the stream, darkly pellucid, murmured under the sombre foliage.

The road, as we approached Shabatz, proved to be macadamized in a certain fashion: a deep trench was dug on each side; stakes about a foot and a half high, interlaced with wicker-work, were stuck into the ground within the trench, and the road was then filled up with gravel.

I entered Shabatz by a wide street, paved in some places with wood. The bazaars are all open, and Shabatz looks like a good town in Bulgaria. I saw very few shops with glazed fronts and counters in the European manner.

I alighted at the principal khan, which had attached to it just such a café and billiard table as one sees in country towns in Hungary. How odd! to see the Servians, who here all wear the old Turkish costume, except the turban—immersed in the tactics of *carambolage*, skipping most un-orientally around the table, balancing themselves on one leg, enveloped in enormous inexpressibles, and bending low, to catch the choicest hits.

Surrendering our horses to the care of the khan keeper, I proceeded to the konak, or government house, to present my letters. This proved to be a large building, in the style of Constantinople, which, with its line of bow windows, and kiosk-fashioned rooms, surmounted with projecting roofs, might have passed muster on the Bosphorus.

On entering, I was ushered into the office of the collector, to await his arrival, and, at a first glance, might have supposed myself in a formal Austrian kanzley.

There were the flat desks, the strong boxes, and the shelves of coarse foolscap; but a pile of long chibouques, and a young man, with a slight Northumbrian burr, and Servian dress, showed that I was on the right bank of the Save.

The collector now made his appearance, a roundly-built, serious, burgomaster-looking personage, who appeared as if one of Vander Helst's portraits had stepped out of the canvass, so closely does the present Servian dress resemble that of Holland in the seventeenth century, in all but the hat.

Having read the letter, he cleared his throat with a loud hem, and then said with great deliberation, "Gospody Ilia Garashanin informs me that having seen many countries, you also wish to see Servia, and that I am to show you whatever you desire to see, and obey whatever you choose to command; and now you are my guest while you remain here. Go you, Simo, to the khan," continued the collector, addressing a tall momk or pandour, who, armed to the teeth, stood with his hands crossed at the door, "and get

the gentleman's baggage taken to my house.—I hope," added he, "you will be pleased with Shabatz; but you must not be critical, for we are still a rude people."

AUTHOR. "Childhood must precede manhood; that is the order of nature."

COLLECTOR. "Ay, ay, our birth was slow, and painful; Servia, as you say, is yet a child."

AUTHOR. "Yes, but a stout, chubby, healthy child."

A gleam of satisfaction produced a thaw of the collector's ice-bound visage, and, descending to the street, I accompanied him until we arrived at a house two stories high, which we entered by a wide new wooden gate, and then mounting a staircase, scrupulously clean, were shown into his principal room, which was surrounded by a divan *à la Turquie*; but it had no carpet, so we went straight in with our boots on. A German chest of drawers was in one corner; the walls were plain white-washed, and so was a stove about six feet high; the only ornament of the room was a small snake moulding in the centre of the roof.

"We are still somewhat rude and un-European in Shabatz," said Gospody Ninitch, for such was the name in which the collector rejoiced.

"Indeed," said I, sitting at my ease on the divan, there is no room for criticism. The Turks now-a-days take some things from Europe; but Europe might do worse than adopt the divan more extensively; for, believe me, to an arriving traveller it is the greatest of all luxuries."

Here the servants entered with chibouques. "I certainly think," said he, "that no one would smoke a cigar who could smoke a chibouque."

"And no man would sit on an oak chair who could sit on a divan:" so the Gospody smiled and transferred his ample person to the still ampler divan.

The barber now entered; for in the hurry of departure I had forgotten part of my toilette apparatus: but it was evident that I was the first Frank who had ever been

under his razor; for when his operations were finished, he seized my comb, and began to comb my whiskers backwards, as if they had formed part of a Mussulman's beard. When I thought I was done with him, I resumed the conversation, but was speedily interrupted by something like a loud box on the ear, and, turning round my head, perceived that the cause of this sensation was the barber having, in his finishing touch, stuck an ivory ear-pick against my tympanum; but, calling for a wash-hand basin, I begged to be relieved from all further ministrations; so putting half a zwanziger on the face of the round pocket mirror which he proffered to me, he departed with a "*S' Bogom*," or, "God be with you."

The collector now accompanied me on a walk through the Servian town, and emerging on a wide space, we discovered the fortress of Shabatz, which is the quarter in which the remaining Turks live, presenting a line of irregular trenches, of battered appearance, scarcely raised above the level of the surrounding country. The space between the town and the fortress is called the Shabatzko Polje, and in the time of the civil war was the scene of fierce combats. When the Save overflows in spring, it is generally under water.

Crossing a ruinous wooden bridge over a wet ditch, we saw a rusty unserviceable brass cannon, which assumed the prerogative of commanding the entrance. To the left, a citadel of four bastions, connected by a curtain, was all but a ruin.

As we entered, a café, with bare walls and a few shabby Turks smoking in it, completed, along with the dirty street, a picture characteristic of the fallen fortunes of Islam in Servia.

"There comes the *cadi*," said the collector, and I looked out for an individual with turban of fine texture, decent robes, and venerable appearance; but a man of gigantic stature, and rude aspect, wearing a grey peasant's turban, welcomed us with cordiality. We followed him down the street, and sometimes crossing the mud on pieces of

wood, sometimes "putting one's foot in it," we reached a savage-looking timber kiosk, and, mounting a ladder, seated ourselves on the window ledge.

There flowed the Save in all its peaceful smoothness; looking out of the window, I perceived that the high rampart, on which the kiosk was constructed, was built at a distance of thirty or forty yards from the water, and that the intervening space was covered with boats, hauled up high and dry, and animated with the process of building and repairing the barges employed in the river trade. The kiosk, in which we were sitting, was a species of café, and it being Ramadan time, we were presented with sherbet by a kahwagi, who, to judge by his look, was a eunuch. I was afterwards told that the Turks remaining in the fortified town are so poor, that they had not a decent room to show me into.

A Turk, about fifty years of age, now entered. His habiliments were somewhere between decent and shabby genteel, and his voice and manners had that distinguished gentleness which wins—because it feels—its way. This was the Disdar Aga, the last relic of the wealthy Turks of the place: for before the Servian revolution Shabatz had its twenty thousand Osmanlis; and a tract of gardens on the other side of the *Polje*, was pointed out as having been covered with the villas of the wealthy, which were subsequently burnt down.

Our conversation was restricted to a few general observations, as other persons were present, but the Disdar Aga promised to call on me on the following day. I was asked if I had been in Seraievo¹. I answered in the negative, but added, "I have heard so much of Seraievo, that I desire ardently to see it. But I am afraid of the Haiducks."²

¹ The capital of Bosnia, a large and beautiful city, which is often called the Damascus of the North.

² In this part of Turkey in Europe robbers, as well as rebels, are called Haiducks: like the caterans of the Highlands of Scotland, they were merely held to be persons at war with the authority: and in the

CADI. "And not without reason; for Seraievo, with its delicious gardens, must be seen in summer. In winter the roads are free from haiducks, because they cannot hold out in the snow: but then Seraievo, having lost the verdure and foliage of its environs, ceases to be attractive, except in its bazaars, for they are without an equal."

AUTHOR. "I always thought that the finest bazaar of Turkey in Europe, was that of Adrianople."

CADI. "Ay, but not equal to Seraievo; when you see the Bosniacs, in their cleanly apparel and splendid arms walking down the bazaar, you might think yourself in the serai of a sultan; then all the esnafs are in their divisions like regiments of Nizam."

The Disdar Aga now accompanied me to the gate, and bidding me farewell, with graceful urbanity, re-entered the bastioned miniature citadel in which he lived almost alone. The history of this individual is singular: his family was cut to pieces in the dreadful scenes of 1806; and, when a mere boy, he found himself a prisoner in the Servian camp. Being thus without protectors, he was adopted by Luka Lasarevitch, the valiant lieutenant of Kara Georg, and baptized as a Christian with the name of John, but having been reclaimed by the Turks on the re-conquest of Servia in 1813, he returned to the faith of his fathers.

We now returned into the town, and there sat the same Luka Lasarevitch, now a merchant and town councillor, at the door of his warehouse, an octogenarian, with thirteen wounds on his body.

Going home, I asked the collector if the Aga and Luka were still friends. "To this very day," said he, "notwithstanding the difference of religion, the Aga looks upon Luka as his father, and Luka looks upon the Aga as his son." To those who have lived in other parts of Turkey this account must appear very curious. I found that

Servian revolution, patriots, rebels, and robbers, were confounded in the common term of Haiducks.

the Aga was as highly respected by the Christians as by the Turks, for his strictly honourable character.

We now paid a visit to the Arch-priest, Iowan Paulovitch, a self-taught ecclesiastic: the room in which he received us was filled with books, mostly Servian; but I perceived among them German translations. On asking him if he had heard any thing of English literature, he showed me translations into German of Shakspeare, Young's Night Thoughts, and a novel of Bulwer. The Greek secular clergy marry; and in the course of conversation it came out that his son was one of the young Servians sent by the government to study mining-engineering, at Schemnitz, in Hungary. The Church of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, in which he officiates, was built in 1828. I remarked that it had only a wooden bell tower, which had been afterwards erected in the church yard; no belfry existing in the building itself. The reason of this is, that, up to the period mentioned, the Servians were unaccustomed to have bells sounded.

Our host provided most ample fare for supper, preceded by a glass of slivovitsa. We began with soup, rendered slightly acid with lemon juice, then came fowl, stewed with turnips and sugar. This was followed by pudding of almonds, raisins, and pancake. Roast capon brought up the rear. A white wine of the country was served during supper, but along with dessert we had a good red wine of Negotin, served in Bohemian coloured glasses. I have been thus minute on the subject of food, for the dinners I ate at Belgrade I do not count as Servian, having been all in the German fashion.

The wife of the collector sat at dinner, but at the foot of the table; a position characteristic of that of women in Servia—midway between the graceful precedence of Europe and the contemptuous exclusion of the East.

After hand-washing, we returned to the divan, and while pipes and coffee were handed round, a noise in the court yard denoted a visiter, and a middle-aged man, with embroidered clothes, and silver-mounted pistols in

his girdle, entered. This was the Natchalnik, or local governor, who had come from his own village, two hours off, to pay his visit; he was accompanied by the two captains under his command, one of whom was a military dandy. His ample girdle was richly embroidered, out of which projected silver-mounted old fashioned pistols. His crimson shaksheers were also richly embroidered, and the corner of a gilt flowered cambric pocket handkerchief showed itself at his breast. His companion wore a different aspect, with large features, dusky in tint as those of a gipsy, and dressed in plain coarse blue clothes. He was presented to me as a man who had grown from boyhood to manhood to the tune of the whistling bullets of Kara Georg and his Turkish opponents. After the usual salutations, the Natchalnik began—

“We have heard that Gospody Wellington has received from the English nation an estate for his distinguished services.”

AUTHOR. “That is true; but the presentation took place a great many years ago.”

NATCH. “What is the age of Gospody Wellington?”

AUTHOR. “About seventy-five. He was born in 1769, the year in which Napoleon and Mohammed Ali first saw the light.”

NATCH. “That was a moment when nature had her sleeves tucked up. I think our Kara Georg must also have been born about that time.” Well, God grant that Gospody Wellington’s sons, and his sons’ sons, may render as great services to the nation.”

Our conversation was prolonged to a late hour in the evening, in which a variety of anecdotes were related of the ingenious methods employed by Milosh to fill his coffers as rapidly as possible.

Mine host, taking a candle, then led me to my bedroom, a small carpeted apartment, with a German bed; the coverlet was of green satin, quilted, and the sheets were clean and fragrant; and I observed, that they were striped with an alternate fine and coarse woof.

The fatigues of travelling procured me a sound sleep. I rose refreshed, and proceeded into the divan. The hostess then came forward, and before I could perceive, or prevent her object, she kissed my hand. "Kako se spavali; Dobro?"—"How have you slept? I hope you are refreshed," and other kindly inquiries followed on, while she took from the hand of an attendant a silver salver, on which was a glass of slivovitsa, a plate of rose marmalade, and a large Bohemian cut crystal globular goblet of water, the contents of which, along with a chibouque, were the prelude to breakfast, which consisted of coffee and toast, and instead of milk we had rich boiled kaimak, as Turkish clotted cream is called.

I have always been surprised to find that this undoubted luxury, which is to be found in every town in Turkey, should be unknown throughout the greater part of Europe. After comfortably smoking another chibouque, and chatting about Shabatz and the Shabatzians, the collector informed me that the time was come for returning the visit of the Natchalnik, and paying that of the Bishop.

The Natchalnik received us in the Konak of Gospody Iefrem, the brother of Milosh, and our interview was in no respect different from a usual Turkish visit. We then descended to the street; the sun an hour before its meridian shone brightly, but the centre of the broad street was very muddy, from the late rain; so we picked our steps with some care, until we arrived in the vicinity of the bridge, when I perceived the eunuch-looking coffee-keeper navigating the slough, accompanied by a Mussulman in a red checked shawl turban.—"Here is a man that wishes to make your acquaintance," said Eunuch-face.—"I heard you were paying visits yesterday in the Turkish quarter," said the strange figure, saluting me. I returned the salute, and addressed him in Arabic; he answered in a strong Egyptian accent. However, as the depth of the surrounding mud, and the glare of the sun, rendered a further colloquy somewhat inconvenient, we postponed

our meeting until the evening. On our way to the Bishop, I asked the collector what that man was doing there.

COLLECTOR. "His history is a singular one. You yesterday saw a Turk, who was baptized, and then returned to Islamism. This is a Servian, who turned Turk thirty years ago, and now wishes to be a Christian again. He has passed most of that time in the distant parts of Turkey, and has children grown up and settled there. He has come to me secretly, and declares his desire to be a Christian again; but he is afraid the Turks will kill him."

AUTHOR. "Has he been long here?"

COLLECTOR. "Two months. He went first into the Turkish town; and having incurred their suspicions, he left them, and has now taken up his quarters in the khan, with a couple of horses and a servant."

AUTHOR. "What does he do?"

COLLECTOR. "He pretends to be a doctor, and cures the people; but he generally exacts a considerable sum before prescribing, and he has had disputes with people who say that they are not healed so quickly as they expect."

AUTHOR. "Do you think he is sincere in wishing to be a Christian again?"

COLLECTOR. "God knows. What can one think of a man who has changed his religion, but that no dependence can be placed on him? The Turks are shy of him."

On our way homewards we called at a house which contained portraits of Kara Georg, Milosh, Michael, Alexander, and other personages who have figured in Servian history. I was much amused with that of Milosh, which was painted in oil, altogether without *chiaro scuro*; but his decorations, button holes, and even a large mole on his cheek, were done with the most painful minuteness. In his left hand he held a scroll, on which was inscribed *Ustav*, or Constitution, his right hand was partly doubled à la finger post; it pointed significantly to the said

scroll, the fore-finger being adorned with a large diamond ring.

On arriving at the collector's house, I found the Aga awaiting me. This man inspired me with great interest. I looked upon him, residing in his lone tower, the last of a once wealthy and powerful race now steeped in poverty, as a sort of master of Ravenswood in a Wolf's crag. At first he was ceremonious; but on learning that I had lived long in the interior of society in Damascus and Aleppo, and finding that the interest with which he inspired me was real and not assumed, he became expansive without lapsing into familiarity, and told me his tale.

When I spoke of the renegade, he pretended not to know whom I meant; but I saw, by a slight unconscious wink of his eye, that knowing him too well, he wished to see and hear no more of him. As he was rising to take leave, a step was heard creaking on the stairs, and on turning in the direction of the door, I saw the red and white checked turban of the renegade emerging from the banister; but no sooner did he perceive the Aga, than, turning round again, down went the red checked turban out of sight.

When the Aga was gone, the collector gave me a significant look, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe into a plate on the floor, said, "Changed times, changed times, poor fellow; his salary is only 250 piastres a month, and his relations used to be little kings in Shabatz; but the other fellows in the Turkish quarter, although so wretchedly poor that they have scarcely bread to eat, are as proud and insolent as ever."

AUTHOR. "What is the reason of that?"

COLLECTOR. "Because they are so near the Bosniac frontier, where there is a large Moslem population. The Moslems of Shabatz pay no taxes, either to the Servian government or the sultan, for they are accounted *Redif*, or Militia, for which they receive a ducat a year from the sultan, as a returning fee. The Christian peasants here are very rich; some of them have ten and twenty

thousand ducats buried under the earth; but these impoverished Bosniacs in the fortress are as proud and insolent as ever."

AUTHOR. "You say Bosniacs! Are they not Turks?"

COLLECTOR. "No, the only Turks here are the Aga and the Cadi; all the rest are Bosniacs, the descendants of men of our own race and language, who on the Turkish invasion accepted Islamism, but retained the language, and many Christian customs, such as saints' days, Christian names, and in most cases monogamy."

AUTHOR. "That is very curious; then, perhaps, as they are not full Moslems, they may be more tolerant of Christians."

COLLECTOR. "The very reverse. The Bosniac Christians are not half so well off as the Bulgarians, who have to deal with the real Turks. The arch-priest will be here to dinner, and he will be able to give you some account of the Bosniac Christians. But Bosnia is a beautiful country; how do you intend to proceed from here?"

AUTHOR. "I intend to go to Vallievo and Ushitza."

COLLECTOR. "He that leaves Serbia without seeing Sokol, has seen nothing."

AUTHOR. "What is to be seen at Sokol?"

COLLECTOR. "The most wonderful place in the world, a perfect eagle's eyrie. A whole town and castle built on the capital of a column of rock."

AUTHOR. "But I did not contemplate going there; so I must change my route: I took no letters for that quarter."

COLLECTOR. "Leave all that to me; you will first go to Losnitzza, on the banks of the Drina, and I will despatch a messenger to-night, apprising the authorities of your approach. When you have seen Sokol, you will admit that it was worth the journey."

The renegade having seen the Aga clear off, now came to pay his visit, and the normal good-nature of the collector procured him a tolerant welcome. When we were left alone, the renegade began by abusing the

Moslems in the fortress as a set of scoundrels. "I could not live an hour longer among such rascals," said he, "and I am now in the khan with my servant and a couple of horses, where you must come and see me. I will give you as good a pipe of Djebel tobacco as ever you smoked."

AUTHOR. "You must excuse me, I must set out on my travels to-morrow. You were in Egypt, I believe."

RENEGADE. "I was long there; my two sons, and a married daughter, are in Cairo to this day."

AUTHOR. "What do they do?"

RENEGADE. "My daughter is married, and I taught my sons all I know of medicine, and they practise it in the old way."

AUTHOR. "Where did you study?"

RENEGADE (tossing his head and smiling). "Here, and there, and everywhere. I am no Hekim Bashi; but I have an ointment that heals all bruises and sores in an incredibly short space of time."

He gave a most unsatisfactory account of his return to Turkey in Europe; first to Bosnia, or Herzegovina, where he was, or pretended to be, physician to Husreff Mehmed Pasha, and then to Seraievo. When we spoke of Hafiz Pasha, of Belgrade, he said, "I know him well, but he does not know me; I recollect him at Carpout and Diarbegr before the battle of Nisib, when he had thirty or forty pashas under him. He could shoot at a mark, or ride, with the youngest man in the army."

The collector now re-entered with the Natchalnik and his captains, and the renegade took his leave, I regretting that I had not seen more of him; for a true recital of his adventures must have made an amusing chapter.

"Here is the captain, who is to escort you to Ushitza," said the Natchalnik, pointing to a muscular man at his left. "He will take you safe and sound."

AUTHOR. "I see he is a stout fellow. I would rather have him for a friend than meet him as an enemy. He has the face of an honest man, too."

NATCHALNIK. "I warrant you as safe in his custody, as if you were in that of Gospody Wellington."

AUTHOR. "You may rest assured that if I were in the custody of the Duke of Wellington, I should not reckon myself very safe. One of his offices is to take care of a tower, in which the Queen locks up traitorous subjects. Did you never hear of the Tower of London?"

NATCHALNIK. "No; all we know of London is the wonderful bridge that goes under the water, where an army can pass from one side to the other, while the fleet lies anchored over their heads."

The Natchalnik now bid me farewell, and I gave my rendezvous to the captain for next morning. During the discussion of dinner, the arch-priest gave us an illustration of Bosniac fanaticism: A few months ago a church at Belina was about to be opened, which had been a full year in course of building, by virtue of a Firman of the Sultan; the Moslems murmuring, but doing nothing. When finished, the Bishop went to consecrate it; but two hours after sunset, an immense mob of Moslems, armed with pickaxes and shovels, rased it to the ground, having first taken the Cross and Gospels and thrown them into a latrina. The Bishop complained to the Mutsellim, who imprisoned one or two of them, exacted a fine, which he put in his own pocket, and let them out next day; the ruins of the Church remain *in statu quo*.

Next morning, on awaking, all the house was in a bustle: the sun shone brightly on the green satin coverlet of my bed, and a tap at the door announced the collector, who entered in his dressing gown with the apparatus of brandy and sweetmeats, and joined his favourable augury to mine for the day's journey.

"You will have a rare journey," said the collector; "the country is a garden, the weather is clear, and neither hot nor cold. The nearer you get to Bosnia, the more beautiful is the landscape."

We each drank a thimbleful of slivovitsa, he to my prosperous journey, while I proposed health and long life

to him; but, as the sequel showed, "*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*" After breakfast, I bade Madame Ninitch adieu, and descended to the court-yard, where two carriages of the collector awaited us, our horses being attached behind.

Little did the collector suppose, that within a month from this he would be in the other world. The Obrenovich party, anxious to reinstate themselves in power, secretly furnished themselves with thirty-four or thirty-five hussar uniforms at Pesth, bought horses, and having bribed the Austrian frontier guard, passed the Save with a trumpeter about a month after this period, and entering Shabatz, stated that a revolution had broken out at Belgrade, that prince Kara Georgevitch was murdered, and Michael proclaimed, with the support of the cabinets of Europe! The inhabitants knew not what to believe, and allowed the detachment to ride through the town. Arrived at the government-house, the collector issued from the porch, to ask what they wanted, and received for answer a pistol-shot, which stretched him dead on the spot. The soi-disant Austrian hussars subsequently attempted to raise the country, but, failing in this, were nearly all taken and executed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALE OF THE DRINA.

Through the richest land, forming part of the ancient banat of Matchva, which was in the earlier periods of Servian and Hungarian history so often a source of conflict and contention, we approached distant grey hills, which gradually rose from the horizon, and, losing their indistinctness, revealed a chain most charmingly accidented. Thick turf covered the pasture lands; the old oak and

the tender sapling diversified the plain. Some clouds hung on the horizon, whose delicate lilac and fawn tints, forming a harmonizing contrast with the deep deep blue of the heavens, showed the transparency of the atmosphere, and brought healthful elevation of spirits. Even the brutes bespoke the harmony of creation; for, singular to say, we saw several crows perched on the backs of swine!

Towards evening, we entered a region of cottages among gardens inclosed by bushes, trees, and verdant fences, with the rural quiet and cleanliness of an English village in the last century, lighted up by an Italian sunset. Having crossed the little bridge, a pandour, who was sitting under the willows, rose, came forward, and, touching his hat, presented the Natchalnik's compliments, and said that he was instructed to conduct me to his house. Losnitza is situated on the last undulation of the Gutchevo range, as the mountains we had all day kept in view were called. So leaving the town on our left, we struck into a secluded path, which wound up the hill, and in ten minutes we dismounted at a house having the air of a Turkish villa, which overlooked the surrounding country, and was entered by an enclosed court-yard with high walls.

The Natchalnik of Losnitza was a grey-headed tall gaunt figure, who spoke very little; but as the Bosniac frontier is subject to troubles, he had been selected for his great personal courage, for he had served under Kara Georg from 1804.¹

NATCHALNIK. "It is not an easy matter to keep things straight; the population on this side is all organized, so as to concentrate eight thousand men in a few hours. The Bosniacs are all armed; and as the two populations

¹ Serbia is divided into seventeen provinces, each governed by a Natchalnik, whose duty it is to keep order and report to the minister of war and interior. He has of course no control over the legal courts of law attached to each provincial government; he has a Cashier and a Secretary, and each province is divided into Cantons (Sres), over each of which a captain rules. The average population of a province is 50,000 souls, and there are generally three Cantons in a province, which are governed by captains.

detest each other cordially, and are separated only by the Drina, the public tranquillity often incurs great danger: but whenever a crisis is at hand I mount my horse and go to Mahmoud Pasha at Zwornik; and the affair is generally quietly settled with a cup of coffee."

AUTHOR. "As the Arabs say, the burning of a little tobacco saves the burning of a great deal of powder. What is the population of Zwornik?"

NATCHALNIK. "About twelve or fifteen thousand; the place has fallen off; it had formerly between thirty and forty thousand souls."

AUTHOR. "Have you had any disputes lately?"

NATCHALNIK. "Why, yes; Great Zwornik is on the Bosniac side of the Drina; but Little Zwornik on the Servian side is also held by Moslems. Not long ago the men of Little Zwornik wished to extend their domain; but I planted six hundred men in a wood, and then rode down alone and warned them off. They treated me contemptuously; but as soon as they saw the six hundred men issuing from the wood they gave up the point: and Mahmoud Pasha admitted I was right; but he had been afraid to risk his popularity by preventive measures."

The selamluk of the Natchalnik was comfortably carpeted and fitted up, but no trace of European furniture was to be seen. The rooms of the collector at Shabatz still smacked of the vicinity to Austria; but here we were with the natives. Dinner was preceded by cheese, onions, and slivovitsa as a *rinfrresco*, and our beds were improvised in the Turkish manner by mattresses, sheets, and coverlets, laid on the divans.

Next morning, on waking, I went into the kiosk to enjoy the cool fresh air, the incipient sunshine, and the noble prospect; the banat of Matchva which we had yesterday traversed, stretched away to the westward, an ocean of verdure and ripe yellow fruits.

"Where is the Drina?" said I to our host.

"Look downwards," said he; "you see that line of poplars and willows; there flows the Drina, hid from view:

the steep gardens and wooded hills that abruptly rise from the other bank are in Bosnia."

The town doctor now entered, a middle-aged man, who had been partly educated in Dalmatia, and consequently spoke Italian; he told us that his salary was £40 a year; and that in consequence of the extreme cheapness of provisions he managed to live as well in this place as he could on the Adriatic for treble the sum.

Other persons, mostly employés, now came to see us, and we descended to the town. The bazaar was open and paved with stone; but except its extreme cleanliness, it was not in the least different from those one sees in Bulgaria and other parts of Turkey in Europe. Up to 1835 many Turks lived in Losnitza; but at that time they all removed to Bosnia; the mosque still remains, and is used as a grain magazine. A mud fort crowns the eminence, having been thrown up during the wars of Kara Georg, and might still be serviceable in case of hostile operations.

Before going to Sokol the Natchalnik persuaded me to take a Highland ramble into the Gutchevo range, and first visit Tronosha, a large convent three hours off in the woods, which was to be on the following day the rendezvous of all the surrounding peasantry, in their holiday dresses, in order to celebrate the festival of consecration.

At the appointed hour our host appeared, having donned his best clothes, which were covered with gold embroidery. His sabre and pistols were no less rich and curious, and he mounted a horse worth at least sixty or seventy pounds sterling. Several other notables of Losnitza, similarly broidered and accoutred, and mounted on caracoling horses, accompanied us.

Ascending rapidly, we were soon lost in the woods, catching only now and then a view of the golden plain through the dark green oaks and pines. For full three hours our little party dashed up hill and down dale, through the most majestic forests, delightful to the gaze, but unrelieved by a patch of cultivation, till we came to

a height covered with loose rocks and pasture. "There is Tronosha," said the Natchalnik, pulling up, and pointing to a tapering white spire and slender column of blue smoke that rose from a *cul-de-sac* formed by the opposite hills, which, like the woods we had traversed, wore such a shaggy and umbrageous drapery, that with a slight transposition, I could exclaim, "*Si lupus essem, nollem alibi quam in Serviâ lupus esse!*" A steep descent brought us to some meadows on which cows were grazing by the side of a rapid stream, and I felt the open space a relief after the gloom of the endless forest.

Crossing the stream, we struck into the sylvan *cul-de-sac*, and arrived in a few minutes at an edifice with strong walls, towers, and posterns, that looked more like a secluded and fortified manor-house in the seventeenth century than a convent; for in more troubled times, such establishments, though tolerated by the old Turkish government, were often subject to the unwelcome visits of minor marauders.

A fine old monk, with a powerful voice, welcomed the Natchalnik at the gate, and putting his hand on his left breast, said to me, "*Dobro doche Gospody!*" (Welcome, master!)

We then, according to the custom of the country, went into the chapel, and, kneeling down, said our thanksgiving for safe arrival. I remarked, on taking a turn through the chapel and examining it minutely, that the pictures were all in the old Byzantine style—crimson-faced saints looking up to golden skies.

Crossing the court, I looked about me, and perceived that the cloister was a gallery, with wooden beams supporting the roof, running round three sides of the building, the basement being built in stone, at one part of which a hollowed tree shoved in an aperture formed a spout for a stream of clear cool water. The Igoumen, or superior, received us at the foot of the wooden staircase which ascended to the gallery. He was a sleek middle-aged man, with a new silk gown, and seemed delighted at

my arrival in this secluded spot, and taking me by the hand, led me to a sort of seat placed in a prominent part of the gallery, which seemed to correspond with the *makaá* of Saracenic architecture.

No sooner had the Igoumen gone to superintend the arrangements of the evening, than a shabbily dressed filthy priest, of such sinister aspect, that, to use a common phrase, "his looks would have hanged him," now came up, and in a fulsome eulogy welcomed me to the convent. He related how he had been born in Syrmium, and had been thirteen years in Bosnia; but I suspected that some screw was loose, and on making inquiry found that he had been sent to this retired convent in consequence of incorrigible drunkenness. The Igoumen now returned, and gave the clerical Lumpacivagabundus such a look that he skulked off on the instant.

After coffee, sweetmeats, &c., we passed through the yard, and piercing the postern gate, unexpectedly came upon a most animated scene. A green glade that ran up to the foot of the hill was covered with the preparations for the approaching festivities—wood was splitting, fires lighting, fifty or sixty sheep were spitted, pyramids of bread, dishes of all sorts and sizes, and jars of wine in wicker baskets were mingled with throat-cut fowls, lying on the banks of the stream side by side with pigs at their last squeak.

Dinner was served in the refectory to about twenty individuals, including the monks and our party. The Igoumen drank to the health of the prince, and then of Wucics and Petronievitch, declaring that thanks were due to God and those European powers who had brought about their return. The shabby priest, with the gallows look, then sang a song of his own composition, on their return. Not being able to understand it, I asked my neighbour what he thought of the song. "Why," said he, "the lay is worthy of the minstrel—doggregel and dissonance." Some old national songs were sung, and I again asked my neighbour for a criticism on the poetry. "That

last song," said he, "is like a river that flows easily and naturally from one beautiful valley to another."

In the evening we went out, and the countless fires lighting up the lofty oaks had a most pleasing effect. The sheep were by this time cut up, and lying in fragments, around which the supper parties were seated cross-legged. Other peasants danced slowly, in a circle, to the drone of the somniferous Servian bagpipe.

When I went to bed, the assembled peasantry were in the full tide of merriment, but without excess. The only person somewhat the worse of the bottle was the threadbare priest with the gallows look.

I fell asleep with a low confused murmur of droning bagpipes, jingling drinking cups, occasional laughter, and other noises. A solemn swelling chorus of countless voices gently interrupted my slumbers—the room was filled with light, and the sun on high was beginning to begild an irregular parallelogram in the wainscot, when I started up, and drew on my clothes. Going out to the *makaá*, I perceived yesterday's assembly of merry-making peasants quadrupled in number, and all dressed in their holyday costume, thickset on their knees down the avenue to the church, and following a noble old hymn. I went out of the postern, and, helping myself with the grasp of trunks of trees, and bared roots and bushes, clambered up one of the sides of the hollow, and attaining a clear space, looked down on the singular scene. The whole pit of this theatre of verdure appeared covered with a carpet of white and crimson, for such were the prevailing colours of the rustic costumes. When I thought of the trackless solitude of the sylvan ridges round me, I seemed to witness one of the early communions of Christianity, in those ages when incense ascended to the Olympic deities in gorgeous temples, while praise to the true God rose from the haunts of the wolf, the lonely cavern, or the subterranean vault.

When church service was over I examined the dresses more minutely. The upper tunic of the women was a species of surtout of undyed cloth, bordered with a design

of red cloth of a finer description. The stockings in colour and texture resembled those of Persia, but were generally embroidered at the ankle with gold and silver thread. After the mid-day meal we descended, accompanied by the monks. The lately crowded court-yard was silent and empty. "What," said I, "all dispersed already?" The superior smiled, and said nothing. On going out of the gate, I paused in a of state slight emotion. The whole assembled peasantry were marshalled in two rows, and standing uncovered in solemn silence, so as to make a living avenue to the bridge.

The Igoumen then publicly expressed the pleasure my visit had given to the people, and in their name thanked me, and wished me a prosperous journey, repeating a phrase I had heard before: "God be praised that Servia has at length seen the day that strangers come from afar to see and know the people!"

I took off my fez, and said, "Do you know, Father Igoumen, what has given me the most pleasure in the course of my visit?"

IGOUMEN. "I can scarcely guess."

AUTHOR. "I have seen a large assembly of peasantry, and not a trace of poverty, vice, or misery; the best proof that both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities do their duty."

The Igoumen, smiling with satisfaction, made a short speech to the people. I mounted my horse; the convent bells began to toll as I waved my hand to the assembly, and "Sretnj poot!" (a prosperous journey!) burst from a thousand tongues. The scene was so moving that I could scarcely refrain a tear. Clapping spurs to my horse I cantered over the bridge and gave him his will of the bridle till the steepness of the ascent compelled a slower pace.

Words fail me to describe the beauty of the road from Tronosha to Krupena. The heights and distances, without being alpine in reality, were sufficiently so to an eye unpractised in measuring scenery of the highest class; but in all the softer enchantments nature had revelled in pro-

digality. The gloom of the oak forest was relieved and broken by a hundred plantations of every variety of tree that the climate would bear, and every hue, from the sombre evergreen to the early suspicions of the yellow leaf of autumn. Even the tops of the mountains were free from sterility, for they were capped with green as bright, with trees as lofty, and with pasture as rich, as that of the valleys below.

The people, too, were very different from the inhabitants of Belgrade, where political intrigue, and want of the confidence which sincerity inspires, paralyze social intercourse. But the men of the back-woods, neither poor nor barbarous, delighted me by the patriarchal simplicity of their manners, and the poetic originality of their language. Even in gayer moments I seemed to witness the sweet comedy of nature, in which man is ludicrous from his peculiarities, but "is not yet ridiculous from the affectations and assumptions of artificial life."

Half-way to Krupena we reposed at a brook, where the carpets were laid out and we smoked a pipe. A curious illustration occurred here of the abundance of wood in Servia. A boy, after leading a horse into the brook, tugged the halter and led the unwilling horse out of the stream again. "Let him drink, let him drink his fill," said a woman; "if every thing else must be paid with gold, at least wood and water cost nothing."

Mounting our horses again, we were met by six troopers bearing the compliments of the captain of Krupena, who was awaiting us with twenty-two or three irregular cavalry on an eminence. We both dismounted and went through the ceremony of public complimenting, both evidently enjoying the scene; he the visit of an illustrious stranger, and I the formality of a military reception. I took him by the hand, made a turn across the grass, cast a nonchalant look on his troop, and condescended to express my approbation of their martial bearing; they were men of rude and energetic aspect, very fairly mounted. After a little further chat and compliment we remounted; and

I perceived Krupena at the distance of about a mile, in the middle of a little plain surrounded by gardens; but the neighbouring hills were here and there bare of vegetation.

Some of the troopers in front sang a sort of chorus, and now and then a fellow to show off his horse, would ride *à la djereed*, and instead of flinging a dart, would fire his pistols. Others joined us, and our party was swelled to a considerable cavalcade as we entered the village, where the peasants were drawn up in a row to receive me.

Their captain then led the way up the stairs of his house to a chardak, or wooden balcony, on which was a table laid out with flowers. The elders of the village now came separately, and had some conversation: the priest on entering laid a melon on the table, a usual method of showing civility in this part of the country. One of the attendant crowd was a man from Montenegro, who said he was a house-painter. He related that he was employed by Mahmoud Pasha, of Zwornik, to paint one of the rooms in his house; when he had half accomplished his task, the dispute about the domain of Little Zwornik arose, on which he and his companion, a German, were thrown into prison, being accused of being a Servian captain in disguise. They were subsequently liberated, but shot at; the ball going through the leg of the narrator. This is another instance of the intense hatred the Servians and the Bosniac Moslems bear to each other. It must be remarked, that the Christians, in relating a tale, usually make the most of it.

The last dish of our dinner was a roast lamb, served on a large circular wooden board, the head being split in twain, and laid on the top of the pyramid of dismembered parts. We had another jovial evening, in which the wine-cup was plied freely, but not to an extravagant excess, and the usual toasts and speeches were drunk and made. Even in returning to rest, I had not yet done with the pleasing testimonies of welcome. On entering the bed-chamber, I found many fresh and fragrant flowers inserted in the chinks of the wainscot.

Krupena was originally exclusively a Moslem town, and a part of the old bazaar remains. The original inhabitants, who escaped the sword, went either to Sokol or into Bosnia. The hodgia, or Moslem schoolmaster, being on some business at Krupena, came in the morning to see us. His dress was nearly all in white, and his legs bare from the knee. He told me that the Vayvode of Soko had a curious mental malady. Having lately lost a son, a daughter, and a grandson, he could no longer smoke, for when his servant entered with a pipe, he imagined he saw his children burning in the tobacco.

During the whole day we toiled upwards, through woods and wilds of a character more rocky than that of the previous day, and on attaining the ridge of the Gutchevo range, I looked down with astonishment on Soko, which, though lying at our feet, was yet perched on a lone fantastic crag, which exactly suited the description of the collector of Shabatz,—“a city and castle built on the capital of a column of rock.” Beyond it was a range of mountains further in Bosnia; further on, another outline, and then another, and another. I at once felt that, as a tourist, I had broken fresh ground, that I was seeing scenes of grandeur unknown to the English public. It was long since I had sketched. I instinctively seized my book, but threw it away in despair, and, yielding to the rapture of the moment, allowed my eyes to mount step after step of this Alpine ladder.

We now, by a narrow, steep, and winding path cut on the face of a precipice, descended to Soko, and passing through a rotting wooden bazaar, entered a wretched khan, and ascending a sort of staircase, were shown into a room with dusty mustabahs; a greasy old cushion, with the flock protruding through its cover, was laid down for me, but I, with polite excuses, preferred the bare board to this odious flea-hive. The more I declined the cushion, the more pressing became the khan-keeper that I should carry away with me some reminiscence of Soko. Finding that his upholstery was not appreciated, the khan-keeper went to the other

end of the apartment, and began to make a fire for coffee; for this being Ramadan time, all the fires were out, and most of the people were asleep. Meanwhile the captain sent for the Disdar Aga. I offered to go into the citadel, and pay him a visit, but the captain said, "You have no idea how suspicious these people are: even now they are forming all sorts of conjectures as to the object of your visit; we must, therefore, take them quietly in their own way, and do nothing to alarm them. In a few minutes the Disdar Aga will be here; you can then judge, by the temper he is in, of the length of your stay, and the extent to which you wish to carry your curiosity."

I admitted that the captain was speaking sense, and waited patiently till the Aga made his appearance.

Footsteps were heard on the staircase, and the Mut-sellim entered,—a Turk, about forty-five years of age, who looked cross, as most men are when called from a sound sleep. His fez was round as a wool-bag, and looked as if he had stuffed a shawl into it before putting it on, and his face and eyes had something of the old Ugrian or Tartar look. He was accompanied by a Bosniac, who was very proud and insolent in his demeanour. After the usual compliments, I said, "I have seen some countries and cities, but no place so curious as Soko. I left Belgrade on a tour through the interior, not knowing of its existence. Otherwise I would have asked letters of Hafiz Pasha to you: for, intending to go to Nish, he gave me a letter to the Pasha there. But the people of this country having advised me not to miss the wonder of Servia, I have come, seduced by the account of its beauty, not doubting of your good reception of strangers:" on which I took out the letter of Hafiz Pasha, the direction of which he read, and then he said, in a husky voice which became his cross look, —

"I do not understand your speech; if you have seen Belgrade, you must find Soko contemptible. As for your seeing the citadel, it is impossible; for the key is with

the Disdar Aga, and he is asleep, and even if you were to get in, there is nothing to be seen."

After some further conversation, in the course of which I saw that it would be better not to attempt "to catch the Tartar," I restricted myself to taking a survey of the town. Continuing our walk in the same direction as that by which we entered, we completed the threading of the bazaar, which was truly abominable, and arrived at the gate of the citadel, which was open; so that the story of the key and the slumbers of the Disdar Aga was all fudge. I looked in, but did not enter. There are no new works, and it is a castle such as those one sees on the Rhine; but its extraordinary position renders it impregnable in a country impracticable for artillery. Although blockaded in the time of the Revolution, and the Moslem garrison reduced to only seven men, it never was taken by the Servians; although Belgrade, Ushitza, and all the other castles, had fallen into their hands. Close to the castle is a mosque in wood, with a minaret of wood, although the finest stone imaginable is in abundance all around. The Mutsellim opened the door, and showed me the interior, with blank walls and a faded carpet, opposite the Moharrem. He would not allow me to go up the minaret, evidently afraid I would peep over into the castle.

Retracing our steps I perceived a needle-shaped rock that overlooked the abyss under the fortress, so taking off my boots, I scrambled up and attained the pinnacle; but the view was so fearful, that, afraid of getting dizzy, I turned to descend, but found it a much more dangerous affair than the ascent; at length by the assistance of Paul I got down to the Mutsellim, who was sitting impatiently on a piece of rock, wondering at the unaccountable Englishman. I asked him what he supposed to be the height of the rock on which the citadel was built, above the level of the valley below.

"What do I know of engineering?" said he, taking me out of hearing: "I confess I do not understand your object.

I hear that on the road you have been making inquiries as to the state of Bosnia: what interest can England have in raising disturbances in that country?"

"The same interest that she has in producing political disorder in one of the provinces of the moon. In Aleppo, too, I recollect standing at the Bâb-el-Nasr, attempting to spell out an inscription recording its erection, and I was grossly insulted and called a Mehendis (engineer); but you seem a man of more sense and discernment."

"Well, you are evidently not a *chapkun*. There is nothing more to be seen in Soko. Had it not been Ramadan we should have treated you better, be your intentions good or bad. I wish you a pleasant journey; and if you wish to arrive at Liubovia before night-fall the sooner you set out the better, for the roads are not safe after dark."

We now descended by paths like staircases cut in the rocks to the valley below. Paul dismounted in a fright from his horse and led her down; but long practice of riding in the Druse country had given me an easy indifference to roads that would have appalled me before my residence there. When we got a little way along the valley, I looked back, and the view from below was, in a different style, as remarkable as that from above. Soko looked like a little castle of Edinburgh placed in the clouds, and a precipice on the other side of the valley presented a perpendicular stature of not less than five hundred feet.

A few hours' travelling through the narrow valley of the Bogatschitza brought us to the bank of the Drina, where, leaving the up-heaved monuments of a chaotic world, we bade adieu to the Tremendous, and again saluted the Beautiful.

The Save is the largest tributary of the Danube, and the Drina is the largest tributary of the Save, but it is not navigable; no river scenery, however, can possibly be prettier than that of the Drina; as in the case of the Upper Danube from Linz to Vienna, the river winds between precipitous banks tufted with wood, but it was tame

after the thrilling enchantments of Soko. At one place a Roman causeway ran along the river, and we were told that a Roman bridge crossed a tributary of the Drina in this neighbourhood, which to this day bears the name of Latinski Tiupria, or Latin bridge.

At Liubovia the hills receded, and the valley was about half a mile wide, consisting of fine meadow land with thinly scattered oaks, athwart which the evening sun poured its golden floods, suggesting pleasing images of abundance without effort. This part of Servia is a wilderness, if you will, so scant is it of inhabitants, so free from any thing like inclosures, or fields, farms, labourers, gardens or gardeners; and yet it is, and looks a garden in one place, a trim English lawn and park in another: you almost say to yourself, "The man or house cannot be far off: what lovely and extensive grounds, where can the hall or castle be hid?"

Liubovia is the quarantine station on the high road from Belgrade to Seraievo. A line of buildings, parlatorio, magazines, and lodging-houses, faced the river. The director would fain have me pass the night, but the captain of Derlatcha had received notice of our advent, and we were obliged to push on, and rested only for coffee and pipes. The director was a Servian from the Austrian side of the Danube, and spoke German. He told me that three thousand individuals per annum performed quarantine, passing from Bosnia to Soko and Belgrade, and that the principal imports were hides, chesnuts, zinc, and iron manufactures from the town of Seraievo. On the opposite bank of the river was a wooden Bosniac guard-house.

Remounting our horses after sunset, we continued along the Drina, now dubiously illuminated by the chill pallor of the rising moon, while hill and dale resounded with the songs of our men. No sooner had one finished an old metrical legend of the days of Stephan and Lasar, than another began a lay of Kara Georg, the "William Tell" of these mountains. Sometimes when we came to a good echo the pistols were fired off; at one place the noise had aroused a peasant, who came running across

the grass to the road crying out, "the night is advancing: go no further, but tarry with me: the stranger will have a plain supper and a hard couch, but a hearty welcome." We thanked him for his proffer, but held on.

At about ten o'clock we entered a thick dark wood, and after an ascent of a quarter of an hour emerged upon a fine open lawn in front of a large house with lights gleaming in the windows. The ripple of the Drina was no longer audible, but we saw it at some distance below us, like a cuirass of polished steel. As we entered the inclosure we found the house in a bustle. The captain, a tall strong corpulent man of about forty years of age, came forward and welcomed me.

"I almost despaired of your coming to-night," said he; "for on this ticklish frontier it is always safer to terminate one's journey by sunset. The rogues pass so easily from one side of the water to the other, that it is difficult to clear the country of them."

He then led me into the house, and going through a passage, entered a square room of larger dimensions than is usual in the rural parts of Servia. A good Turkey carpet covered the upper part of the room, which was fenced round by cushions placed against the wall, but not raised above the level of the floor. The wall of the lower end of the room had a row of strong wooden pegs, on which were hung the hereditary and holyday clothes of the family, for males and females. Furs, velvets, gold embroidery, and silver mounted Bosniac pistols, guns, and carbines elaborately ornamented.

The captain now presented me to his wife, who came from the Austrian side of the Save, and spoke German. She seemed a trim methodical housewife, as the order of her domestic arrangements clearly showed. Another female was about four and twenty, when the lines of thinking begin to mingle with those of early youth. Her features too were by no means classical or regular, and yet she had some of that superhuman charm which Raphael sometimes infused into his female figures, as in the St. Ce-

ilia, so as to remind me of the highest characteristic of expression — “a spirit scarcely disguised enough in the flesh.”

Next day, the father of the captain made his appearance. The same old man, whom I had met at Palesh, and who had asked me, “if the king of my country lived in a strong castle?” We dined at mid-day by fine weather, the windows of the principal apartments being thrown open, so as to have the view of the valley, which was here nearly as wide as at Liubovia, but with broken ground. For the first time since leaving Belgrade we dined, not at an European table, but squatted round a sofra, a foot high, in the Eastern manner, although we ate with knives and forks, but long habit had accustomed me to the posture.

Our host, the captain, never having seen Ushitza, offered to accompany me thither; so we started early in the afternoon, having the Drina still on our right, and Bosniac villages, from time to time visible, and pretty to look at, but I should hope somewhat cleaner than Soko. On arrival at Bashevitza the elders of the village stood in a row to receive us close to the house of conciliation. I perceived a mosque near this place, and asked if it was employed for any purpose. “No,” said the captain, “it is empty. The Turks prayed in it, after their own fashion, to that God who is their’s and ours; and the house of God should not be made a grain magazine, as in many other Turkish villages scattered throughout Servia.” At this place a number of wild ducks were visible, perched on rocks in the Drina, but were very shy; only once did one of our men get within shot, which missed; his gun being an old Turkish one, like most of the arms in this country, which are sometimes as dangerous to the marksman as to the mark.

Leaving the basin of the Drina, we descended to that of the Morava by a steep road, until we came to beautifully rich meadows, which are called the Ushitzka Luka, or meadows, which are to this day a debatable ground

for the Moslem inhabitants of Ushitza, and the Servian villages in the neighbourhood. From here to Ushitza the road is paved, but by whom we could not learn. The stones were not large enough to warrant the belief of its being a Roman causeway, and it is probably a relic of the Servian empire. ¹

CHAPTER VII.

THE UPPER MORAVA.

Before entering Ushitza we had a fair prospect of it from a gentle eminence. A castle, in the style of the middle ages, mosque minarets, and a church spire, rose above other objects; each memorializing the three distinct periods of Servian history: the old feudal monarchy, the Turkish occupation, and the new principality. We entered the bazaars, which were rotting and ruinous, the air infected with the loathsome vapours of dunghills and their putrescent carcases, tanpits with green hides, horns, and offal: here and there a hideous old rat showed its head at some crevice in the boards, to complete the picture of impurity and desolation.

Strange to say, after this ordeal we put up at an excellent khan, the best we had seen in Servia, being a mixture of the German Wirthshaus, and the Italian osteria, kept by a Dalmatian, who had lived twelve years at Scutari in Albania. His upper room was very neatly furnished and new carpeted.

In the afternoon we went to pay a visit to the Vay-

¹ After seeing Ushitza, the captain, who accompanied me, returned to his family, at Derlatcha, and, I lament to say, that at this place he was attacked by the robbers, who, in summer, lurk in the thick woods on the two frontiers. The captain galloped off, but his two servants were killed on the spot.

vode, who lived among gardens in the upper town, out of the stench of the bazaars. Arrived at the house, we mounted a few ruined steps, and passing through a little garden fenced with wooden paling, were shown into a little carpeted kiosk, where coffee and pipes were presented, but not partaken of by the Turks present, it being still Ramadan. The Vayvode was an elderly man, with a white turban and a green benish, having weak eyes, and a slight hesitation in his speech; but civil and good-natured, without any of the absurd suspicions of the Mutsellim of Soko. He at once granted me permission to see the castle, with the remark, "Your seeing it can do us no good and no harm. Belgrade castle is like a bazaar, any one can go out and in that likes." In the course of conversation he told us that Ushitza is the principal remaining settlement of the Moslems in Servia; their number here amounting to three thousand five hundred, while there are only six hundred Servians, making altogether a population of somewhat more than four thousand souls. The Vayvode himself spoke Turkish on this occasion; but the usual language at Soko is Bosniac (the same as Servian).

We now took our leave of the Vayvode, and continued ascending the same street, composed of low one-storied houses, covered with irregular tiles, and inclosed with high wooden palings to secure as much privacy as possible for the harems. The palings and gardens ceased; and on a terrace built on an open space stood a mosque, surrounded by a few trees; not cypresses, for the climate scarce allows of them, but those of the forests we had passed. The portico was shattered to fragments, and remained as it was at the close of the revolution. Close by is a Turbieh or saint's tomb, but nobody could tell me to whom or at what period it was erected.

Within a little inclosed garden I espied a strangely dressed figure, a dark-coloured Dervish, with long glossy black hair. He proved to be a Persian, who had travelled all over the East. Without the conical hat of his order,

the Dervish would have made a fine study for a Neapolitan brigand; but his manners were easy, and his conversation plausible, like those of his countrymen, which form as wide a contrast to the silent hauteur of the Turk, and the rude fanaticism of the Bosniac, as can well be imagined. His servant, a withered baboon-looking little fellow, in the same dress, now made his appearance and presented coffee. and the Dervish cut some flowers, and presented each of us with one.

The Muezzin now looked at his watch, and gave me a wink, expressive of the approach of the time for evening prayer; so I followed him into the church, which had bare white-washed walls with nothing to remark; and then taking my hand, he led me up the dark and dismal spiral staircase to the top of the minaret; on emerging on the balcony of which, we had a general view of the town and environs.

Ushitza lies in a narrow valley surrounded by mountains. The Dietina, a tributary of the Morava, traverses the town, and is crossed by two elegantly proportioned, but somewhat ruinous, bridges. The principal object in the landscape is the castle, built on a picturesque jagged eminence, separated from the precipitous mountains to the south only by a deep gully, through which the Dietina struggles into the valley. The stagnation of the art of war in Turkey has preserved it nearly as it must have been some centuries ago. In Europe, feudal castles are complete ruins; in a country such as this, where contests are of a guerilla character, they are neglected, but neither destroyed nor totally abandoned. The centre space in the valley is occupied by the town itself, which shows great gaps; whole streets which stood here before the Servian revolution, have been turned into orchards. The general view is pleasing enough; for the castle, although not so picturesque as that of Sokol, affords fine materials for a picture; but the white-washed Servian church, the fac simile of every one in Hungary, rather detracts from the external interest of the view.

In the evening the Vayvode sent a message by his pandour, to say that he would pay me a visit along with the Agas of the town, who, six in number, shortly afterwards came. It being now evening, they had no objection to smoke; and as they sat round the room they related wondrous things of Ushitza towards the close of the last century, which being the entrepôt between Servia and Bosnia, had a great trade, and contained then twelve thousand houses, or about sixty thousand inhabitants; so I easily accounted for the gaps in the middle of the town. The Vayvode complained bitterly of the inconveniencies to which the quarantine subjected them in restricting the free communication with the neighbouring province; but he admitted that the late substitution of a quarantine of twenty-four hours, for one of ten days as formerly, was a great alleviation; "but even this," added the Vayvode, "is a hindrance: when there was no quarantine, Ushitza was every Monday frequented by thousands of Bosniacs, whom even twenty-four hours' quarantine deter."

I asked him if the people understood Turkish or Arabic, and if preaching was held. He answered, that only he and a few of the Agas understood Turkish,—that the Mollah was a deeply-read man, who said the prayers in the mosque in Arabic, as is customary every where; but that there was no preaching, since the people only knew their prayers in Arabic, but could not understand a sermon, and spoke nothing but Bosniac. I think that somebody told me that Vaaz, or preaching, is held in the Bosniac language at Seraievo. But my memory fails me in certainty on this point.

After a pleasant chat of about an hour they went away. Our beds were, as Mr. Pepys says, "good, but lousy."

Next day the Vayvode arrived with a large company of Moslems, and we proceeded on foot to see the castle, our road being mostly through those gardens, on which the old town stood, and following the side of the river, to the spot where the high banks almost close in, so as to form a gorge. We ascended a winding path, and

entered the gate, which formed the outlet of a long, gloomy, and solidly built passage.

A group of armed militiamen received us as we entered, and on regaining the daylight within the walls, we saw nothing but the usual spectacle of crumbling crenelated towers, abandoned houses, rotten planks, and un-serviceable dismounted brass guns. The donjon, or keep, was built on a detached rock, connected by an old wooden bridge. The gate was strengthened with heavy nails, and closed by a couple of enormous old fashioned padlocks. The Vayvode gave us a hint not to ask a sight of the interior, by stating that it was only opened at the period of inspection of the Imperial Commissioner. The bridge which overlooked the romantic gorge,—the rocks here rising precipitately from both sides of the Dietina,—seemed the favourite lounge of the garrison, for a little kiosk of rude planks had been knocked up; carpets were laid out; the Vayvode invited us to repose a little after our steep ascent; pipes and coffee were produced.

I remarked that the castle must have suffered severely in the revolution.

"This very place," said the Vayvode, "was the scene of the severest conflict. The Turks had twenty-one guns, and the Servians seven. So many were killed, that that bank was filled up with dead bodies."

"I remember it well," said a toothless, lisping old Turk, with bare brown legs, and large feet stuck in a pair of new red shining slippers: "that oval tower has not been opened for a long time. If any one were to go in, his head would be cut off by an invisible hangiar." I smiled, but was immediately assured by several bystanders that it was a positive fact! Our party, swelled by fresh additions, all well armed, that made us look like a large body of Haiducks going on a marauding expedition, now issued by a gate in the castle, opposite to that by which I entered, and began to toil up the hill that overlooks Ushitza, in order to have a bird's-eye view of the whole town and valley. On our way up, the Natchalnik

told me, that although long resident here, he had never seen the interior of the castle, and that I was the first Christian to whom its gates had been opened since the revolution.

On leaving Ushitza, the Natchalnik accompanied me with a cavalcade of twenty or thirty Christians, a few miles out of the town. The afternoon was beautiful; the road lay through hilly ground, and after two hours' riding, we saw Poshega in the middle of a wide level plain; after descending to which, we crossed the Scrapesh by an elegant bridge of sixteen arches, and entering the village, put up at a miserable khan, although Poshega is the embryo of a town symmetrically and geometrically laid out. Twelve years ago a Turk wounded a Servian in the streets of Ushitza, in a quarrel about some trifling matter. The Servian pulled out a pistol, and shot the Turk dead on the spot. Both nations seized their arms, and rushing out of the houses, a bloody affray took place, several being left dead on the spot. The Servians, feeling their numerical inferiority, now transplanted themselves to the little hamlet of Poshega, which is in a finer plain than that of Ushitza; but the colony does not appear to prosper, for most of the Servians have since returned to Ushitza.

Continuing our way down the rich valley of the Morava, which is here several miles wide, and might contain ten times the present population, we arrived at Csatsak, which proved to be as symmetrically laid out as Poshega. Csatsak is old and new, but the old Turkish town has disappeared, and the new Servian Csatsak is still a foetus. The plan on which all these new places are constructed is simple, and consists of a circular or square market place, with bazaar shops in the Turkish manner, and straight streets diverging from them. I put up at the khan, and then went to the Natchalnik's house to deliver my letter. Going through green lanes, we at length stopped at a high wooden paling, overtopped with rose and other bushes. Entering, we found ourselves on a smooth carpet of turf, and opposite a pretty rural cottage, somewhat in the style

of a citizen's villa in the environs of London. The Natchalnik was not at home, but was gracefully represented by his young wife, a fair specimen of the beauty of Csatsak; and presently the Deputy and the Judge came to see us. A dark-complexioned, good-natured looking man, between thirty and forty, now entered, with an European air, German trowsers and waistcoat, but a Turkish riding cloak. "There comes the doctor," said the lady, and the figure with the Turkish riding cloak thus announced himself:—

DOCTOR. "I' bin a' Wiener."

AUTHOR. "Gratulire: dass iss a' lustige Stadt."

DOCTOR. "Glaub'ns mir, lust'ger als Csatsak."

AUTHOR. "I' glaub's."

The Judge, a sedate, elderly, and slightly corpulent man, asked me what route I had pursued, and intended to pursue. I informed him of the particulars of my journey, and added that I intended to follow the valley of the Morava to its confluence with the Danube. "The good folks of Belgrade do not travel for their pleasure, and could give me little information; therefore, I have chalked out my route from the study of the map."

"You have gone out of your way to see Soko," said he; "you may as well extend your tour to Novibazaar, and the Kopaunik. You are fond of maps: go to the peak of the Kopaunik, and you will see all Servia rolled out before you from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and from the Balkan to the Danube; not a map, or a copy, but the original."

"The temptation is irresistible.—My mind is made up to follow your advice."

We now went in a body, and paid our visit to the Bishop of Csatsak, who lives in the finest house in the place; a large well-built villa, on a slight eminence within a grassy inclosure. The Bishop received us in an open kiosk, on the first floor, fitted all round with cushions, and commanding a fine view of the hills which inclose the plain of the Morava. The thick woods and the precipitous rocks, which impart rugged beauty to the valley

of the Drina, are here unknown; the eye wanders over a rich yellow champaign, to hills which were too distant to present distinct details, but vaguely grey and beautiful in the transparent atmosphere of a Servian early autumn.

The Bishop was a fine specimen of the Church militant,—a stout fiery man of sixty, in full-furred robes, and a black velvet cap. His energetic denunciations of the appropriations of Milosh, had for many years procured him the enmity of that remarkable individual; but he was now in the full tide of popularity.

His questions referred principally to the state of parties in England, and I could not help thinking that his philosophy must have been something like that of the American parson in the quarantine at Smyrna, who thought that fierce combats and contests were as necessary to clear the moral atmosphere, as thunder and lightning to purify the visible heavens. We now took leave of the Bishop, and went homewards, for there had been several candidates for entertaining me; but I decided for the jovial doctor, who lived in the house that was formerly occupied by Jovan Obrenovitch, the youngest and favourite brother of Milosh.

Next morning, as early as six o'clock, I was aroused by the announcement that the Natchalnik had returned from the country, and was waiting to see me. On rising, I found him to be a plain, simple Servian of the old school; he informed me that this being a saint's day, the Bishop would not commence mass until I was arrived. "What?" thought I to myself, "does the Bishop think that these obstreperous Britons are all of the Greek religion." The doctor thought that I should not go; "for," said he, "whoever wishes to exercise the virtue of patience may do so in a Greek mass or a Hungarian law-suit!" But the Natchalnik decided for going; and I, always ready to conform to the custom of the country, accompanied him.

The cathedral church was a most ancient edifice of Byzantine architecture, which had been first a church, and then a mosque, and then a church again. The honey-combs and stalactite ornaments in the corners, as well as a marble

stone in the floor, adorned with geometrical arabesques, showed its services to Islamism. But the pictures of the Crucifixion, and the figures of the priests, reminded me that I was in a Christian temple.

The Bishop, in pontificalibus, was dressed in a crimson velvet and white satin dress, embroidered in gold, and as he sat in his chair, with mitre on head, and crosier in hand, looked, with his white bushy beard, an imposing representative of spiritual authority.

A priest was consecrated on the occasion; but the service was so long, (full two hours and a half,) that I was fatigued with the endless bowings and motions, and thought more than once of the benevolent wish of the doctor, to see me preserved from a Greek mass and a Hungarian lawsuit; but the singing was good, simple, massive, and antique in colouring. At the close of the service, thin wax tapers were presented to the congregation, which each of them lighted. After which they advanced and kissed the Cross and Gospels, which were covered with most minute silver and gold filagree work.

We now went to take farewell of the Bishop, whom we found, as yesterday, in the kiosk, with a fresh set of fur robes, and looking as superb as ever, with a large and splendid ring on his forefinger.

"If you had not come during a fast," growled he, with as good-humoured a smile as could be expected from so formidable a personage, "I would have given you a dinner. The English, I know, fight well at sea; but I do not know if they like salt fish."

A story is related of this Bishop, that on the occasion of some former traveller rising to depart, he asked, "Are your pistols in good order?" On the traveller answering in the affirmative, the Bishop rejoined, "Well, now you may depart with my blessing!"

Csatsak, although the seat of a Bishop and a Natchalnik, is only a village, and is insignificant when one thinks of the magnificent plain in which it stands. At every step I made in this country I thought of the noble field

which it offers for a system of colonization congenial to the feelings, and subservient to the interests of the present occupants.

We now journeyed to Karanovatz, where we arrived after sunset, and proceeded in the dark up a paved street, till we saw on our left a *café*, with lights gleaming through the windows, and a crowd of people, some inside, some outside, sipping their coffee. An individual, who announced himself as the captain of Karanovatz, stepped forward, accompanied by others, and conducted me to his house. Scarcely had I sat down on his divan when two handmaidens entered, one of them bearing a large basin in her hand.

"My guest," said the captain, "you must be fatigued with your ride. This house is your's. Suppose yourself at home in the country beyond the sea."

"What," said I, looking to the handmaidens, "supper already! You have divined my arrival to a minute."

"Oh, no; we must put you at your ease before supper time; it is warm water."

So the handmaidens advanced, and while one pulled off my socks, I lolling luxuriously on the divan, and smoking my pipe, the other washed my feet with water, tepid to a degree, and then dried them. With these agreeable sensations still soothing me, coffee was brought by the lady of the house, on a very pretty service; and I could not help admitting that there was less roughing in Servian travel than I expected.

After supper, the parish priest came in, a middle-aged man.

AUTHOR. "Do you remember the Turkish period at Karanovatz?"

PRIEST. "No; I came here only lately. My native place is Wuchitern, on the borders of a large lake in the High Balkan; but, in common with many of the Christian inhabitants, I was obliged to emigrate last year."

AUTHOR. "For what reason?"

PRIEST. "A horde of Albanians, from fifteen to twenty

thousand in number, burst from the Pashalic of Scodra upon the peaceful inhabitants of the Pashalic of Vrania, committing the greatest horrors, burning down villages, and putting the inhabitants to the torture, in order to get money, and dishonouring all the handsomest women. The Porte sent a large force, disarmed the rascals, and sent the leaders to the galleys; but I and my people find ourselves so well here that we feel little temptation to return."

The grand exploit in the life of our host was a caravan journey to Saloniki, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the sea, a circumstance which distinguished him, not only from the good folks of Karanovatz, but from most of his countrymen in general.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOSNIAC BORDERS.

We again started after mid-day, with the captain and his momkes, and, proceeding through meadows, arrived at Zhitchka Jicha. This is an ancient Servian convent, of Byzantine architecture, where seven kings of Servia were crowned, a door being broken into the wall for the entrance of each sovereign, and built up again on his departure. It is situated on a rising ground, just where the river Ybar enters the plain of Karanovatz. The environs are beautiful. The hills are of moderate height, covered with verdure and foliage; only campaniles were wanting to the illusion of my being in Italy, somewhere about Verona or Vicenza, where the last picturesque undulations of the Alps meet the bountiful alluvia of the Po. Quitting the valley of the Morava, we struck southwards into the highlands. Here the scene changed; the valley of the Ybar became narrow, the vegetation scanty;

and at evening, we arrived at a tent made of thick matted branches of trees, which had been strewn for us with fresh hay. The elders of Magletch, a hamlet an hour off, came with an offer of their services, in case they were wanted.

The sun set; and a bright crackling fire of withered branches of pine, mingling its light with the rays of the moon in the clear chill of a September evening, threw a wild and unworldly pallor over the sterile scene of our bivouac, and the uncouth figures of the elders. They offered me a supper; but contenting myself with a roasted head of Indian corn, and rolling my cloak and pea jacket about me, I fell asleep: but felt so cold that, at two o'clock, I roused the encampment, sounded to horse, and, in a few minutes, was again mounting the steep paths that lead to Studenitza.

Day gradually dawned, and the scene became wilder and wilder; not a chalet was to be seen, for the ruined castle of Magletch on its lone crag betokened nothing of humanity. Tall cedars replaced the oak and the beech, the scanty herbage was covered with hoar-frost. The clear brooks murmured chillingly down the unshaded gullies, and a grand line of sterile peaks to the South showed me that I was approaching the back-bone of the Balkan. All on a sudden I found the path overlooking a valley, with a few cocks of hay on a narrow meadow; and another turn of the road showed me the lines of a Byzantine edifice with a graceful dome, sheltered in a wood from the chilling winter blasts of this highland region. Descending, and crossing the stream, we now proceeded up to the eminence on which the convent was placed, and I perceived thick walls and stout turrets, which bade a sturdy defiance to all hostile intentions, except such as might be supported by artillery.

On dismounting and entering the wicket, I found myself in an extensive court, one side of which was formed by a newly built crescent-shaped cloister; the other by a line of irregular out-houses with wooden stairs, *chardacks* and

other picturesque but fragile appendages of Turkish domestic architecture.

Between these pigeon-holes and the new, substantial, but mean-looking cloister, on the other side, rose the church of polished white marble, a splendid specimen of pure Byzantine architecture, if I dare apply such an adjective to that fantastic middle manner, which succeeded to the style of the fourth century, and was subsequently re-cast by Christians and Moslems into what are called the Gothic and Saracenic.

A fat, feeble-voiced, lymphatic-faced Superior, leaning on a long staff, received us; but the conversation was all on one side, for "*Blagodarim*," (I thank you,) was all that I could get out of him. After reposing a little in the parlour, I came out to view the church again, and expressed my pleasure at seeing so fair an edifice in the midst of such a wilderness.

The Superior slowly raised his eyebrows, looked first at the church, then at me, and relapsed into a frowning interrogative stupor; at last, suddenly rekindling as if he had comprehended my meaning, added "*Blagodarim*" (I thank you). A shrewd young man, from a village a few miles off, now came forward just as the Superior's courage pricked him on to ask if there were any convents in my country; "Very few," said I.

"But there are," said the young pert Servian, "a great many schools and colleges where useful sciences are taught to the young, and hospitals, where active physicians cure diseases."

This was meant as a cut to the reverend Farniente. He looked blank, but evidently wanted the boldness and ingenuity to frame an answer to this redoubtable innovator. At last he gaped at me to help him out of the dilemma.

"I should be sorry," said I, "if any thing were to happen to this convent. It is a most interesting and beautiful monument of the ancient kingdom of Servia; I hope it will be preserved and honourably kept up to a late period."

"*Blagodarim*," (I am obliged to you,) said the Superior, pleased at the Gordian knot being loosed, and then relapsed into his atrophy, without moving a muscle of his countenance.

I now examined the church; the details of the architecture showed that it had suffered severely from the Turks. The curiously twisted pillars of the outer door were sadly chipped, while noseless angels, and fearfully mutilated lions guarded the inner portal. Passing through a vestibule, we saw the remains of the font, which must have been magnificent; and, covered with a cupola, the stumps of the white marble columns which support it are still visible; high on the wall is a piece of sculpture, supposed to represent St. George.

Entering the church, I saw on the right the tomb of St. Simeon, the sainted king of Servia; beside it hung his banner with the half-moon on it, the insignium of the South Slavonic nation from the dawn of heraldry. Near the altar was the body of his son, St. Stephen, the patron saint of Servia. Those who accompanied us paid little attention to the architecture of the church, but burst into raptures at the sight of the carved wood of the screen, which had been most minutely and elaborately cut by Tsinsars (as the Macedonian Latins are called to this day).

Close to the church is a chapel with the following inscription:

"I, Stephen Urosh, servant of God, great grandson of Saint Simeon and son of the great king Urosh, king of all the Servian lands and coasts, built this temple in honour of the holy and just Joachim and Anna, 1314. Whoever destroys this temple of Christ be accursed of God and of me a sinner."

Thirty-five churches in this district, mostly in ruins, attest the piety of the Neman dynasty. The convent of Studenitza was built towards the end of the twelfth century, by the first of the dynasty. The old cloister of the convent was burnt down by the Turks. The new

cloister was built in 1839. In fact it is a wonder that so fine a monument as the church should have been preserved at all.

There is a total want of arable land in this part of Serbia, and the pasture is neither good nor abundant; but the Ybar is the most celebrated of all the streams of Serbia for large quantities of trout.

Next day we continued our route direct South, through scenery of the same rugged and sterile description as that we had passed on the way hither. How different from the velvet verdure and woodland music of the Gutchevo and the Drina! At one place on the bank of the Ybar there was room for only a led horse, by passage cut in the rock. This place bears the name of Demir Kapu, or Iron Gate. In the evening we arrived at the frontier quarantine, called Raska, which is situated at two hours' distance from Novibazar.

In the midst of an amphitheatre of hills destitute of vegetation, which appeared low from the valley, although they must have been high enough above the level of the sea, was such a busy scene as one may find in the back settlements of Eastern Russia. Within an extensive inclosure of high palings was a heterogeneous mass of new buildings, some unfinished, and resounding with the saw, the plane, and the hatchet; others in possession of the employés in their uniforms; others again devoted to the safe keeping of the well-armed caravans, which bring their cordovans, oils, and cottons, from Saloniki, through Macedonia, and over the Balkan, to the gates of Belgrade.

On dismounting, the Director, a thin elderly man, with a modest and pleasing manner, told me in German that he was a native of the Austrian side of the Save, and had been attached to the quarantine at Semlin; that he had joined the quarantine service, with the permission of his government, and after having directed various other establishments, was now occupied in organizing this new point.

The *traiteur* of the quarantine gave us for dinner a very fair pillaff, as well as roast and boiled fowl; and going outside to our bench, in front of the finished buildings, I began to smoke. A slightly built and rather genteel-looking man, with a braided surtout, and a piece of ribbon at his button-hole, was sitting on the step of the next door, and wished me good evening in German. I asked him who he was, and he told me that he was a Pole, and had been a major in the Russian service, but was compelled to quit it in consequence of a duel.

I asked him if he was content with his present condition, and he answered, "Indeed, I am not; I am perfectly miserable, and sometimes think of returning to Russia, *coûte qui coûte*.—My salary is £20 sterling a year, and every thing is dear here; for there is no village, but an artificial settlement; and I have neither books nor European society. I can hold out pretty well now, for the weather is fine; but I assure you that in winter, when the snow is on the ground, it exhausts my patience." We now took a turn down the inclosure to his house, which was the ground-floor of the guard-house. Here was a bed on wooden boards, a single chair and table, without any other furniture.

The Director, obliging me, made up a bed for me in his own house, since the only resource at the *traiteur's* would have been my own carpet and pillow.

Next day we were all afoot at an early hour, in order to pay a visit to Novibazar. In order to obviate the performance of quarantine on our return, I took an officer of the establishment, and a couple of men, with me, who in the Levant are called Guardiani; but here the German word Ueber-reiter, or over-rider, was adopted.

We continued along the river Raska for about an hour, and then descried a line of wooden palings going up hill and down dale, at right angles with the course we were holding. This was the frontier of the principality of Servia, and here began the direct rule of the Sultan and the Pashalic of Bosnia. At the guard-house half a

dozen Momkes, with old fashioned Albanian guns, presented arms.

After half an hour's riding, the valley became wider, and we passed through meadow lands, cultivated by Moslem Bosniacs in their white turbans; and two hours further, entered a fertile circular plain, about a mile and a half in diameter, surrounded by low hills, which had a chalky look, in the midst of which rose the minarets and bastions of the town and castle of Novibazar. Numerous gipsy tents covered the plain, and at one of them, a withered old gipsy woman, with white dishevelled hair hanging down on each side of her burnt umber face, cried out in a rage, "See how the Royal Servian people now-a-days have the audacity to enter Novibazar on horse-back," alluding to the ancient custom of Christians not being permitted to ride on horseback in a town.¹

On entering, I perceived the houses to be of a most forbidding aspect, being built of mud, with only a base of bricks, extending about three feet from the ground. None of the windows were glazed; this being the first town of this part of Turkey in Europe that I had seen in such a plight. The over-rider stopped at a large stable-looking building, which was the khan of the place. Near the door were some bare wooden benches, on which some Moslems, including the khan-keeper, were reposing. The horses were foddered at the other extremity, and a fire burned in the middle of the floor, the smoke escaping by the doors. We now sent our letter to Youssouf Bey, the governor, but word was brought back that he was in the harem.

We now sallied forth to view the town. The castle, which occupies the centre, is on a slight eminence, and flanked with eight bastions; it contains no regular troops, but merely some *redif*, or militia. Besides one small well-built stone mosque, there is nothing else to remark in the place. Some of the bazaar shops seemed tolerably

¹ Most of the gipsies here profess Islamism.

well furnished; but the place is, on the whole, miserable and filthy in the extreme. The total number of mosques is seventeen.

The afternoon being now advanced, I went to call upon the Mutsellim. His konak was situated in a solitary street, close to the fields. Going through an archway, we found ourselves in the court of a house of two stories. The ground-floor was the prison, with small windows and grated wooden bars. Above was an open corridor, on which the apartments of the Bey opened. Two rusty, old fashioned cannons were in the middle of the court. Two wretched-looking men, and a woman, detained for theft, occupied one of the cells. They asked us if we knew where somebody, with an unpronounceable name, had gone. But not having had the honour of knowing any body of the light-fingered profession, we could give no satisfactory information on the subject.

The Momke, whom we had asked after the governor, now re-descended the rickety steps, and announced that the Bey was still asleep; so I walked out, but in the course of our ramble learned that he was afraid to see us, on account of the fanatics in the town: for, from the immediate vicinity of this place to Servia, the inhabitants entertain a stronger hatred of Christians than is usual in the other parts of Turkey, where commerce, and the presence of Frank influences, cause appearances to be respected. But the people here recollected only of one party of Franks ever visiting the town.¹

We now sauntered into the fields; and seeing the cemetery, which promised from its elevation to afford a good general view of the town, we ascended, and were sorry to see so really pleasing a situation abused by filth, indolence, and barbarism.

The castle was on the elevated centre of the town; and the towns loping on all sides down to the gardens, was as nearly as possible in the centre of the plain. When

¹ I presume Messrs. Boué and party.

we had sufficiently examined the carved stone kaouks and turbans on the tomb stones, we re-descended towards the town. A savage-looking Bosniac now started up from behind a low out-house, and trembling with rage and fanaticism began to abuse us: "Giaours, kafirs, spies! I know what you have come for. Do you expect to see your cross planted some day on the castle?"

The old story, thought I to myself; the fellow takes me for a military engineer, exhausting the resources of my art in a plan for the reduction of the redoubtable fortress and city of Novibazar.

"Take care how you insult an honourable gentleman," said the over-rider; "we will complain to the Bey."

"What do we care for the Bey?" said the fellow, laughing in the exuberance of his impudence. I now stopped, looked him full in the face, and asked him coolly what he wanted.

"I will show you that when you get into the bazaar," and then he suddenly bolted down a lane out of sight.

A Christian, who had been hanging on at a short distance, came up and said—

"I advise you to take yourself out of the dust as quickly as possible. The whole town is in a state of alarm; and unless you are prepared for resistance, something serious may happen: for the fellows here are all wild Arnaouts, and do not understand travelling Franks."

"Your advice is a good one; I am obliged to you for the hint, and I will attend to it."

Had there been a Pasha or consul in the place, I would have got the fellow punished for his insolence: but knowing that our small party was no match for armed fanatics, and that there was nothing more to be seen in the place, we avoided the bazaar, and went round by a side street, paid our khan bill ¹, and, mounting our horses, trotted rapidly out of the town, for fear of a stray shot;

¹ The Austrian zwanziger goes here for only three piastres; in Servia it goes for five.

but the over-rider on getting clear of the suburbs instead of relaxing got into a gallop.

"Halt," cried I, "we are clear of the rascals, and fairly out of town;" and coming up to the eminence crowned with the Giurgeve Stupovi, on which was a church, said to have been built by Stephen Dushan the Powerful, I resolved to ascend, and got the over-rider to go so far; but some Bosniacs in a field warned us off with menacing gestures. The over-rider said, "For God's sake let us go straight home. If I go back to Novibazar my life may be taken."

Not wishing to bring the poor fellow into trouble, I gave up the project, and returned to the quarantine.

Novibazar, which is about ten hours distant from the territory of Montenegro, and thrice that distance from Scutari, is, politically speaking, in the Pashalic of Bosnia. The Servian or Bosniac language here ceases to be the preponderating language, and the Albanian begins and stretches southward to Epirus. But through all the Pashalic of Scutari, Servian is much spoken.

Colonel Hodges, her Britannic Majesty's first consul-general in Servia, a gentleman of great activity and intelligence, from the laudable desire to procure the establishment of an entrepôt for British manufactures in the interior, got a certain chieftain of a clan Vassoevitch, named British vice-consul at Novibazar. From this man's influence, there can be no doubt that had he stuck to trade he might have proved useful; but, inflated with vanity, he irritated the fanaticism of the Bosniacs, by setting himself up as a little Christian potentate. As a necessary consequence, he was obliged to fly for his life, and his house was burned to the ground. The Vassoevitch clan have from time immemorial occupied certain mountains near Novibazar, and pretend, or pretended, to complete independence of the Porte, like the Montenegrines.

A middle-aged, showily dressed man, presented himself as the captain who was to conduct me to the top of the Kopaunik. His clerk was a fat, knock-kneed, fellow, with

a red face, a short neck, a low forehead, and bushy eyebrows and mustachios, as fair as those of a Norwegian; to add to his droll appearance, one of his eyes was bandaged up.

We now crossed the Ybar, and ascending for hours through open pasture lands, arrived at some rocks interspersed with stunted ilex.

A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sunlit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkan after Balkan rose on the distant horizon. Ever and anon I paused and looked round with delight; but before reaching the summit I tantalized myself with a few hundred yards of ascent, to treasure the glories in store for the pause, the turn, and the view. When, at length, I stood on the highest peak; the prospect was literally gorgeous. Serbia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kossovo, where Amurath defeated Lasar and entombed the ancient empire of Serbia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history, and following the finger of an old peasant, who accompanied us, I looked eastwards, and saw Deligrad—the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Serbia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect.

“This is the whole world,” said the peasant, who stood by me.

I myself thought, that if an artist wished for a landscape as the scene of Satan taking up our Saviour into a high mountain, he could find none more appropriate than this. The Kopaunik is not lofty; not much above six thousand English feet above the level of the sea. But it is so placed in the Servian basin, that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary.

I now thanked the captain for his trouble, bade him adieu, and, with a guide, descended the north eastern slope of the mountain. The declivity was rapid, but thick turf assured us a safe footing. Towards night-fall we entered a region interspersed with trees, and came to a miserable hamlet of shepherds, where we were fain to put up in a hut. This was the humblest habitation we had entered in Servia. It was built of logs of wood and wattling. A fire burned in the middle of the floor, the smoke of which, finding no vent but the door, tried our eyes severely, and had covered the roof with a brilliant jet.

Hay being laid in a corner, my carpet and pillow were spread out on it; but sleep was impossible from the fleas. At length, the sheer fatigue of combating them threw me towards morning into a slumber; and, on awaking, I looked up, and saw a couple of armed men crouching over the glowing embers of the fire. These were the Bolouk Bashi and Pandour, sent by the Natchalnik of Krushevatz to conduct us to that town.

We now descended the Grashevatzka river to Bruss, with low hills on each side, covered with grass, and partly wooded. Bruss is prettily situated on a rising ground, at the confluence of two tributaries of the Morava. It has a little bazaar opening on a lawn, where the captain of Zhupa had come to meet me. After coffee, we again mounted, and proceeded to Zhupa. Here the aspect of the country changed; the verdant hills became chalky, and covered with vineyards, which, before the fall of the empire, were celebrated. To this day tradition points out a cedar and some vines, planted by Militza, the consort of Lasar.

The vine-dressers all stood in a row to receive us. A carpet had been placed under an oak, by the side of the river, and a round low table in the middle of it was soon covered with soup, sheeps' kidneys, and a fat capon, roasted to a minute, preceded by onions and cheese, as a rinfresco, and followed by choice grapes and clotted cream, as a dessert.

"I think," said I to the entertainer, as I shook the crumbs out of my napkin, and took the first whiff of my chibouque, "that if Stephan Dushan's chief cook were to rise from the grave, he could not give us better fare."

CAPTAIN. "God sends us good provender, good pasture, good flocks and herds, good corn and fruits, and wood and water. The land is rich, the climate is excellent; but we are often in political troubles."

AUTHOR. "These recent affairs are trifles, and you are too young to recollect the revolution of Kara Georg."

CAPTAIN. "Yes, I am; but do you see that Bolouk Bashi who accompanied you hither; his history is a droll illustration of past times. Simo Slivovats is a brave soldier, but, although a Servian, has two wives."

AUTHOR. "Is he a Moslem?"

CAPTAIN. "Not at all. In the time of Kara Georg he was an active guerilla fighter, and took prisoner a Turk called Sidi Mengia, whose life he spared. In the year 1813, when Servia was temporarily re-conquered by the Turks, the same Sidi Mengia returned to Zhupa, and said, 'Where is the brave Servian who saved my life?' The Bolouk Bashi being found, he said to him, 'My friend, you deserve another wife for your generosity.' 'I cannot marry two wives,' said Simo; 'my religion forbids it.' But the handsomest woman in the country being sought out, Sidi Mengia sent a message to the priest of the place, ordering him to marry Simo to the young woman. The priest refused; but Sidi Mengia sent a second threatening message; so the priest married the couple. The two wives live together to this day in the house of Simo at Zhupa. The archbishop, since the departure of the Turks, has repeatedly called on Simo to repudiate his second wife; but the principal obstacle is the first wife, who looks upon the second as a sort of sister: under these anomalous circumstances, Simo was under a sort of excommunication, until he made a fashion of repudiating the second wife, by the first adopting her as a sister."

The captain, who was an intelligent modest man, would fain have kept me till next day; but I felt anxious to get to Alexinatz; and on arrival at a hill called Vrbnitzkobrd, the vale of the Morava again opened upon us in all its beauty and fertility, in the midst of which lay Krushevat, which was the last metropolis of the Servian empire; and even now scarce can fancy picture to itself a nobler site for an internal capital. Situated half-way between the source and the mouth of the Morava, the plain has breadth enough for swelling zones of suburbs, suburban villas, gardens, fields, and villages.

A shattered gate-way and ruined walls, are all that now remain of the once extensive palace of Knes Lasar Czar Serbski; but the chapel is as perfect as it was when it occupied the centre of the imperial quadrangle. It is a curious monument of the period, in a Byzantine sort of style; but not for a moment to be compared in beauty to the church of Studenitza. Above one of the doors is carved the double eagle, the insignium of empire. The great solidity of this edifice recommended it to the Turks as an arsenal; hence its careful preservation. The late Servian governor had the Vandalism to whitewash the exterior, so that at a distance it looks like a vulgar parish church. Within is a great deal of gilding and bad painting; pity that the late governor did not whitewash the inside instead of the out. The Natchalnik told me, that under the whitewash fine bricks were disposed in diamond figures between the stones. This antique principle of tessellation, applied by the Byzantines to perpendicular walls, and occasionally adopted and varied *ad infinitum* by the Saracens, is magnificently illustrated in the upper exterior of the ducal palace of Venice.

CHAPTER IX.

EASTERN SERVIA.

The Natchalnik was the Nimrod of his district, and had made arrangements to treat me to a grand hunt of bears and boars on the Jastrabatz, with a couple of hundred peasants to beat the woods; but the rain poured, the wind blew, my sport was spoiled, and I missed materials for a chapter. Thankful was I, however, that the elements had spared me during the journey in the hills, and that we were in snug quarters during the bad weather. A day later I should have been caught in the peasant's chimneyless-hut at the foot of the Balkan, and then should have roughed it in earnest.

When the weather settled, I was again in motion, ascending that branch of the Morava which comes from Nissa. There was nothing to remark in this part of Servia, which proved to be the least interesting part of our route, being wanting as well in boldness of outline as in luxuriant vegetation.

On approaching a khan, at a short distance from Alexinatz, I perceived an individual whom I guessed to be the captain of the place, along with a Britannic-looking figure in a Polish frock. This was Captain W——, a queen's messenger of the new school.

While we were drinking a cup of coffee, a Turkish Bin Bashi came upon his way to Belgrade from the army of Roumelia at Kalkendel; he told us that the Pasha of Nish had gone with all his force to Procupli to disarm the Arnauts. I very naturally took out the map to learn where Procupli was; on which the Bin Bashi asked me if I was a military engineer! "That boy will be the death of me!"—so nobody but military engineers are permitted to look at maps.

For a month I had seen or heard nothing of Europe and Europeans except the doctor at Csatsak, and his sage maxims about Greek masses and Hungarian law-suits. I

therefore made prize of the captain, who was an intelligent man, with an abundance of fresh political chit-chat. Formerly Foreign-Office messengers were the cast-off butlers and valets of secretaries of state. For some time back they have been taken from the half-pay list and the educated classes. One or two can boast of very fair literary attainments; and a man who once a year spends a few weeks in all the principal capitals of Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg and Constantinople, necessarily picks up a great knowledge of the world.

On arriving at Alexinatz, a good English dinner awaited us at the konak of the queen's messenger. There was, moreover, a small library, with which* the temporary occupants of the konak killed the month's interval between arrival and departure.

Next day I visited the quarantine buildings with the inspector; they are all new, and erected in the Austrian manner. The number of those who purge their quarantine is about fourteen thousand individuals per annum, being mostly Bulgarians who wander into Servia at harvest time, and place at the disposal of the haughty, warlike, and somewhat indolent Servians their more humble and laborious services. A village of three hundred houses, a church, and a national school, have sprung up within the last few years at this point. The imports from Roumelia and Bulgaria are mostly Cordovan leather; the exports, Austrian manufactures, which pass through Servia.

When the new macadamized road from Belgrade to this point is finished, there can be no doubt that the trade will increase. The possible effect of which is, that the British manufactures, which are sold at the fairs of Transbalkan Bulgaria, may be subject to greater competition. After spending a few days at Alexinatz, I started with post horses for Tiupria, as the horse I had ridden had been so severely galled, that I was obliged to send him to Belgrade.

The Natchalnik Tiupria having got up a party, we proceeded in light cars of the country to Ravanitza, a con-

vent two or three hours off in the mountains to the eastward. The country was gently undulating, cultivated, and mostly inclosed, the roads not bad, and the *ensemble* such as English landscapes were represented to be half a century ago. When we approached Ravanitzza we were again lost in the forest. Ascending by the side of a mountain-rill, the woods opened, and the convent rose in an amphitheatre at the foot of an abrupt rocky mountain; a pleasing spot, but wanting the grandeur and beauty of the sites on the Bosniac frontier.

The superior was a tall, polite, middle-aged man. "I expected you long ago," said he; "the Archbishop advised me of your arrival: but we thought something might have happened, or that you had missed us."

"I prolonged my tour," said I, "beyond the limits of my original project. The circumstance of this convent having been the burial-place of Knes Lasar, was a sufficient motive for my on no account missing a sight of it."

The superior now led us into the refectory, where a long table had been laid out for dinner, for with the number of Tiuprians, as well as the monks of this convent, and some from the neighbouring convent of Manasia, we mustered a very numerous and very gay party. The wine was excellent; and I could not help thinking with the jovial Abbot of Quimper:

"Quand nos joyeux verres
Se font dès le matin,
Tout le jour, mes frères,
Devient un festin."

So after the usual toasts due to the powers that be, the superior proposed my health in a very long harangue. Before I had time to reply, the party broke into a beautiful hymn for longevity. I assured them that I was unworthy of such an honour, but could not help remarking that this hymn "for many years" immediately after the drinking of a health, was one of the most striking and beautiful customs I had noticed in Servia.

In the afternoon we made a survey of the convent

and church, which were built by Knes Lasar, and surrounded by a wall and seven towers.

The church, like all the other edifices of this description, is Byzantine; but being built of stone, wants the refinement which shone in the sculptures and marbles of Studenitza. I remarked, however, that the cupolas were admirably proportioned and most harmoniously disposed. Before entering I looked above the door, and perceived that the double eagles carved there are reversed. Instead of having body to body, and wings and beaks pointed outwards, as in the arms of Austria and Russia, the bodies are separated, and beak looks inward to beak.

On entering we were shown the different vessels, one of which is a splendid cup, presented by Peter the Great, and several of the same description from the empress Catharine, some in gold, silver, and steel; others in gold, silver, and bronze.

The body of Knes Lasar, after having been for some time hid, was buried here in 1394, remained till 1684, at which period it was taken over to Virdnik in Syrmium, where it remains to this day.

In the cool of the evening the superior took me to a spring of clear delicious water, gushing from rocks environed with trees. A boy with a large crystal goblet, dashed it into the clear lymph, and presented it to me. The superior fell into eulogy of his favourite Valclusa, and I drank not only this but several glasses, with circumstantial criticisms on its excellence; so that the superior seemed delighted at my having rendered such ample justice to the water he so loudly praised. *Entre nous*, —the excellence of his wine, and the toasts that we had drunk to the health of innumerable loyal and virtuous individuals, rendered me a greater amateur of water-bibbing than usual.

After some time we returned, and saw a lamb roasting for supper in the open air; a hole being dug in the earth, chopped vine-twigs are burnt below it, the crimson glow of which soon roasts the lamb, and imparts a par-

ticular fragrance to the flesh. After supper we went out in the mild dark evening to a mount, where a bonfire blazed and glared on the high square tower of the convent, and cushions were laid for chibouques and coffee. The not unpleasing drone of bagpipes resounded through the woods, and a number of Bulgarians executed their national dance in a circle, taking hold of each other's girdle, and keeping time with the greatest exactness.

Next day, accompanied by the doctor, and a portion of the party of yesterday, we proceeded to the convent of Manasia, five hours off; our journey being mostly through forests, with the most wretched roads. Sometimes we had to cross streams of considerable depth; at other places the oaks, arching over head, almost excluded the light: at length, on doubling a precipitous promontory of rock, a wide open valley burst upon us, at the extremity of which we saw the donjons and crenellated towers of a perfect feudal castle surrounding and fencing in the domes of an antique church. Again I say, that those who wish to see the castellated monuments of the middle ages just as they were left by the builders, must come to this country. With us in old Europe, they are either modernized or in ruins, and in many of them every tower and gate reflects the taste of a separate period; some edifices showing a grotesque progress from Gothic to Italian, and from Italian to Roman *à la Louis Quinze*: a succession which corresponds with the portraits within doors, which begin with coats of mail, or padded velvet, and end with bag-wigs and shoebuckles. But here, at Manasia,

"The battle towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep.
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone;"

and we were carried back to the year of our Lord 1400; for this castle and church were built by Stephan, Despot of Servia, the son of Knes Lasar. Stephan, instead of being "the Czar of all the Servian lands and coasts,"

became a mere hospodar, who must do as he was bid by his masters, the Turks.

Manasia being entirely secluded from the world, the monastic establishment was of a humbler and simpler nature than that of Ravanitza, and the monks, good honest men, but mere peasants in cowl.

After dinner, a strong broad-faced monk, whom I recognized as having been of the company at Ravanitza, called for a bumper, and began in a solemn matter-of-fact way, the following speech: "You are a great traveller in our eyes; for none of us ever went further than Syrmium. The greatest traveller of your country that we know of was that wonderful navigator, Robinson Crusoe, of York, who, poor man, met with many and great difficulties, but at length, by the blessing of God, was restored to his native country, his family, and his friends. We trust that the Almighty will guard over you, and that you will never, in the course of your voyages and travels, be thrown like him on a desert island; and now we drink your health, and long life to you." When the toast was drunk, I thanked the company, but added that from the revolutions in locomotion, I ran a far greater chance now-a-days of being blown out of a steam-boat, or smashed to pieces on a railway.

From the rocks above Manasia is one of the most remarkable echoes I ever heard; at the distance of sixty or seventy yards from one of the towers the slightest whisper is rendered with the most amusing exactness.

From Manasia we went to Miliva, where the peasantry were standing in a row, by the side of a rustic tent, made of branches of trees. Grapes, roast fowl, &c. were laid out for us; but thanking them for their proffered hospitality, we passed on. From this place the road to Svilainitza is level, the country fertile, and more populous than we had seen any where else in Servia. At some places the villagers had prepared bouquets; at another place a school, of fifty or sixty children, was drawn up in the street, and sang a hymn of welcome.

At Svilainitza the people would not allow me to go any further; and we were conducted to the château of M. Ressavatz, the wealthiest man in Serbia. This villa is the *fac simile* of the new ones in the banat of Temesvar, having the rooms papered, a luxury in Serbia, where the most of the rooms, even in good houses, are merely size-coloured.

Svilainitza is remarkable, as the only place in Serbia where silk is cultivated to any extent, the Ressavatz family having paid especial attention to it. In fact, Svilainitza means the place of silk.

From Svilainitza, we next morning started for Posharevatz, or Passarovitz, by an excellent macadamized road, through a country richly cultivated and interspersed with lofty oaks. I arrived at mid-day, and was taken to the house of M. Tutsakovitch, the president of the court of appeal, who had expected us on the preceding evening. He was quite a man of the world, having studied jurisprudence in the Austrian Universities. The outer chamber, or hall of his house, was ranged with shining pewter plates in the olden manner, and his best room was furnished in the best German style.

In a few minutes M. Ressavatz, the Natchalnik, came, a serious but friendly man, with an eye that bespoke an expansive intellect.

"This part of Serbia," said I, "is *Ressavatz quâ, Ressavatz là*. We last night slept at your brother's house, at Svilainitza, which is the only château I have seen in Serbia; and to-day the rapid and agreeable journey I made hither was due to the macadamized road, which, I am told, you were the means of constructing."

The Natchalnik bowed, and the president said, "This road originated entirely with M. Ressavatz, who went through a world of trouble before he could get the peasantry of the intervening villages to lend their assistance. Great was the first opposition to the novelty; but now the people are all delighted at being able to drive in winter without sinking up to their horses' knees in mud."

We now proceeded to view the government buildings, which are all new and in good order, being somewhat more extensive than those elsewhere; for Posharevatz, besides having ninety thousand inhabitants in its own *nahie*,¹ or government, is a sort of judicial capital for Eastern Servia. The principal edifice is a barrack, but the regular troops were at this time all at Shabatz. The president showed me through the court of appeal. Most of the apartments were occupied with clerks, and fitted up with shelves for registers. The court of justice was an apartment larger than the rest, without a raised bench, having merely a long table, covered with a green cloth, at one end of which was a crucifix and Gospels, for the taking of oaths, and the seats for the president and assessors.

We then went to the billiard-room with the Natchalnik, and played a couple of games, both of which I lost, although the Natchalnik, from sheer politeness, played badly; and at sunset we returned to the president's house, where a large party was assembled to dinner. We then adjourned to the comfortable inner apartment, where, as the chill of autumn was beginning to creep over us, we found a blazing fire; and the president having made some punch, the best amateurs of Posharevatz sang their best songs, which pleased me somewhat, for my ears had gradually been broken into the habits of the Servian muse. Being pressed myself to sing an English national song, I gratified their curiosity with "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia"!

The soil at Posharevatz is remarkably rich, the greasy humus being from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick, and consequently able to nourish the noblest forest trees. In the Banat, which is the granary of the Austrian empire, trees grow well for fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years,

¹ *Nahie* is a Turkish word, and meant "*district*." The original word means "*direction*," and is applied to winds, and the point of the compass."

and then die away. The cause of this is, that the earth, although rich, is only from three to six feet thick, with sand or cold clay below; thus as soon as the roots descend to the substrata, in which they find no nourishment, rottenness appears on the top branches, and gradually descends.

At Krushevitza, not very far from Pasharevatz, is a cave, which is, I am told, entered with difficulty, into the basin of which water gradually flows at intervals, and then disappears, as the doctor of the place (a Saxon) told me, with an extraordinary noise resembling the molar rumble of railway travelling. This spring is called Potainitza, or the mysterious waters.

Posharevatz, miscalled Passarowitz, is historically remarkable, as the place where Prince Eugene, in 1718, after his brilliant victories of the previous year, including the capture of Belgrade, signed, with the Turks, the treaty which gave back to the house of Austria not only the whole of Hungary, but added great part of Servia and Little Wallachia, as far as the Aluta. With this period began the Austrian rule in Servia, and at this time the French fashioned Lange Gasse of Belgrade rose amid the swelling domes and pointed minarets of the white eagle's nest.¹ Several quaint incidents had recalled this period during my tour. For instance, at Manasia, I saw rudely engraven on the church wall,—

Wolfgang Zastoff,
Kaiserlicher Forst-Meister im Maidan.
Den 1. Aug. 1721.

Semendria is three hours' ride from Posharevatz; the road crosses the Morava, and every where the country is fertile, populous, and well cultivated. Innumerable massive turrets, mellowed by the sun of a clear autumn, and rising from wide rolling waters, announced my approach to the shores of the Danube. I seemed entering one of those fabled strongholds, with which the early Italian artists

¹ In Servian, Belgrade is called Beograd, "white city;"—poetically, "white eagle's nest."

adorned their landscapes. If Semendria be not the most picturesque of the Servian castles of the elder period, it is certainly by far the most extensive of them. Nay, it is colossal. The rampart next the Danube has been shorn of its fair proportions, so as to make it suit the modern art of war. Looking at Semendria from one of the three land sides, you have a castle of Ercole di Ferrara; looking at it from the water, you have the boulevard of a Van der Meulen.

The Natchalnik accompanied me in a visit to the fortress, protected from accident by a couple of soldiers; for the castle of Semendria is still, like that of Shabatz, in the hands of a few Turkish spahis and their families. We found several armed Moslems at the gate; but they did not allow the Servians to pass, with the exception of the Natchalnik and another man. "This is new," said he; "I never knew them to be so wary and suspicious before." We now found ourselves within the walls of the fortress. A shabby wooden *café* was opposite to us; a mosque of the same material rose with its worm-eaten carpentry to our right.

Mean huts, with patches of garden ground, filled up the space inclosed by the gorgeous ramparts and massive towers of Semendria. The further we walked the nobler appeared the last relic of the dotage of old feudal Servia. In one of the towers next the Danube is a sculptured Roman tombstone. One graceful figure points to a sarcophagus, close to which a female sits in tears; in a word, a remnant of the antique—of that harmony which dies not away, but swells on the finer organs of perception.

"*Eski, Eski*. Very old," said the Disdar Aga, who accompanied me.

"It is Roman," said I.

"*Roumgi?*" said he, thinking I meant *Greek*.

"No, *Latinski*," said a third, which is the name usually given to *Roman* remains.

As at Soko and Ushitza, I was not permitted to enter the inner citadel; so, returning to the gate, where we

were rejoined by the soldiers, we went to the fourth tower, on the left of the Stamboul Kapu, and looking up, we saw inserted and forming part of the wall, a large stone, on which was cut, in *basso rilievo*, a figure of Europa reposing on a bull. A few simple lines bespoke the careless hardihood of antique art.

The castle of Semendria was built in 1432, by the Brankovitch, who succeeded the family of Knes Lasar as *despots*, or native rulers of Serbia, under the Turks; and the construction of this enormous pile was permitted by their masters, under the pretext of the strengthening of Serbia against the Hungarians. The last of these *despots* of Serbia was George Brankovitch, the historian, who passed over to Austria, was raised to the dignity of a count; and after being kept many years as a state prisoner, suspected of secret correspondence with the Turks, died at Eger, in Bohemia, in 1711. The legitimate Brankovitch line is now extinct.¹

Leaving the fortress, we returned to the Natchalnik's house. I was struck with the size, beauty, and flavour of the grapes here; I have no where tasted such delicious fruit of this description. "Groja Smederevsko" are celebrated through all Serbia, and ought to make excellent wine.

The road from Semendria to Belgrade skirts the Danube, across which one sees the plains of the Banat and military frontier. The only place of any consequence on that side of the river is Pancsova, the sight of which reminded me of a conversation I had there some years ago.

The major of the town, after swallowing countless boxes of Morrison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person, from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates, who had not taken

¹ One of the representatives of the ancient imperial family is the Earl of Devon, for Urosh the Great married Helen of Courtenay.

large quantities of them. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked for an explanation.

The Anglo-mania is no where stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets, or vegetable pills, must needs be perfect. Dr. Morrison is indebted to his high office for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the president of the British College must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries."

I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health, and the College of Physicians, were not identical.

The road from this point to Belgrade presents no particular interest. Half an hour from the city I crossed the celebrated trenches of Marshal Laudohn; and rumbling through a long cavernous gateway, called the Stamboul Kapousi, or gate of Constantinople, again found myself in Belgrade, thankful for the past, and congratulating myself on the circumstances of my trip. I had seen a state of patriarchal manners, the prominent features of which will be at no distant time rolled flat and smooth, by the pressure of old Europe, and the salient angles of which will soon disappear.

CHAPTER X.

THE POPULATION OF SERVIA.

The Servians are a remarkably tall and robust race of men; in form and feature they bespeak strength of body and energy of mind: but one seldom sees that thorough-bred look, which, so frequently found in the poorest peasants of Italy and Greece, shows that the de-

scendants of the most polite of the ancients, although disinherited of dominion, have not lost the corporeal attributes of nobility. But the women of Servia I think very pretty. In body they are not so well shaped as the Greek women; but their complexions are fine, the hair generally black and glossy, and their head-dress particularly graceful. Not being addicted to the bath, like other eastern women, they prolong their beauty beyond the average climacteric; and their houses, with rooms opening on a court-yard and small garden, are favourable to health and beauty. They are not exposed to the elements as the men; nor are they cooped up within four walls, like many eastern women, without a sufficient circulation of air.

Through all the interior of Servia, the female is reckoned an inferior being, and fit only to be the plaything of youth and the nurse of old age. This peculiarity of manners has not sprung from the four centuries of Turkish occupation, but appears to have been inherent in old Slaavic manners, and such as we read of in Russia, a very few generations ago; but as the European standard is now rapidly adopted at Belgrade, there can be little doubt that it will thence, in the course of time, spread over all Servia.

The character of the Servian closely resembles that of the Scottish Highlander. He is brave in battle, highly hospitable; delights in simple and plaintive music and poetry, his favourite instruments being the bagpipe and fiddle: but unlike the Greek he shows little aptitude for trade; and unlike the Bulgarian, he is very lazy in agricultural operations. All this corresponds with the Scottish Celtic character; and without absolute dishonesty, a certain low cunning in the prosecution of his material interests completes the parallel.

The old customs of Servia are rapidly disappearing under the pressure of laws and European institutions. Many of these could not have existed except in a society in which might made right. One of these was the vow

of eternal brotherhood and friendship between two individuals; a treaty offensive, to assist each other in the difficult passages of life. This bond is considered sacred and indissoluble. Frequently remarkable instances of it are found in the wars of Kara Georg. But now that regular guarantees for the security of life and property exist, the custom appears to have fallen into desuetude. These confederacies in the dual state, as in Servia, or multiple, as in the clan system of Scotland and Albania, are always strongest in turbulent times and regions ¹.

Another of the old customs of Servia was sufficiently characteristic of its lawless state. Abduction of females was common. Sometimes a young man would collect a party of his companions, break into a village, and carry off a maiden. To prevent re-capture they generally went into the woods, where the nuptial knot was tied by a priest *nolens volens*. Then commenced the negotiation for a reconciliation with the parents, which was generally successful; as in many instances the female had been the secret lover of the young man, and the other villagers used to add their persuasion, in order to bring about a pacific solution. But if the relations of the girl made a legal affair of it, the young woman was asked if it was by her own will that she was taken away; and if she made the admission then a reconciliation took place: if not, those concerned in the abduction were fined. Kara Georg put a stop to this by proclamation, punishing the author of an abduction with death, the priest with dismissal, and the assistants with the bastinado.

The Haiducks, or outlawed robbers, who during the first quarter of the present century infested the woods of Servia, resembled the Caterans of the Highlands of Scotland, being as much rebels as robbers, and imagined that in setting authority at defiance they were not acting dishonourably, but combating for a principle of independence.

¹ The most perfect confederacy of this description is that of the Druses, which has stood the test of eight centuries, and in its secret organization is complete beyond any thing attained by freemasonry.

They robbed only the rich Moslems, and were often generous to the poor. Thus robbery and rebellion being confounded, the term Haiduck is not considered opprobrious; and several old Servians have confessed to me that they had been Haiducks in their youth. I am sure that the adventures of a Servian Rob Roy might form the materials of a stirring Romance. There are many Haiducks still in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and on the western Balkan; but the race in Servia is extinct, and plunder is the only object of the few robbers who now infest the woods in the west of Servia.

Such are the customs that have just disappeared; but many national peculiarities still remain. At Christmas, for instance, every peasant goes to the woods, and cuts down a young oak; as soon as he returns home, which is in the twilight, he says to the assembled family, "A happy Christmas eve to the house;" on which a male of the family scatters a little grain on the ground and answers, "God be gracious to you, our happy and honoured father." The housewife then lays the young oak on the fire, to which are thrown a few nuts and a little straw, and the evening ends in merriment.

Next day, after divine service, the family assemble around the dinner table, each bearing a lighted candle; and they say aloud, "Christ is born: let us honour Christ and his birth." The usual Christmas drink is hot wine mixed with honey. They have also the custom of First Foot. This personage is selected beforehand, under the idea that he will bring luck with him for the ensuing year. On entering the First Foot says, "Christ is born!" and receives for answer, "Yes, he is born!" while the First Foot scatters a few grains of corn on the floor. He then advances and stirs up the wood on the fire, so that it crackles and emits sparks; on which the First Foot says, "As many sparks so many cattle, so many horses, so many goats, so many sheep, so many boars, so many bee hives, and so much luck and prosperity." He then throws a little money into the ashes, or hangs some hemp

on the door; and Christmas ends with presents and festivities.

At Easter, they amuse themselves with the game of breaking hard-boiled eggs, having first examined those of an opponent to see that they are not filled with wax. From this time until Ascension day the common formula of greeting is "Christ has arisen!" to which answer is made, "Yes; he has truly arisen or ascended!" And on the second Monday after Easter the graves of dead relations are visited.

One of the superstitious customs of Servia is that of the Dodola. When a long drought has taken place, a handsome young woman is stripped, and so dressed up with grass, flowers, cabbage and other leaves, that her face is scarcely visible; she then, in company with several girls of twelve or fifteen years of age, goes from house to house singing a song, the burden of which is a wish for rain. It is then the custom of the mistress of the house at which the Dodola is stopped to throw a little water on her. This custom used also to be kept up in the Servian districts of Hungary, but has been forbidden by the priests.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted, that the peasantry of Servia have drawn a high prize in the lottery of existence. Abject want and pauperism is nearly unknown. In fact, from the great abundance of excellent land, every man with ordinary industry can support his wife and family, and have a large surplus. The peasant has no landlord but the Sultan, who receives a fixed tribute from the Servian government, and does not interfere with the internal administration. The father of a family, after having contributed a *maximum* tax of six dollars per annum, is sole master of the surplus; so that in fact the taxes are almost nominal, and the rent a mere peppercorn; the whole amounting on an avarege to about four shillings and sixpence per caput per annum.

A very small proportion of the whole soil of Servia is cultivated. Some say only one sixth, others only one

eighth; and even the present mode of cultivation scarcely differs from that which prevails in other parts of Turkey. The reason is obvious: if the present production of Servia became insufficient for the subsistence of the population, they have only to take in waste lands; and improved processes of agriculture will remain unheeded, until the population begins to press on the limits of the means of subsistence; a consummation not likely to be brought about for many generations to come.

Although situated to the south of Hungary, the climate and productions are altogether northern. I never saw an olive-tree in Servia, although plentiful in the corresponding latitudes of France and Italy (43° — $44^{\circ} 50'$); but both sorts of melons are abundant, although from want of cultivation not nearly so good as those of Hungary. The same may be said of all other fruits except the grapes of Semendria, which I believe are equal to any in the world. The Servians seem to have in general very little taste for gardening, much less in fact than the Turks, in consequence perhaps of the unsurpassed beauty and luxuriance of nature. The fruit-tree which seems to be the most common in Servia is the plum, from which the ordinary brandy of the country is made. Almost every village has a plantation of this tree in its vicinity. Vegetables are tolerably abundant in some parts of the interior of Servia, but Belgrade is very badly supplied. There seems to be no kitchen gardens in the environs; at least I saw none. Most of the vegetables as well as milk come from Semlin.

The harvest in August is the period of merriment. All Servian peasants assist each other in getting in the grain as soon as it is ready, without fee or reward; the cultivator providing entertainment for his laborious guests. In the vale of the Lower Morava, where there is less pasture and more corn, this is not sufficient and hired Bulgarians assist.

The innumerable swine which are reared in the vast forests of the interior, at no expense to the inhabitants, are the great staple of Servian product and export. In

districts where acorns abound, they fatten to an inconceivable size. They are first pushed swimming across the Save, as a substitute for quarantine, and then driven to Pesth and Vienna by easy stages; latterly large quantities have been sent up the Danube in boats towed by steam.

Another extensive trade in this part of the world is in leeches. Turkey in Europe, being for the most part uncultivated, is covered with ponds and marshes, where leeches are found in abundance. In consequence of the extensive use now made of these reptiles, in preference to the old practice of the lancet, the price has risen; and the European source being exhausted, Turkey swarms with Frenchmen engaged in this traffic. Semlin and Belgrade are the entrepôts of this trade. They have a singular phraseology; and it is amusing to hear them talk of their "marchandises mortes." One company had established a series of relays and reservoirs, into which the leeches were deposited, refreshed, and again put in motion; as the journey for a great distance, without such refreshment, usually proves fatal.

The steam navigation on the Danube has been of incalculable benefit to Servia; it renders the principality accessible to the rest of Europe, and Europe easily accessible to Servia. The steam navigation of the Save has likewise given a degree of animation to these lower regions, which was little dreamt of a few years ago. The Save is the greatest of all the tributaries of the Danube, and is uninterruptedly navigable for steamers a distance of two hundred miles. This river is the natural canal for the connexion of Servia and the Banat with the Adriatic.

BOOK II.

HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF THE ADRIATIC.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST VIEW OF CROATIA.

A precise definition of the territories inhabited by the Illyrian nations is not easy; an approximative delimitation, for perspicuity's sake, is, therefore, all that I venture on. If the reader cast his eyes to the eastern frontiers of Tyrol, the river Drave is seen to enter Illyria; passing eastwards, to separate Croatia and Slavonia from Hungary Proper; and then to fall into the Danube, which continues its course onwards to the Black Sea. A few degrees farther south of this water-way is seen the Balkan chain, which stretches from Montenegro, on the Adriatic, to a point in the Black Sea between Varna and the Bay of Bourgas. The space between these water-ways in the north and the mountain-range in the south is the principal seat of the Illyrian nation; that is to say, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia. To these distinctly defined settlements may be added a considerable Illyrian or Bulgarian population to the south of the Balkan, extending through

the greater part of Macedonia; and to the north of the Danube and the Drave, three Hungarian counties, Bacs, Torontal, and Baranya, have, taken together, a majority of Illyrian population.

Having concluded what I had to say on Servia,—which although emancipated from direct civil Ottoman rule is still a fief of the Ottoman sceptre, still in military occupation of the Sultan, and therefore still an integral part of the Ottoman Empire,—I now proceed to give some account of several of the most westerly portions of the Illyrian territory;—Croatia, which during so many centuries was associated with Hungary;—Dalmatia, which so long belonged to the Republic of Venice, and Montenegro, a mountain Republic, the supremacy over which has been so long claimed by Turkey.

To begin with Croatia, we may remark, that, while the Save has its source in the Carinthian Alps, close to the Kingdom of Venice, and has Slavonia and Bosnia for its lower basin, just before its confluence with the Danube at Belgrade,—the central part of the valley, with Agram for its capital, is called Croatia, a country more undulated than Hungary in general, but less serried with precipitous mountains than the Alpine region to the west.

This part of our work is therefore a familiar description of the countries to the north and east of the Adriatic. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of the late truly estimable Sir Robert Gordon, her Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, in his private and unofficial capacity, as a promoter of all those departments of literature which familiarise the reader with a knowledge of the trade and resources of foreign parts; and this in a manner so obliging and advantageous, as no student of political and commercial geography, anxious to add to the range of his previous experiences, would willingly neglect or decline. It was his wish that I should give a general view of the material resources of the Austrian empire; I therefore began with a visit to the Austrian ports on the shores of the Adriatic; but the ab-

normal state of trade, and the revolutions that have occurred, rendering it doubtful how far I should make my work a commercial one, and the progress of events in Croatia (involving considerations of the most momentous importance), having created a demand for information on that country, the desire to fill up this vacuum afforded me a convenient and fitting opportunity for laying before the public the results of studies on the interests of Great Britain in the Austrian and Ottoman empires commenced many years anterior to my tour on the Adriatic.

When I first began these studies in 1838, Great Britain had just concluded a commercial treaty with Austria, and was on the very worst terms with Russia relative to the affairs of the East; and, after a visit to Hungary in the following year, I came to the conclusion that the only counterpoise to Russia was a united and powerful Austria; that a house divided against itself must fall; and that Austria and Hungary at loggerheads left Russia uncontrolled mistress of the destinies of the lower Danube. I considered the cultivation of the Magyar language and literature by the Magyar nation to be a legal and laudable movement, but the attempt of the Ultra-Magyar faction to substitute universally that nationality for the ancient and numerically stronger Slaavic nationalities, by their extirpation in the nineteenth century, to be a gross and revolting abuse of power, which must sooner or later recoil on themselves. Magyarism I considered a solid and valid element of Hungarian prosperity; Ultra-Magyarism a windbag, which must necessarily collapse.

I passed through Agram at a most interesting period, that of the fermentation of the Croat question immediately before the revolution of 1848, and was so struck with the importance of the crisis then in embryo, that although bound for the Adriatic coast, I suspended my journey in order to complete my information on the nationalities of Hungary, which during several years had been the subject which I had studied with a most eager and persevering curiosity.

In order to understand the origin of the question, we must remind the reader that the Magyars, an Asiatic tribe, who in 883 burst into Pannonia from the eastward, could not subjugate the Croats, who had a race of valiant kings of their own; but in 1102, some years after the death of the last king of the house of Croatia, the act of union took place in a pacific manner; and in the thirteenth century, when the Magyars were completely vanquished by the Tartars, it was the bravery of the Croat provinces that alone opposed a barrier to these savage hordes. By the Turkish victory of 1526, at Mohacs, both nations were involved in a common ruin. The Magyars conducted themselves with unavailing courage and bravery, but they stood not a whit more successfully than the Servian Empire had done; and the reconquest of Hungary, in 1684, was a result of the failure of the siege of Vienna and the victory of the arms of Sobieski; while, in the succeeding century, the further progress was due to the splendid victories of Prince Eugene of Savoy, backed by the whole resources of the Emperor of Germany.

As regards the interior of Hungary, the eighteenth century was, for the most part, pacific, and a gradual infiltration of German civilisation took place; the Latin language being used as that of the Diet and public business, while German was the language of society. A rich national literature of the previous century kept the Illyrian language in full bloom; but the Magyar had fallen into such voluntary desuetude, that, without a literature, it necessarily ceased to be the language of the nobility, and, up to the year 1825, its cultivation was a matter of mere antiquarian curiosity. At length, forth starts Count Secheniy to arouse the Hungarians from their slumbers. No one doubts his excellent intentions: steam on the Danube, roads, and bridges, are all the noblest monuments of his patriotism; but his idea of making Magyars of all the nations of Hungary, *nearly a thousand years after they settled on the Danube*, was the most unhappy project that ever entered into the brain of a statesman.

Agram was one of the chief centres of resistance of the non Magyar-nations. I shall therefore in this chapter describe its external aspect, reserving a fuller treatment of this great historical question until my tour through Hungary immediately after the close of the great revolutionary war, as described in the third division of my Danubian and Adriatic researches under the title of "The Goth and the Hun."

The locality of Agram is in that pleasant region where the mountains and the plains meet, being situated on the last wooded slopes of the hilly district of Zagoria, before it is lost in the level and fertile plain of the Save. The town itself is divided into three parts, quite distinct from each other. The upper town crowns a hill, or abrupt table-land, called *Medved*, or "the Bear," the streets of which are well built, and inhabited by the aristocracy of Croatia, and it is therefore the fashionable quarter. Terraces, high over all the roofs of the lower town, with palisaded walks planted with poplars, form an agreeable promenade round this upper town; commanding on one side a view of the whole breadth of the valley of the Save, with the river, a couple of miles off, glistening at intervals, or winding unseen through the rich plain of fertile fields and villages, diversified with parks and rural residences, and the hills of the Turkish frontier visible in the distance. On the promenade on the other side of the upper town, the eye is attracted upwards to a bold line of hills, their ridges fringed with expanding oak or tapering pine, the intervals of their slopes seamed with deep gullies, and the solitary hut of the goatherd or the woodsman replacing the towns and the villages of the plain.

The most important edifice in the upper town is the Government House, where the Diets are held, entitled "*Comitia Regnorum Croatiae et Slavoniae*," and which are opened by a speech of the Ban, who exercises in the *socia regna* the functions of viceroy; but the rank of Ban is technically that of doge or duke (*dux*); and in

the kingdom of Hungary he yields precedence to the Palatine and Judex curiæ, being therefore the third personage in the realm. The proceedings of all affairs were in a sort of legal dog-latin; but the Diet of 1848 wisely adopted the national language. On entering the police-office to present my passport, I saw the door marked "Conclave Politii;" and the commissary, opening my passport, said to the clerk, as he examined my *signalement* and the various *visas*, "Anglus—Græcia—Alexandria—Mehercle, totam terram peregrinavit!" continued he, looking at me as if I had come from the antipodes.

"Wo gehen Sie hin?"

"Nach Zara."

"Perfecte Germanice loquitur," &c.

Much handsomer as an edifice than the Government House, is the so-called "Narodne Domo," the national casino, or club-house, founded for the same objects as the Casino of Pesth—the general advancement of the nation. It is a very elegant new structure, in the Palladian style of architecture; the front facing the interior of the upper town, and the back windows overlooking one of the promenades with a wide prospect. The lower rooms are divided into a museum and the committee-rooms of the Agricultural Society; the former includes specimens of the flora and mineralogy of Croatia, the innumerable ponderous folios having been the life-long occupation of a botanical Dean of Agram. The numismatic collection is also extensive, including many Roman-Illyrian coins, with the star and crescent, emblematic of the worship of Leliva, the goddess of night in the ancient Illyrian mythology. These emblems were long supposed not to remount higher than the seventh century; but Gaj and others, in the profundity of their erudition or height of their enthusiasm, trace their existence to the pre-Roman period.

The rooms of the Agricultural Society present nothing worthy of being remarked by the eye; but I cannot help wishing every prosperity to attend their efforts. In Pesth, the favourite scheme of the Magyars was to create an

industry by resolutions to purchase only native manufactures. This was no doubt patriotically enough intended, but the Croats have wisely avoided any imitation of such chimeras, feeling that the only method of elevating Croatia was to follow the course chalked out for her by the Almighty in his disposition of the elements of labour. With an iron-bound coast, and scantily endowed inland with coal and iron, the development of Croat nationality would receive little help from such schemes; and, possessing the rich plains of the Save, which in some places yield wheat scarcely inferior to that of the Banat, it is more particularly to the improvement of agriculture that their attention is directed by model implements, essays on the most approved processes, and a model-farm set a-going by the Bishop, who is president of the agricultural section of the Narodne Domo,—all tending to a change much needed; for a few years ago the implements were of the rudest description; agricultural chemistry was unknown; and, instead of a rotation of crops, the land lay fallow for years, and being sown, was then so imperfectly turned over again by the plough, that the birds ate half the seed.

The upper floor is for the club-rooms, where eleven Slaavic and the same number of German newspapers are taken in, the principal one of which is the *Ilirska Narodne Novine*, or Illyrian National News, then edited by Mr. Ludovich Gaj, who has since paid the debt of nature. It was printed in Roman instead of Cyrillian letters, and was well conducted, Mr. Gaj being a man of great talent and erudition, and of charming conversation and manners.

Passing from politics to literature, we find the principal organ in Croatia to be a well-conducted quarterly review, called *Kolo*, or, translated, "The Cycle; a Review of Literature, Art, and national Life;" and, as my readers may be curious to know its contents, I subjoin a list of its articles:

Review of the History of Styria, A.D. 800—1122.

A Poem on the Fall or Conquest of Bosnia by the Turks.

An Account of the Vindolin Code of Laws (the second Slaavic code known, being that of an Istrian republic, A.D. 1280.)

Recent Publications in the Bohemian language.

Do.	do.	Russian	do.
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Do.	do.	Polish	do.
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Do.	do.	Illyrian	do.
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Publications on Slaavic subjects in non-Slaavic languages.

An Essay on the Elements of Criticism.

The lower town has a totally different aspect from the upper; many of the houses are old and shabby, and the public streets and the squares are not well paved; or, at all events, while walking is a cleanly process in the upper town, the mud dries much more slowly below. In the promenades of the upper town you meet only the last fashions from Vienna; but in the lower regions on a market-day, you walk from slough to slough, while the cattle is lowing about your ears, and the peasantry vociferating. But all has a strong local colour about it, well worth the shoe-blackening expended. The country people wear broad-brimmed hats and long boots, the cocked hat (*ad tres angulos*) having gone out of the fashion. The dresses are of undyed woollen cloth, of a light grey or dark brown colour; the upper tunic, kept on not by buttons but frogs, generally of a crimson colour.

The horses and cattle were for the most part poor, as a necessary consequence of bad rotations of crops, and want of sufficient hay and clover. Sometimes horses are left to shift for themselves all winter out of doors, and they pick up a wonderful knack of scenting out herbage even when snow is on the ground. But the swine, poultry, and game, are excellent, being less dependent on the ingenuity of man than on the bounty of God. One might almost include swine under the head of game, for they live in the woods; and swine-poaching lower down the Save is an irregular trade, practised by men who would be ashamed of civic theft. The poacher has Indian corn-grains on his hat-brims, and passes by a herd of swine shaking his head. A sow may in this way be seduced from a herd, until it is at a secure distant and convenient place deep in the woods, when a blow with

an axe renders unnecessary all further shaking of the peasant's head.

The principal inn or hotel of Agram, the Kaiser von Oesterreich, is in the lower town, in a new street at the entrance from the Vienna road. It is one of the best inns in Hungary, though inferior to the good hotels in Pesth; nevertheless, good taste might have spared a printed decalogue suspended from the wall of the dining-room, which ran somewhat thus:

- "1. Thou shalt have no other landlord but the landlord of this hotel, &c. &c. &c.
- "10. Thou shalt not covet his household, nor whisper nonsense in the ears of the chambermaid," &c.

Adjoining the lower town, which is called *Harmicza*, from the Custom-house, is the Abbey town, called *Opatovina*, in which is situated the cathedral and episcopal palace; the former a gem that at once transports us to middle age. It is of a mixed character, the front being Byzantine of the eleventh century, with its crowd of small columns of a red-coloured marble-like stone, while the body of the cathedral is of lofty and capacious dimensions, but in the Gothic style; but many of the tombs and altar-pieces of the beginning of the seventeenth century are *renaissantissime*, as our neighbours across the Channel say.

Several fine old carved choirs have disappeared, for the defunct Bishop was a sad white-washing Vandal, who ought to have been an inspector of barracks or poor-houses; but the present incumbent has pursued restoration in the right spirit. The great eastern window has been recently renewed with painted glass—a magnificent specimen of the reviving Munich school; and a charming glimpse of middle-age life seemed offered to me as I gazed on those kneeling kings, with cuisses of mail and mantles of purple, on whom the light of heaven appeared to stream through cerulean skies and topaz halos.

The Bishop of Agram is a high and puissant prince, his income being very little short of 30,000*l.*; that is to

say, the second episcopate in Hungary quoad emolument; but he made a most charitable use of his fortune, having given a sum of 15,000*l.* to found an institution for sisters of charity. This edifice, lately built, occupies a prominent position in the lower town, and includes within its walls a hospital for poor women, and school for poor female children, as well as the dormitories and church of the consisterhood. I visited the establishment, and found it to be a model of roomy airiness and cleanly propriety; the rooms of the sisters being more comfortable than those of a convent, but without mundane ornament or superfluity. On seeing the hospital of the sick sisters, I could not help remembering the *naïveté* of the Indian neophyte, who says to the Jesuit, "You have told me all about St. Bonaventure, and I know his history quite well; but you have forgotten to enlighten me on the nature and life of Christ." The Catholicism of Croatia is actively benevolent, and the prevention of poverty and crime is the object of the constant and praiseworthy solicitude of the clergy; but the Bible is unknown to the mass of the people. What, then, are we to say to such modern lithographic prints as I saw on the walls of this hospital? "*The dead restored to life through the prayers of St. Vincent de Paul.*" And surely the bilocation of Liguori is not more wonderful than another—"During Mass said by St. Vincent de Paul, one soul meets another in the form of two red balls."

The episcopal palace still has the castellated round towers of middle age; but a flower-garden replaces the moat, the curtain has been pierced with modern windows, and the principal apartment of the palace is the ball-room, fitted up in the style of Louis Quinze, in which, during the carnival, the Bishop frequently assembles the *beau monde* of Agram to the inspiring sounds of Strauss and Lanner. The Bishop, although forbidden by his cloth to enter the temple of Hymen himself, is peculiarly benignant to the votaries of that pleasant deity; and it

is remarked that more matches are made up at the Bishop's balls than under any other circumstances.

There is a German and Illyrian theatre in winter; but no theatrical performance took place during my stay. They have also one opera in the Illyrian language, which was got up by amateurs, with a chorus of fifty persons, and performed several times. My visit being in the earlier part of autumn, most of the amateurs were scattered; but, in a small musical party, I had an opportunity of hearing a selection from it which pleased me. In the vocal parts, an unconscious reminiscence of modern Italian favourites was scarcely to be avoided; but the overture shewed a certain *maestria* highly creditable to Croatia.

In the way of summer amusement, the great resource is the Bishop's English park, half an hour's drive distant from Agram. Here a wide-spread forest of oaks, extending several miles in all directions, has been pierced with excellent drives, always terminating in some architectural fancy.

In the environs of Agram I met a travelling journeyman watchmaker, a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with piercing intelligent eyes; and notwithstanding his condition, his German was in the highest degree fluent and eloquent. He noticed that I was a stranger; and asking me what countryman I was, declared, on learning the soil of which I was a native, that the great object of his desire was to see London, the world-city, or city of the world (*Weltstadt*).

"London," said he, with inconceivable volubility, "is the Rome and Athens of the watchmaker, where he can study and learn. Your Swiss watchmaker has a good taste. Your Vienna watchmaker works cheap; but the English watchmaker is a true artist. The Swiss makes only a small part of a watch in the factory style, to be afterwards put together; the Englishman makes a watch from the beginning to the end: the object of the Swiss is, to get the greatest quantity through his hands; the object of the Englishman is, not quantity but quality: he

loves the watch, for it is all his own work; he has a tenderness for it, because he has the responsibility of its going well or ill. Then the buyer and wearer loves and gets attached to a well-going watch, as he does to a good picture or a faithful servant,—he appreciates it as a work of art, he hourly feels its advantage, and thus creates an attachment for an English watch which he can never feel for the most light, elegant, and showy Geneva watch: it is just the difference between a faithless mistress and a faithful wife. The celebrated school of Denmark is an offshoot of the high school of London, and the world-renowned Györgenson of Copenhagen studied in London; he is an honour to the profession; and if a watch be given him to repair, he insists on taking out all the doubtful works, at no matter what expense, or returning it to the owner untouched.”

On hearing such grandiloquence, what less could I say, than express a hope that if a Royal Academy of watch-making were instituted, he might speak the inaugural address?

Previous to the March revolution, the Magyars, possessing a vast majority in the Diet, occupied constitutional ground of such strength, that, whatever equity and humanity might say for several of the subject races of Hungary, *law* was clearly with the Magyars; and the Croats were the only race having *pacta conventa* to shew for their pretensions. But no sooner did the March revolution take place in Vienna, than the republican party in the Diet of Pesth, headed by Ludwig Kossuth, not only got the upper hand of the conservatives, but threw Count Secheniy and the monarchical reformers fairly overboard; from one step to another, erected themselves into a French Convention; and, by passing the most important laws without either the signature of the Monarch or the valid concurrence of the Upper Chamber, or Table of Magnates, created a *de facto* republic, and voluntarily abandoned that strong constitutional ground, from which, although they could not

treat the Croats as a conquered nation, yet could defy national development on the part of the Servian, Wallachian, and Slovak nations of Hungary.

The proceedings of the *Comitia Regnorum* at Agram afforded a complete contrast to the progress of affairs at Pesth. The more Kossuth resiled from the Constitution and consolidated his conventional dictatorship, the more Jellachich and the *Comitia Regnorum* adhered to the Pragmatic Sanction of last century, which irrevocably united Croatia with the possessor of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola.

The principle for which the Croats contended gradually became better understood beyond the limits of Hungary, and is, I am persuaded, the only one compatible with the interests of such a diversity of nations as now form the component parts of the Austrian Empire. This principle was, that each race should enjoy constitutional liberty, and a national administration within its own ethnographical circle; but that there ought to be one, and only one, responsible Ministry in Vienna, to make peace and to make war, to direct armies, and to receive ambassadors. On no other basis are we to hope for either the security of the throne, or the contentment of these diversified populations. By no other process can Austria be at once various and united—like the stellar universe, each body revolving in its own orbit, and all synallagmatic, all according in a harmonious whole. Justice will thus be rendered to the Slaavic and Roman races, and no injustice to either German or Magyar; while political morality and political expediency remain, as they always are, perfectly identical.

Carlstadt is situated in a perfectly level and richly cultivated plain, uncommanded by any heights; so that at a distance it looks like a Flemish town, with its church-spire overlooking its bastions, curtains, and alleys of trees. During the hostilities between Austria and Turkey, it used to be the bulwark of Croatia against that angle of the Ottoman empire which is called the Trockene

Grenze, or dry frontier. For, commanding the passage of the Culpa, the whole line from Carlstadt to Semlin is a distinctly defined line of defence.

Baron Paumgarten, the commandant, having had the obliging courtesy to be my cicerone, I passed an interesting forenoon in looking through the place when on my way to Dalmatia. The baron was a fine hearty veteran, who had slashed through the war of liberation with credit and honour, and being still, although a septuagenarian, in the possession of health, strength, and intellectual vigour, had to see that the key of Croatia caught no rust from desuetude; for considerably more than half a century has elapsed since Sultan and Emperor have exchanged hostile visits to each other's territory.

At the end of the High-street, which was mostly built in the last century in the German manner, we came upon the gate of the town next the river Culpa, which, seen from the inside, has, with its little round towers, a baronial-castle look, strongly contrasting with the modern angles and parapets of the fortifications; and the worthy commandant informed me that it was a relic of the old walls built in 1575. Just before we turned aside to ascend the rampart, a soldier's servant passed, and the commandant stopped him and asked him how his master was. "*A bisserl besser*: a trifle better, your honour," answered the man, touching his hat, and on he passed. "There is no hope for that man's master, poor fellow," said he to me as we climbed the parapet. "Morrison's vegetable pills have cured him of a slight indigestion, leaving a chronic cramp in the stomach in its place. Your English Malthusian theory of population is a very false one, my good friend: so soon as there is any danger of overpopulation, a great man starts up to set the balance right again—Attila, Ghenghis Khan, Napoleon, but last and greatest of all, Morrison."

We now found ourselves on the ramparts, and enjoyed a pleasing view over a wide champaign country. As we continued our round I perceived a large suburb to be

built entirely of wood; and on asking if there were not a danger of fire, was answered that the proprietors of these houses had built them on the condition that if an enemy appeared they were to be burnt or torn down at a moment's notice, so as to have a clear defensive glacis. It seems that, on account of the active trade and navigation of the place, the wants of the town have outgrown the ramparts; so that houses that were to be bought during the French war for 300*l.* now sell for 1000*l.*

Passing angle after angle of the works, we arrived at the gate of Fiume, (which, unlike his fellow at the other end of the town, was in the modern style, protected by an outwork,) and descending from the banquette to the terre pleine, and passing outwards, found ourselves in a turf plain, covered with horses and oxen, and peasantry engaged in the business of the market. A gipsy, with broad-brimmed hat, frieze jacket, and sandals, was shewing a poor miserable grey horse to a group of Croat peasants. The gipsy lent the motion of his body towards a fair start, and with a sharp dig of the spur into the flank, unseen by the peasants, would fain have got a decent canter out of the poor animal; but although the tail shewed spice, the motion of the horse was very far from corresponding with the elasticity of the rider, and like an unsuccessful mesmerist, he began to assign reasons, and the peasantry to laugh and to joke.

We then re-entered the town, and turning to the left came upon the banks of the Culpa, which was covered with the long narrow boats which bring the corn of the Banat to Carlstadt, whence it is conveyed to Fiume by the celebrated Maria Louisa road, which was completed in 1812. The beating of a drum being heard from amidst a group of bystanders a short distance off, I went forward, and found this to be an auction. A seller pays a florin to the magistrate, the town-drummer proceeds to the spot, and at the third rub-a-dub the article is sold.

We then went to the public square, one side of which was recognisable as *ærarial* or fiscal by the regularity of its construction, and its sentries and sentry-boxes of black and brown alternate stripes. The edifice in question was the barracks and armoury from which all the western frontier is supplied. Here we saw the *waffensaal*, or armoury, with thirty thousand stand of arms. There was a lofty altar with columns and connecting festoons of barrels, locks, bayonets, and ramrods, all of the most ingenious architecture. Along with these modern arms was a collection of armour taken from time to time from Bosniac knights—halberts, battle-axes, and shields; such fearful lances as glistened in the galleys of a Tintoretto, and such blunderbusses as one sees clouding, with life-like smoke, the battle-pieces of a Bourignon, in that picturesque middle period when chivalry had scarce ended, and modern discipline had scarce begun.

“You talk of history,” said the commandant: “there is an arm that has a historical association; the old equipment of Trenck’s pandours.” I examined the piece, taken from a pile of the same sort, and found it to be somewhat between a modern musket and a carbine. It was with these weapons that his fearless pandours, recruited in Croatia and Slavonia, mostly in the environs of his own estates at Pakratz, carried the renown of their bravery to the banks of the Rhine and the Moldau, but more particularly in Alsace, where, imagining that all over the Rhine was as fair plunder as over the Save among the Bosniac Turks, they terrified the peasantry by their excesses, until the severe examples made by Trenck infused a better spirit into them. As the Alsatians complained that Maria Theresa should make war with such wild people, Trenck answered, “that they were indeed rather rough subjects, and that he had brought them to France to teach them polished manners;” which, with the frequent assistance of the provost-marshal, he certainly did; the Alsatians wondering to see the condemned pandours coolly smoking their pipes

even while the hangman was putting the rope about their necks.

The estates of Pakratz, Pleternicza, Bristowacs, and several others, producing, in the middle of last century, 6000*l.* sterling per annum, were given to the Trenck family by the Emperor after the siege of Vienna and liberation of Hungary, in 1683-4; and on the death of the pandour colonel fell to the renowned Baron Frederick Trenck, who, in his memoirs, relates how he was ruined with Hungarian law-suits after escaping from the chains and dungeons of Frederick the Great. These memoirs, published in Paris some years before the first Revolution, made, according to pleasantly prattling Grimm, even in his days, “une sensation prodigieuse;” and even now are not yet banished from the circulating library, which dispenses me from the task of repeating the well-known adventures of either Francis and his Croat pandours, or Frederick and his law-suits. Liberated, honoured, and pensioned, he thus writes in his old age: “Safe am I arrived in heaven, a weather-beaten but experienced shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life’s perturbed shores; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered. Possible, though little probable, are future storms.”

Alas, poor Trenck, a greater whirlpool than ever man saw was brewing its huge vortex to sink thee with many a prouder craft! The career of Trenck had been a dramatic one; but the *dénouement* was never dreamt of by either the autobiographer himself, or any of the philosophic men of quality who supped and epigrammatised on the eve of the great convulsion; and Trenck, who played a conspicuous part in the age of Frederick and Maria Theresa, became an unseen supernumerary in the catastrophe of the Revolution.

On the 7th Thermidor of the year 2 of the Republic, a man of gigantic stature, six feet and a half high at least, appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, charged with being a secret agent of the King of Prussia. This

was Trenck, then verging on his seventieth year. "You are accused," said President Hermann, "of being implicated in the conspiracy of the despots of Europe against the freedom of the French nation. A letter has been intercepted in which you express yourself in the most equivocal terms on the recent events."

"It is false," said Trenck. "There," continued he, holding up his wrists, "are the scars of my fetters: I have for some time had no dealings with the great who treated me so shamefully. I dare you to repeat the accusation."

This made some impression on the President; so after a pause he said: "But you were in correspondence with the Emperor Joseph."

"I was," said Trenck; "but that was long ago. Allow me to explain—"

"It is nearly twelve," said Fouquier Tinville, "and before four o'clock fourteen cases must be decided. There is no time to lose."

"No time to lose!" said Trenck, scornfully; "do you call hearing the defence of an innocent man 'losing time?' I was for more than ten years loaded with chains, when a fortunate chance relieved me; and feeling my restored liberty to be an unspeakable blessing, I resolved to be a useful member of society. I married the daughter of the burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle; and devoted myself to trade, military science, and literature. During the years 1774, 5, 6, and 7, I travelled in France and England, and gained the friendship of the great Franklin, the man of Spartan virtue; but the death of the great Maria Theresa—"

"Take care," said Fouquier Tinville, "how you pronounce the eulogy of crowned heads in the sanctuary of justice."

"After the death of the great Maria Theresa," said Trenck, with emphasis, "I returned to the Danube, and built my farm-house. Yes, the man whom you accuse of being an aristocrat was the friend of Franklin, and followed the plough in the plain of Zwerbach. Since 1791 I have

lived in Paris, and devoted myself to the publication of works of utility. If I have frequented the clubs, it is because, as a foreigner, I could have had no influence."

Fouquier Tinville then declared him to be not only an aristocrat, but to have taken part in the mutiny of the prison of St. Lazare. To which Trenck vainly answered, that for an innocent prisoner to deliver himself from durance vile was in strict accordance with the principle of revolution. His hour had come; the guillotine gaped for his neck, and on the same evening Trenck met his doom.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VIEW OF DALMATIA.

The Alps and the Apennines of Italy, as well as the Parnassus of Greece, are all parts of one and the same range of mountains. The chain begins in Calabria, and for a space keeps nearer to the Adriatic than to the Neapolitan waters; but at San Marino crosses over to the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeping round Piedmont, assumes the name of the Alps; then, running eastwards, passes down the other side of the Adriatic, and so onwards through Albania and Greece, till it terminates in the *Ægean* at the marbled steep of Cape Sunium.

The modern and Slaavic name of these Illyrian Alps, that run down the east of the Adriatic—sometimes approaching and sometimes receding from the sea-shore—is the *Vellebitch*. These mountains form the western limit of Croatia and Bosnia.

The narrow stripe of territory, three hundred miles in length, intervening between the *Vellebitch* and the Adriatic, is Dalmatia, the country of which we propose to treat in

the first instance. We may therefore pronounce it to be Cisalpine, its climate and productions resembling those of Italy. The Switzerland of Croatia, which forms the second division of our subject, is Transalpine; and although inhabited by the same Slaavic race as Dalmatia, its climate and productions are northern, and the physical geography of the two countries has nothing in common.

It was at Carlstadt in Hungary, that I took my place in the weekly diligence that runs from Vienna to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. As we approached the Adriatic, even the most unobservant traveller must have perceived that we were in the vicinity of a southern region. The peasants wore the classic sandal. In the midst of the faces of Slaavic form, those with the regular features, which are the rule in Italy and the exception to the north of the Alps, grew more frequent. Fresh Zara fruits were presented at a hedge beer-house; and so strong grew this feeling before crossing the last mountain-ridge, that I even fancied that all the birds flew to the southwards.

At length, just before dawn, on the third morning after leaving Carlstadt, I woke up in the diligence, which had stopped to change horses at the post-house on the top of the Vellebitch; my limbs were benumbed with cold, in spite of greatcoat and lined cloak, and a keen wind saluted me as I stepped out of the carriage in deep snow. The chill, clear, starry heavens enabled me to see that I had gained the summit of a pass bordered with pines and surmounted with pinnacles of rock; and a square block of stone on my left attracting my attention, I held the lantern to it, and read on one side, "Croatia," and on the reverse, "Dalmatia." I felt myself on the threshold of a new and interesting field of study; and the foretaste of novel scenes and strange manners renewed the illusions of youthful travel. Seeing a dull red charcoal-fire gleaming through the window of a hut on my right, in which sat a watch of frontier guards, I entered and warmed myself, the conductor preferring to make the descent by daylight.

As I re-entered the coach, the blue diamond-studded night had disappeared; and as the dawn approached, the silver icicles glistened on the dark-green branches of the mountain-pines. As we traversed the summit of the ridge, one snowy peak after another was lighted up with the break of day; and a turn of the road at length bringing us to that side of the Vellebitch which fronted the Adriatic, Dalmatia, in all her peculiarity, lay stretched before me. Here was no descent of long narrow valleys, as in Italy. To the eye, the transition from the world of the North to the world of the South was immediate. Like the traveller who, after the painful gyrations of a high tower, emerges from darkness to the bird's-eye view of a new and curious city, I had the whole space, from the hill-tops to the distant islands, before me at a single glance. A long, deep gash in the land, parallel with the mountain, was the Canal of the Morlacks, a gulf of the sea, like a wide river flowing between its banks. Zara, Bencovatz, Nona,—plain and mountain, city and sea,—were all before me. The sun rose apace; the mist cleared away from the distant island capes; the snow died a lingering death as we sunk to the temperature of the genial Adriatic; and the wind, combated as a bitter enemy an hour ago, was invited as a friend. Yesterday morning, on awaking, the carriage-wheels were rattling over a road crisped with hard frost; and the pointed spire of a Croatian church rose, clear and distinct, out of the grey and crimson distance. Obrovazzo, a small town, to which we now descended, had the campanile of the south of the Alps; and in the domestic architecture of the town I at once recognised the Venetian character: here the charm was not that of mere novelty, but recognition of the features of an old friend, recalling days of enjoyment mingled with instruction.

But the greatest curiosity was the road by which I had effected my descent. The Vellebitch, instead of sloping down to the coast, breaks off with an abruptness that borders on the precipitous, and must have tasked

the energies of the most scientific road-maker. With the experience of the Simplon, the St. Gotha, and the others leading over the Alps, the Vellebitch is the most perfect of all, and, viewed from below the road, appears like a gigantic staircase cut in the face of a rock. One great blank in the landscape to which we descended was a scantiness of vegetation: the air was warm, the colours clear, brilliant, and southern; but the scattered figs and olives, the red earth mingled with rock, and the starved shrubbery, formed a counterpoise that told me not to forget my native verdure-clad north.

Obrovazzo is situated on the lips of a yawning land-crack, through which a Rhine or Danube would have space enough to flow; but the intense green of the motionless waters shews that there is more of salt sea than of fresh water to float those barques that lay along the quay.

Nothing in Christian Europe is so picturesque as the Dalmatian peasant's dress; for he wears not the trousers or pantaloons and round hat of Austria or Hungary, but a dress analogous to that of the old Turk. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, with red fez on his head, and huge pistols in his belt, we recognise the Slaav of the Adriatic,—the brother of the Servian in blood, in language, and also, to a considerable extent, in religion; but while the varnish of civilisation in Servia is German and new, here it is much older, and has come from Venice. The graceful dialect which Goldoni has immortalised is as indigenous in the Roman races of Dalmatia as in Venice; and the High Street of Obrovazzo looks like a dry alley in one of the islands of the Lagoon, or of some of those neighbouring villages of terra firma with which the pencil of Canaletti has so charmingly familiarised us.

But, before we proceed further, let us pause to trace the antecedents of this curious social marriage that carries the mind alternately from the heights of the Balkan to the mouths of the Brenta.

A dark mist hangs over the nationality of Dalmatia previous to the Roman conquest by Augustus; but it is

probable that the language was Thracian,—that is to say, the parent of that dialect which formerly covered a greater part of the countries between the Black and the Adriatic seas; a dialect which, related to the Greek, Roman, and Slaavic languages, had something of them all.

The pre-Roman period appears to have been one of free republics; and from the mountainous nature of the territory and the unruly spirit of the people, it was long before Dalmatia was completely subjugated to the Roman power. It was in the sixth year of the Christian era, on the occasion of the levying of recruits to the legions destined for Germany, that the whole coast rose to shake off the yoke of Imperial Rome. "The Roman dominion," said Bato, the leader of the revolt, "is insupportable to the people of Illyria. To the loss of our fortunes and liberties we must add that of the blood of our children, dearer to our hearts than either. Up, then, Illyrians! and, remembering our ancient freedom, let us prefer an honourable death to the servitude of Rome."

The contest was maintained with vigour for many years; at length Germanicus and Tiberius successfully suppressed the revolt, and a large Roman colonisation gave a new character to the east of the Adriatic.

The introduction of Christianity forms the next great event in the history of Dalmatia; and the advent of Paul, who had been preceded by Titus, is thus recorded by himself: "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ."¹ There can be no doubt that Dalmatia was one of the first countries that embraced Christianity; and in the time of Diocletian a majority were Christians. In no province of the Roman dominions were the persecutions of that Emperor more severe than in his own; and in 303 all the Christian Bishops of Dalmatia were executed.

¹ Rom. xv. 19.

To the vicissitudes of the reigns of Constantine and Julian succeeded the permanent establishment of Christianity; and in the year 400 we find St. Jerome, an Illyrian by birth, organising the hierarchy over all the highlands and islands of Dalmatia; and so on to his death in 420. But the political fabric of the empire was tottering to its fall. Dalmatia lying out of the way of the main armies of Attila and the invaders, was at first less exposed than Italy; but several irruptions of the Slaavs from the Carpathians took place in the fifth and sixth centuries; and in the beginning of the seventh century, the Avars, an Asiatic race, pouring in a mass over Dalmatia, joined the ruthless lust of destruction to the cupidity of wealth. But the Avars were in their turn subdued by the Croats, who have proved permanent settlers; and with the final destruction of Epidaurus and Salona, the principal Roman cities, and the subjugation of the whole coast, commences the modern history of Dalmatia, and the final adoption of the Croat language and nationality, although the Latin language, in a vulgar form, lingered in Ragusa and Zara to the eleventh century.

A patriarchal Slaavic state was now constituted, governed by Bans and Zhupans. The nominal sovereignty of Constantinople was acknowledged; but in matters of faith Dalmatia remained true to the authority of the West, and received from Rome, and not from Constantinople, her spiritual conductors. At length, in 970, Duke Dircislaav first received the ensigns of royalty from the Emperor Basil, and Croatia and Dalmatia henceforth became a kingdom.

On the death of Zwonomir, the last native king, in 1190, the Croats and Dalmatians, unable to agree among themselves on the choice of a successor, and fearing the rising ambition of Venice, turned for protection rather to the vigorous kingdom of Hungary than to Constantinople—that lean and slippered pantaloon of the great Roman empire, once so robust in arms and august in magistracy; and thence Hungary and Croatia became *socia regna*.

But the Hungarian Government was of an entirely Asiatic character; they encamped, but did not colonise; the tribute was collected, and the country governed; but except a few remains of feudal castles, and a few charters generously endowing the Church, there is little in Dalmatia to record their existence.

Quite different was the impress of Venice on Dalmatia. Long and bloody were her contests with Hungary for its possession. It was on the walls of Zara, in 1346, that Marino Faliero earned his laurels by the most daring assault in the annals of the kingdom, and opened for himself the avenue to that exercise of the highest powers of the state, and experience of the last vengeance of the law, which leaves a blank in the portrait gallery of the Ducal Palace of Venice, but has furnished an immortal picture to the pencil of a Byron. Every where the arts of Venice followed in the trace of her arms. In the public monuments, as well as in the domestic architecture, and even in the strongholds of the coast, constructed by Sammicheli, we admire the taste and genius of the artist combined with the skill of the engineer.

Dalmatia remained Venetian to the expiry of that republic in 1797, and, after various vicissitudes, is now an integral part of the Austrian Empire. But as the bird's-eye prospect from the summits of the Vellebitch is incompatible with the examination of minute objects, so the review of so wide an expanse of history has excluded individual detail; but as we advance on our journey our historical sketches must expand in proportion to our nearer acquaintance with the scenes we describe.

CHAPTER III.

SEBENICO.

The first place of any importance, proceeding southwards, is Sebenico; and after making the necessary arrangements, and getting the requisite information, I hired a carriage conjointly with another person proceeding thither. An excellent Macadamised road carries the traveller to Scardona; but, how dreary the landscape! For many a long mile the footstep of some later Attila seemed to have left its withering impress on these plains. Some districts were stony; others, like the Campagna of Rome, were a desert less by nature than the ruin or neglect of man. The villages are few and far between. Here and there the shell of a vast feudal castle, or the broken arches of the great Roman aqueduct, fifty miles in length, that conveyed the waters of the distant Kerka to the ancient Zara (Jadera), shed a melancholy splendour on the desolate scene. Across these plains the Avars spread like locusts, on the too mature fruits of Roman culture. In times nearer our own, when the mountains and the interior were held by the Turks, and the coasts by Venice, these plains became the debateable land, which, once depopulated, have never since known the hum of industry. Giambattista Giustiniano, visiting this very tract in 1552, tells us that the territory formerly furnished oil in quantity sufficient not only for Zara, but all Dalmatia; but the olive-trees being cut down in the Turkish war, and the earth dried up, even the necessary oil was imported from Apulia, and the inhabited villages reduced in number from 280 to 85, some of which had no more than five or six houses.

As we approach Scardona, the road descends, and the landscape begins to smile. A brook brawls at our side; detached huts are annexed to enclosed patches of ground; olives, at first scarce and scanty, thicken apace, and are

succeeded by a noble grove of lofty umbrageous mulberries. A green meadow, and red ploughed land, at length become mingled with gardens, and then the village itself opens to our view; and, strange paradox! although about to embark on an inlet of the sea, we feel like mariners arriving in port after a monotonous voyage.

A stout boat, with four rowers, conveyed me to Sebenico, the lofty Cathedral, towering above the other houses, being visible long before we landed at the quay, whence my baggage was carried up steep and narrow streets to the Albergo dei Pellegrini, or Inn of the Pilgrims, said to be the best in Sebenico. Having been at Jerusalem, I felt myself qualified to enter; but a certificate of having visited the holy places was not demanded—even the pilgrim's staff is dispensed with. The mere scrip, containing a few florins, is the only appendage which the hospitable landlord expects his pilgrims not to leave behind them. The street in which the inn is situated is about fifteen feet wide, paved with small causeway stones, somewhat smooth and slippery. The houses, like those of the rest of the town, were tall, so as to be comprised within the old Venetian wall, the present population of the place being 5000. My bedroom, on the first floor, was high and airy, and the floor was paved with large square red bricks. A broad bed, unlike those coffins which pass by that name in Germany, was covered by a clean white flowered counterpane, but the chest of drawers and chairs seemed to have been imported from the Seven Dials of London. The eating-room was a long low dark apartment on the ground floor, with a covered table in the middle. The dinner-hour was one o'clock; and after sunset, the waiter no sooner lighted the lamps, than he wished me good evening. The hour of supper (eight or nine o'clock) brought several townspeople, who used the inn as a restaurant; and the bill of fare had its own native hue, abounding in fish. Tunny, sturgeon, palameda, and many others considered as delicacies in the north, are here abundant.

My carriage companion was of the company; a man of tall stature, boldly chiselled features, sunburnt complexion, independent bearing, and a Venetian accent—a true Dalmatian—a Servian bagpipe attuned to an Italian aria. He had experienced vicissitudes in trade, shipping, and farming, and I found him intelligent and communicative.

“Dalmatia, my good sir,” said he, “and England are antipodes. In England, thirteen men make one pin; here, one man must do thirteen different things. My trade is a bad encyclopedia—a little of every thing, and nothing good. Dalmatia, sir, has the best air and water in the world, but is rather deficient in corn and vegetables. As for politics, we enjoy complete security for our property; but there is one thing wanting to our happiness, and that is the possession of something worth securing. We will never prosper till we get those countries behind there;” holding his thumb in the direction of Bosnia. “Dalmatia, sir, is a mere stripe of sea-coast, a face without a head.”

“But,” said I, “surely you must admit that Austria could never get Bosnia without disturbing all Europe—without breaking in upon the Ottoman Empire, and giving others a bad example.”

“Ah! there you come with your balance of power, and think nothing of our Christian brethren in that country. Austria has only to give the word, and every Dalmatian is ready to shoulder his musket, and strike down the barriers that separate us.”

I mention this, because it is so current a sentiment among the mass of the people in Dalmatia, that I have heard almost the same words from twenty others. Another of the company had made several journeys into Bosnia some years ago, when travelling was less secure than now, and one of his anecdotes reminded me of a well-known adventure in *Gil Blas*.

One of the polite robbers, to avoid unnecessary strife, laid his cloak in the middle of the road on the approach of a traveller, and, according to the custom of the country,

awaited a donation, well armed as a stimulus to liberality; but our Dalmatian was not to be caught so easily. Pulling up his horse, he laid his hand on a pistol in his holster, and thus addressed him: "Unhappy mendicant, I pity your condition; you are able to work and be rich, and yet prefer idleness and the prospect of being impaled. Charity is a duty incumbent on Turk and Christian, and I am most happy to give you what you deserve." So, instead of taking a ducat out of his purse, he took a leaden bullet from his pouch, and dropping it on the cloak, remarked, that if applied by the rogue to himself, it would save him being hanged. The robber was astonished; and the Dalmatian, executing a caracol, lest he should pay him back in the coin he had given, cantered on out of sight.

Next day was devoted to seeing the town; and following the street to the piazza, I found myself at the gate of the Cathedral, whose dome had formed so prominent an object during my passage in the boat. Commenced in 1443, and completed in 1536, the discrepancy of the style of the basement and superstructure—of the close of the middle age and the beginning of the cinque cento—afford room for criticism; but altogether it is one of the most extraordinary structures I ever saw in any country. The peculiar style of Lombardy predominates. The lower part is overlaid with ornament; and two detestable statues of Adam and Eve, standing on each side of the great entrance, look like caricatures of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medicis.

But the interior is truly grand, not so much in mere dimension as in effect. The boldest of arches, springing from the lightest and airiest of Gotho-Saracenic columns, attract by their harmony and surprise by their hardihood; and the cupola rising high in the air, and enthroned on the keystones of the lofty arch of the transept, has an awful simplicity, congenial to the purposes of a sacred structure. The roof of the nave is a masterpiece of technical ingenuity, being a semi-cylinder composed of

flat flagstones, some of them twelve feet in length, the edges fitting into each other with knees and angles, the whole forming an unadorned vault, but so unusual in effect that the spectator, on a superficial view, fears that if one gave way the whole might fall in; but the architect charged with the repairs of the Cathedral, having shewn me the sections of the edifice, assured me that, aerial as the roof might seem, it had a chance of lasting as long as any part of the Cathedral. On referring to the ground plan, I found that, like many of the mosques of Cairo, it was not a parallelogram; so that the architects must have been, like the early painters of Italy, more skilled than schooled, and knew more of the practice of a workshop than the theories of an academy. Spalatino was the name of the principal architect, and the building cost, from first to last, 80,000 gold ducats.

The port of Sebenico is so excellent that a frigate of considerable tonnage can lie almost close to the quay, the entrance to the gulf being by a narrow slit, the command of which appeared so important to the Venetians that Sammiceli, their great military architect, constructed at the narrowest part the Fort of San Nicolo, which is considered his masterpiece in fortification. Close to the Cathedral is the office of the Prætor or Chief Magistrate of the place, whither I proceeded to get an order to see the fort. A curious case was going on on my arrival; the Prætor was giving strict orders to a subordinate to embark for some place on the coast, and examine the bottom of a Greek barque which had been stranded. When he was gone, we had some talk about the trade of the place, and the Prætor informed us that the Trieste underwriters have lost so much money by Greek barratry, that every case of wreck is now subject to a most rigorous examination. "Only last year," added the Prætor, "a Greek captain, to make sure of the secrecy of his crew, caused each to take a turn at the auger which was to sink the ship; but the underwriters having found out that, before leaving Constantinople, the greater part of the cargo had

been sold at half price in the bazaars of that capital, an inquisition took place, the crew were apprehended, and the affair ended in their condemnation."

I now embarked in a boat, and was rowed for about half an hour in smooth water to the mouth of the gulf of which the Fort of San Nicolo is a sort of padlock. As we approached, I recognised the architecture of the gate to resemble that of Sant' Andrea at the entrance of the Lagoon, and is surmounted by a huge lion, with the inscription: "*Pax tibi Marce Evangelista meus.*" Within the gate is the rilievo of a Doric colonnade, and in the intercolumniations the arms of Venice, Dalmatia, and Sebenico—Dalmatia having three crowned lions' heads (on an azure field), and Sebenico three bunches of grapes, surmounted by three doves. The date of the construction of the fort was marked 1546, or twenty-five years after the invasion of Dalmatia by Soliman the Magnificent. Mere description can give no idea of the strength of the bomb-proof galleries and casemates with embrasures à *fleur d'eau*. The vaults are of brick, and so high that a fresh current of air can be maintained in the hottest cannonade; and the officer in command informed me that there are to this day no galleries in the Austrian Empire of the same magnificence and solidity.

When almost every inch of the main land of Dalmatia was in the power of the Turks, Sebenico, with its secure port and impregnable fortress, had a military importance of which the single company of artillery which now forms its garrison can give no idea. In the earlier part of the 16th century, the terror and renown of the Turkish power was at its grand climacteric. To use a European image, Selim had added the tiara of the Caliphate to the laurels of the victor. In the reign of Soliman, the tide of victory rolled onward; Dalmatia was invaded; Hungary annihilated; and melancholy would have been the appearance of the Grand Turk in the Italy of Titian and Michael Angelo, then in all the effulgence of the cinque cento. But the maritime genius of Venice, and the military power of

Germany, proved the effectual bulwarks of Europe. From 1521 to the middle of the 17th century, Venice could boast of no secure possession in Dalmatia out of the islands and the walls of Zara, and some other towns of the coast. In August 1647, a century after the construction of Fort San Nicolo, the Pasha of Bosnia, pouring an army of 30,000 men into the lowlands, attempted the capture of Sebenico and its forts; but it was so well defended by the 6000 Venetians and German mercenaries of the garrison, that after twenty-six day's cannonade the Pasha was obliged to retire, supplies having been easily thrown in by sea, owing to the power of the Queen of the Adriatic in her own domain; and with this repulse began the gradual deliverance of Dalmatia from Turkish rule.

If the skill and science of a Sammicheli strengthened and adorned Dalmatia, Venice derived no slight advantage from the hardy mariners with which these coasts supplied her, and with which her galleys were manned in Lepanto, and in her other triumphs. The "Riva dei Schiavoni," or "Bankside of the Slaavs," marks to this day the quay that was frequented by the barques of Dalmatia and Quarnero. When Henry the Third of France was on his way from Poland to Paris, on the death of Charles the Ninth, the chronicles of the day tell us that, in the pageants given in his honour at Venice, he was rowed by "*Schiavoni*." Nor was it the mere thews and sinews of strong men that the coast produced. Andrea Schiavoni, a native of Sebenico, stands very near the highest rank in the Venetian school, and to this day Sebenico is proud of having given him birth. He was bred a house-painter, but caught the inspiration of the golden age of Venice; and if he had not the tumultuous movement and astounding dramatic force of Tintoretto, or the vast genius of Paul Veronese, which was strongest and clearest in operations of the utmost magnitude and complication, yet he had much of the classic propriety of Titian, and in the soothing gradations of ruddy flesh and crimson robes, his touch shews that mixture of sharpness and smoothness

which our own Sir Joshua, speaking of a widely different genius, calls the perfection of handling. Barbarigo, Mocenigo, Gradenigo, and many other illustrious Venetian families, are of Slaavic extraction—the *igo* corresponding with the Slaavic *ich*; and even the name of Venice itself is Slaavic, being the City of the Veneti or Wends, the latter the Gothic name for all the Slaavic nations.

In our own times, Sebenico has given birth to Tommaseo, a philosopher and philologist of a high reputation; but his career belongs rather to Italy than to Dalmatia. He has latterly begun to turn more of his attention to his native country. His usual residence is Venice, where he has taken a prominent part in the political revolutions of the year 1848.

The course of the river Kerka—of which the inlet of the sea at Sebenico may be called the estuary—is short but sublime. Rising in the chain of the Vellebitch, close to the three frontiers of Croatia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, it is less a river than a series of lakes, connected with each other by a succession of the most graceful cascades, as if it were the giant staircase of a mountain-piling Titan. The last and most beautiful, though not the loftiest, of those cataracts is only two hours from Sebenico, and, with the lake above it, formed a most interesting day's excursion. The landscape through which the road passes is of the most singular description. After ascending a hill, I found myself on a wide-spreading table-land of barren rock, with every where deep cracks in the soil, and reminding me of the descriptions of the surface of the moon. The valleys and beds of the rivers were so far below the level of the tableland as to be generally invisible. In ninety-nine landscapes out of a hundred, the accidents of the soil are mountains rising out of plains, like alto or basso rilievo; here you have intaglio of a level surface on the grandest scale.

The widest and most irregular furrow was that of the lake above the fall of the Kerka, to which I first proceeded, and, dismissing my horse as unsafe in so pre-

cipitous a descent, I scrambled down as well as I could by a narrow gulley without a blade of grass, down which a streamlet bubbled between white chalk-rocks, until the blue lake gradually opened out before us; and on a cape and cornice of a campanile shewing itself above the mountain-side on our right, the gentleman who obligingly accompanied me drew my attention to it as the convent and island of Vissovat, or "the place of hanging." Leaping down as agilely as the ground would allow, we reached the point where the brook entered the lake; but here a little wood masked our view; and passing under the trees, we came out upon a rude jetty of stones projecting into the lake. From a huge rock, split asunder, and forming a sort of gateway, the Kerka entered the lake, in the midst of which rose the little island of Vissovat, its church and convent, based with verdant turf and surrounded with fullgrown trees, with the high slender campanile crowning the whole group of objects that formed the centre of the picture.

My companion then applied his two hands trumpet-wise to his mouth, and shouting aloud, the signal was answered by the peal of a bell from the convent-tower, and a boat was seen to put off from a little creek under a wide-spreading tree. On its arriving at our jetty, we embarked, were pulled across to the dark shady creek in the island, and ascending the bank of turf, we came to a terrace in front of the church, the door of which bore the date 1690.

The Superior, a good-humoured, round-faced man, past middle age, shewed us the place. A church, with bad copies of the Venetian school, and a garden surrounded by the blue waters of the lake, were soon seen through. The Roman name of this bower-grown isle, in its lake of sterile cliffs, was Petralba, or the White Rock; but, in the lapse of centuries, the deposits of alluvial floods had given the island, in common with the margin of the lake, a thick layer of soil; and, in the troublous times that preceded the expulsion of the Turks from Dalmatia, its isolation promised an illusive security

to the inmates of the convent that from time immemorial had resided there; but an incident that occurred in the seventeenth century changed its name to the Illyrian one of Vissovat, or the Place of Hanging; and thereby, as the reader may well suppose, hangs a tale. In the hostilities that followed the war of 1644 between the Turks and Venetians, this island was in the midst of the operations; and a wide-spreading tree was pointed out as the relic of modern martyrology, which caused its change of name. In 1646 the Turks landed here; and of seven monks then resident, six were hanged, the seventh having escaped by hiding himself in the chimney. Hence Petralba became Vissovat, or the Place of Hanging; and the succeeding war of 1684 having freed Lower Dalmatia of the Turks, the greater part of the modern buildings were constructed towards the close of the seventeenth century.

There is very little ground besides what the convent covers; and as we stood under the trees, while the sun sparkled on the waters, a monk, with a pale, anxious, and melancholy expression, looked so pensively on the ground, and smiled from time to time to himself so innocently, that I could not help thinking of him:

“When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,—
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.”

BURTON.

We fell into discourse of the hanging of the priests; and the monk, leaving off his quaint alternations of allegro and penseroso, broke forth into ardent and vehement ejaculations on the sufferings of the Catholic Church, and asked me how many Christians were in England. I answered, twenty-seven millions—two thirds Protestants, and one third Catholics. On which he gave a sigh, and said: “That is the doing of Henry the Apostate—a traitor to the Church—dreadful!—a whole nation fell from grace for

his fleshly lusts! This service was rendered to the devil for a woman!—And what good news from thence?" said he; "we hear that the heretics incline to return to the right road." Feeling no disposition to enter into a conversation, I gave a vague answer; when, my companion giving him a hint that I was a Protestant, he dropped the conversation.

We now entered the convent-boat, which took us, by a romantic passage of about an hour's rowing, to the end of the lake, just above where the Kerka rushes over the precipice. The vicinity of the fall, the column of spray rising in the rays of the afternoon sun, and the roar of the river dashing and resounding, made me rather nervous lest the boat should approach too near; but long practice had enabled the boatmen to know precisely the point at which they must stop and disembark. We now walked along a ledge of the mountain; and just above the column of spray the lake ceased, and became a number of rivulets, flowing between green banks and trees, uniting, for the most part, just before the brow of the precipice, and then, with tremendous roar, bursting over the rocks, not in one unbroken sheet over a sheer precipice, but dashing from shelf to shelf down forty or fifty feet. Many mills are built immediately below the falls, but few were working. The unusual mass of water had caused apprehensions to be entertained during the previous night that the whole of the buildings might be swept away; the rains of some days before having been followed by some late heat, which had melted much of the snows of the Vellebitch.

Below the falls the water is sufficiently deep for large coast-boats from Zara, which were loading with flour at the mills. Here we were hailed by the men of a boat we had hired to meet us, and embarking in it, we followed the course of the river down a lane of high rocks, in which a road was attempted to be cut at the base of the cliffs, but stopped short of Scardona half way, the rocks in some places overhanging the Kerka. After about a

mile the avenue opened, and we found ourselves once more in the wide inlet or estuary on which Scardona and Sebenico are situated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DALMATIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

The Dalmatian archipelago forms an interesting and important part of the study of the tourist; and extending all the way from Arbe, near Istria, to Ragusa, intervenes almost every where between the mainland and the open Adriatic. From the insecure navigation and the numerous land-locked anchorages, from the productive fisheries and the milder climate, and, lastly, from the reciprocal wants of the Highlander and Islander, has arisen that turn for maritime employment and maritime enterprise which makes the Dalmatian perhaps the best sailor in the Mediterranean, uniting the practical seamanship of the Greek with the science of Italy and the north.

At six o'clock on a rainy morning I descended the narrow steep street of Sebenico to the quay where the steamer was about to start. A crowd of common people, in their wide trousers and red caps, looked on, mingled with citizens in the European costume; for the visits of the steamer are the grand landmarks of existence on these secluded shores. As the bell rang, we quitted the basin of Sebenico; and passing under the embrasures of Fort San Nicolo, saw around us a small cluster of islands, close to which is a coral fishery, which produces fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds a year, the necklaces made of which are annually sold at the fair of Sinigaglia. Our course lay southwards, and I once more found myself in the open Adriatic. Clouds drifting from the south, and

occasional rain, darkened the prospect; the current being also against us, and the steamer not a very powerful one, we advanced slowly to the Punto della Planea, a headland between Sebenico and Spalato.

The operation of the currents and winds of the Adriatic is so uniform as to admit of description in a few words. The currents usually set in from the eastern mouth of the sea, and running from Corfu along the coast of Albania and Dalmatia, sweep round from Trieste to Venice, and then run down past Ancona and Manfredonia to the Mediterranean again. It is this tendency which has encumbered the port of Venice with the large alluvial deposits of the rivers of Friuli, and has rendered that of Ravenna high and dry inland. A curious instance of the waywardness of the Adriatic occurred some years ago. A dyer, from Chioggia, near Venice, named Girolamo Fontanella, having settled at Zara, died of an indigestion of fish, and was buried in the cemetery there, which overhangs the sea. In the year 1827, a great storm having arisen, a part of the cemetery was swept away; and, strange to say, the coffin of Girolamo was carried round to Chioggia, picked up by the Chioggians, and the earth that gave him birth gave him final burial.

In summer the prevalent wind on the coast of Dalmatia is the mistral, or north-west wind, which moderates the excessive heat of that season; and the Roman constructing his marine villa was not more anxious to catch the zephyr than the Dalmatian to obtain a good exposure to the north-west breezes of the Adriatic:

"O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west."

In winter the mistral gives place to a cycle, which begins with a few days of scirocco, bringing warmth, clouds, and rain, succeeded by three days of bora, or north wind, marked by clear sunshine, and accompanied by chilly, bracing air, from the peaks of Vellebitch. When this bora, or north wind, has blown itself out, it is suc-

ceeded by some days of calm, delightful weather, like an English September, to be again succeeded by the clouds and rain of the south. The enervating African scirocco is also occasionally felt in spring, but, of course, not to near the same extent as in Sicily and Greece.

We anchored during the night at Spalato, where I passed some pleasant months before leaving Dalmatia; and next day, at noon, we arrived at Lesina, a narrow island, forty miles long, which derived its importance from having been the principal station of the Venetian fleet during the palmy days of the Republic. Pleasing and prepossessing is the name of Lesina to the ear, and not less pleasing is her aspect to the eye. The town, with 2000 inhabitants, is at the bottom of a little bay, entirely surrounded with mountains, which rise so abruptly as only to leave a narrow space for the town and quay. As the steamer dropped anchor, I felt myself once more in the south. A few days ago, on the passes of the Vellebitch, a great-coat was welcome; here the air was mild, the steep hills all around were covered with aloes, and the boats that swarmed up the ship-side carried men who sold white purses made of the fine cordage of the aloe-fibre. The slender palm-branches hung over the garden-walls that skirted the bay, and the carob-trees rising among the rocks carried my mind to the nobler slopes of Lebanon.

Nor were the sensations raised by art on landing in Lesina less novel and agreeable than those of external nature. A citizen of the soil of factories and railways, where utility is too often divorced from elegance, I was delighted to find in a mere arsenal and depôt of marine stores a public piazza, such as would do honour to an European capital. In a nook of the hills is this square, composed of Venetian Gothic houses; and as dreams mingle distant times and places, the sight of Lesina called up to my fancy some captain of a galley asleep on the wide waters, whose memory, enfranchised from the control of his judgment, might mingle in one picture the rocky isles

of the Levant with the home of his fathers in the Lagoon of Venice.

Prominent among all the edifices of Lesina, and facing the sea, is the Loggia, or place of municipal council, by Sammicheli; worthy of the age of Palladio and Sansovino. These loggie are simple porticos of extended front, with columns intervening between the openings, so as to look, on a smaller scale, like a concatenation of triumphal arches. Being without doors and windows, the inmates were protected from the summer's sun, but not from the winter's cold. In this loggia of Dalmatia a peasant may see the permanent causes of the organic inferiority of the north to the south in architecture. Comfort is unattainable without subdivision, and subdivision is the bane of noble architecture: the lightness and elegance of this master-performance was obtained at a sacrifice of comfort to the municipal assembly of Lesina during several months of the year.

The sight of a remarkable public building necessarily suggests inquiry into the objects for which it was constructed; and as the stately majesty of Roman architecture, after its declension into the grotesque irregularities of the Lower Empire, was revived by the great Venetian architects, the recomposition, on pre-existing principles, of the social edifice, after the prostration of the empire of the West, is a topic of the highest interest to the student of Dalmatia. While the highlands, after the great irruptions of the fifth and seventh centuries, became Slaavic, the coast-towns and the islands—retaining a corruption of the Latin language up to the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century—rose, like the Italian republics, from the mean vices of polished slavery to the bloody turbulence of rude liberty. The factions of a Florence, a Ferrara, a Padua, a Verona, and a Mantua, in contradistinction to the cumbrous feudal “empire of the Romans,” as it was called, were reflected in the municipalities of a Lesina, as compared with the semibarbarous sovereignty over the main land by the kings of Croatia.

Trau and Sebenico were the favourite residences of those Terpmirs and Crescimirs to whom the modern Croats look back as their national sovereigns. Their military force was formidable; and, according to the Byzantine writers, amounted to 60,000 horse, 100,000 infantry, and 4700 marine troops, embarked in 180 galleys. A nominal tribute of 200 gold Byzants per annum was annually paid to the Greek emperor; but in the eleventh century a crown, sceptre, cup, and sword, were received from the renowned Gregory VII. The Pope was acknowledged as the dispenser of kingdoms, and the sum hitherto paid to Constantinople was henceforward remitted to the Court of Rome. The royal household corresponded in barbaric magnificence to the military resources, and was headed by the Postelnik, or great chamberlain; the Volar, or master of the cow-stall, being the only dignity not found in modern European households. The greater provinces were governed by Bans—a title that survives to this day in the Ban of Croatia, the Lieutenant of the Emperor of Austria, as king of the *socia regna* of Hungary and Croatia; and the smaller districts by Zhupans, a title which remained to distinguish the heads of certain confraternities of *terra firma* down to the government of Dalmatia by Napoleon.

The forms of the tribunals were simple; the procedure being verbal, and right of appeal allowed—which was claimed by the discontented litigant throwing his hat down on the ground—the Curia of the King and Dukes forming the last instance; but the general framework of society was feudal and monarchical.

In the islands, not only the language but the forms of the municipal government of the Romans are recognisable, although on paper they were held in fief by various Croat nobles. While in Gaul, and in other parts of the *quondam* empire, between the fifth and the twelfth centuries the Curial institutions become fainter and fainter, and succumb to feudal neighbours, in the islands of Dalmatia they remain in full vigour; and in perusing the

municipality of Lesina (collected by a Russian lawyer, whom, as he states in his preface, pulmonary disease had drawn to Venice), I am reminded of the words of Guizot: "Thus at the fall of the Roman empire we find again the same fact that was observable at its commencement, the predominance of the feudal form and spirit. The Roman world returned to its first condition; towns had formed it; it was dissolved, but the towns remained."

When the Venetians extended themselves in the Adriatic, and subjugated the *quasi* independent municipalities of the coast, they found institutions analogous to their own, both legitimate descendants of the Roman system; and the local immunities, privileges, and peculiarities, remained for the most part intact. A Venetian senator, with the title of Conte, assisted by a Captain, Camerlengo, and Chancellor, took the place of the elective Rector; but the loggia still resounded with the deliberations of the patrician members of the so-called community.

Cattalinich informs us that this general council of the nobles included all the order arrived at the age of sixteen; but a marriage with a plebeian deprived the offspring of vote and deliberation, unless the wealth of the party, or some other consideration, procured a new inscription in their ranks, which was in the power of the nobles by a plurality of votes. Up to the fall of the Republic, these patricians claimed a voice in the decision of civil and criminal cases; but political liberty, at first a reality, became in progress of time the shadow of a shade.

In mere externals, gravity and decorum marked their public assemblies; the Conte, or Count, appeared in state robes, and the nobles in their habits of ceremony, of which the sword was an essential part; and in festivals, imagination can scarce conceive a nobler subject for a picture of the Venetian school, which preferred splendid still-life to the commotions of passion,¹ than the loggia of Lesina; its free open porticos basking in the noon-day

¹ I speak generally. Into how many unpretending pieces has Giorgione poured the elixir of an almost Raffaellesque expression!

sun; pale senators, with scar-furrowed brows, bronzed on a Cyprus or a Candia shore; the sumptuous robes and bright cuirasses all gleaming in the limpid shadows of its further recesses.

Casting our eyes to the south, we see a little island, which, during the last war, was the scene of many important transactions of the navy of Great Britain. When the Republic of Venice fell in 1797, Dalmatia, detesting the religious and political principles of France, opened all her gates to Austria; but after the battle of Austerlitz, being ceded to Napoleon by the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, Lissa, the island in question, with a fine harbour, became one of the principal stations of the cruisers of England—a depôt of manufactures, which, in spite of the Berlin and Milan decrees, forced their way through Bosnia to the heart of Germany—an entrenched camp which galled the sight of the legions victorious on land. The population of Lissa rose between the years 1808 and 1811 from four to twelve thousand, and a miserable island of Dalmatia was rapidly adopting the dress, the language, and the convivial manners of an English port. The islanders, previously poor fishermen, were now rolling in sudden wealth; and a swarm of boats brought provisions from the innumerable sounds and creeks of the main land, and carried back the cloths of Manchester and Leeds, and the metals of Sheffield and Birmingham. To capture such a seat of hostile enterprise became, therefore, a favourite project of the naval authorities of Venice and Ancona, now integral parts of the French Empire. An expedition was fitted out in the latter port, and the time being chosen when no English force was in Lissa, Commodore Dubourdieu suddenly left Ancona with the Italian squadron, and on the 22d October, 1810, presented himself with five frigates and two corvettes off Lissa, all hoisting English colours, and having a battalion of infantry on board. Owing to this deception, the port was entered peaceably, and the troops landed. No resistance was offered by the privateers, or attempt made at escape by the merchant-

ships. In six or seven hours, sixty-four vessels were burned, most of them being loaded; several valuable ships with cargoes were made prize of; and the same night all the troops re-embarked, and Commodore Dubourdieu was in full sail for Ancona again. And what had caused his haste? On that very afternoon a boat with three fishermen had entered the harbour, bringing him the intelligence that Captain Hoste, the British commander, was looking out for him, and might be immediately expected.

But Lissa was too important a point not to be worthy of permanent possession to France; and in the spring a new expedition was prepared to annihilate the British squadron and effectually occupy Lissa. This French force consisted of four frigates of 44 guns, two corvettes of 32 guns, and three sloops, with 700 infantry on board. That of Captain Hoste, off Lesina, consisted of the *Amphion*, 32; the *Active*, 38; the *Cerberus*, 32; and *Volage*, of 22; or 880 Britons to 2500 French and Italians. What's in a name? Wonders. With such appalling odds against him, the gallant Hoste felt that something was necessary to produce a moral effect in so critical a moment; and the telegraphic word, "Remember Nelson!" thrilled through every heart, while prolonged cheers echoed from deck to deck of the little squadron.

Close to the eastern shore of Lissa, the *Amphion*, Captain Hoste, with the *Active*, *Volage*, and *Cerberus* in close order, awaited the enemy, who bore down from the north-east. Dubourdieu, in the *Favorite*, led the van; and marking the *Amphion*, which lay next the shore, for his own, he prepared to board her, while his other frigates and small craft might make easy work of the *Active*, the *Volage*, and the *Cerberus*. A crowd of seamen and marines thronged the forecastle of the French vessel (*Favorite*). Dubourdieu himself stood forward to direct and encourage his men; and so close was the *Favorite* to the *Amphion*, that eager expectation could be read on the countenances of the men. The grappling tackle was ready, the cutlass was drawn, and the pike was prepared; but just when a

few yards separated the two ships, off went a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer with 750 musket-balls from the quarter-deck of the *Amphion*; and as if Death in his own person had swept his scythe from gunwale to gunwale, Dubourdieu and his boarders were prostrate in an instant. Foiled in the attempt, the Captain of the French frigate, who now took the command, attempted to pass round between the *Amphion* and the shore, and thus place *Hoste* between two fires; but so nicely and narrowly had the *Amphion* chosen her position, that the *Favorite* got ashore in the attempt, and was thus in a great measure *hors de combat*. This important incident gave such a turn to the struggle as the French never recovered; but the odds being still against the English, the contest was prolonged for several hours. The British squadron now stood on the larboard tack; when the *Cerberus*, in wearing, got her rudder choked by a shot, which caused a delay; but the action continued. Captain *Hoste*, in the *Amphion*, being now galled by the fire of the *Flore*, 44, and the *Bellona*, 32, closed with the former, and in a few minutes the *Flore* struck; but having received by mistake some shots of the *Bellona*, which were intended for and went past the *Amphion* after she had struck, an officer took her ensign, and, holding it over the taffrel, threw it into the sea. *Hoste* now crossed to the *Bellona*, and compelled her also to strike at noon, just three hours after the action began; but no sooner was this accomplished, than the *Flore*, belying her surrender, was seen crowding sail to escape, pursuit by the *Amphion* being by this time impossible, her foremast threatening to fall, and her sails and rigging rendered unserviceable from the cross-fires she had sustained. The rest of the Gallo-Venetian squadron, upon this, attempted to escape; but the British *Active*, pursuing the Venetian *Corona*, compelled her also to strike, in a running fight, at half-past two in the afternoon; thus terminating one of the most gallant actions on record. Three 44-gun frigates, including the escaped *Flore*, and a 32-gun corvette having struck to the British squadron.

Lissa thenceforth became to the end of the war an English possession. Colonel Robertson was civil and military governor. Twelve natives formed a legislative and judicial council. A small fort was constructed, and the towers to this day bear the names of Wellington, Bentinck, and Robertson.

Five hours from Lesina is Curzola, the most beautiful of all the islands of Dalmatia; approached by a natural canal formed by the island on one side and the peninsula of Sabioncello on the other, a sort of Bosphorus on a grander and ruder scale, with steep mountains on both sides, every creek and headland covered with waving woods and verdant shrubbery. As we approach the town of Curzola, each zone is marked by its appropriate colour: the warm brown of cultivation basks at the water's edge; the wooded region rises above; and a waving line of grey bare rocks crests the whole.

Turning the last headland, we saw the town of Curzola before us in the form of a triangle or pyramid, edged by some of those huge old round towers which the modern art of war has rendered obsolete, the campanile of the ex-cathedral forming the appropriate apex. At the landing-place, and just outside the walls, is the loggia, an edifice very inferior to that of Lesina as seen from without; but the prospect seen through its columns by those within, gave the Curzolans a council-chamber painted by Nature herself in her happiest mood. The massive towers and walls were built in 1420; but the gate was, as the inscription tells us, erected in 1643 by a scion of the house of Grimani, he being then Proveditor-general at Zara.

Grimani! thought I to myself, as I recollected the palace of that name from the Grand Canal, and I again stepped back to look at it; but the profuse ornaments of the sei cento with which it was covered, shewed that the age of Balthasar Longhena had followed that of Sammicheli—and had extended its influence into the following century.

The town of Curzola is regularly built; a street runs up to the Piazza, and down on the other side, all the other streets being at right angles. On one side of the Piazza, in the elevated centre of the town, is the Palace of the Venetian Governors; and on the other is the ex-Cathedral, with mediocre pictures, and a Turkish cannon-ball embedded in the wall since an attack on the town in 1571. Curzola was formerly the seat of a Bishop; but Dalmatia, which, under the Venetians, had thirteen episcopal sees, has now only six.

Close by is the palace of a certain Signor Arnieri, the principal landed proprietor of Curzola, to which I was taken by a gentleman of the town to whom I was recommended. The palace itself, of Venetian Gothic, is sadly dilapidated; but such an edifice as a Contarini or a Gradenigo might have dwelt in. A superb bronze knocker, representing a Hercules swinging two lions by their tails, adorned the door; and entering the courtyard, the marble draw-well, on which was cut three pears, the arms of the family, and the minutely fretted windows of the crumbling halls, reminded me that Curzola had for years supplied the timber for the wooden walls of Venice, and had been another favourite station of her fleets. Signor Arnieri, a polite gentleman, with white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat, did the honours with the courtesy of the old school.

"These three pears you see on the wall," said he, "are the arms of my family. Perussich was our name, when, in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, my ancestors built this palace; so that, you see, I am a Dalmatian. All the family, fathers, sons, and brothers, used to serve in the fleets of the Republic; but the hero of our race was Arniero Perussich, whose statue you see there, who fought, bled, and died at the siege of Candia, whose memory was honoured by the Republic, and whose surviving family was liberally pensioned; so his name became the name of our race. We became Arnieri, and ceased to be Perussich."

I spoke of the knocker, as remarkable for its size as for its beauty; and observed, that it would be rather hazardous to put so tempting a piece of *virtù* on a London door; so, going to the door again, he, with a smile of enjoyment, lifted the head of one of the lions, and letting it whack against the door, so as to make the court ring again, he resumed: "I have been offered its weight in silver; but we have no fears of thieves in Curzola: if I lock it up in my cabinet, I cease to enjoy the use of it. If you are curious on such matters," added he, "come here;" and, leading me through a dark passage to his library, he shewed me an antique inkstand and sand-box, in the form of hounds scratching their ears, and various other articles said to be real antiques.

Thanking the old gentleman for his attentions, we retraced our steps, and saw in the wall of the house opposite a relic of middle-age manners—a large iron ring, which, being grasped by a criminal, gave him immunity from arrest.

The sobborgo, or suburb of Curzola without the walls, is kept alive by ship-building; and being situated on the neck of land that connects the town with the island, it has wharfs to both bays. The boats of Curzola are still renowned on the Adriatic; and all those of the Company of the Austrian Lloyds are built here. Timber and labour are both cheap, and vegetation is rapid; for no sooner is a wood thinned than it grows again with great rapidity.

Here I saw some of the Amazons of the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello selling produce,—tall, strong women, with masculine features, and a high head-dress of straw, with a brown flounce.

All the husbands are absent at sea, and the women do most of the rustic work—plough, harrow, and thrash; and their villages are composed almost solely of women, old men, and boys. The women have consequently most robust bodies, and a resolute virile temperament: so that Dr. Menis, the learned *proto-medicus* of Zara, believes that the fable of the Amazons must have arisen from a

community living under similar conditions; defence of their goods and chattels being occasionally necessary during the absence of their husbands.

This maritime turn is of no new date; for Curzola was a Phœnician colony, and objects have been repeatedly found with the strange claw-character of this wonderful people. The rest of the history of the island is also maritime. In the tenth century it belonged to the famous pirates' nest of the neighbouring Narenta, and in 997 came under Venetian protection; and its Veneto-municipal statute is said to be the oldest in Dalmatia. In this neighbourhood, Genoa, in 1268, measured her strength successfully with Venice, and taught her great rival such a lesson of humiliation as she never received either before or since; but the victory of Chioggia again made Venice the mistress of the Mediterranean. In the Turkish wars the Curzolans bore their part gallantly. When the town was besieged in 1571 by Uluch Ali, viceroy of Algiers, even women and children took part in the defence; and having compelled him to retire, the word *fedelissima*, or most faithful, was, by decree of the Senate, applied to Curzola in all documents.

Passing the suburb, I found myself in the country; and never did I see such luxuriant and variegated shrubbery. The fragrant myrtle perfumed the air; and the contrast in the colours of the vegetation, the beauty of the flowers, and the novelty of the fruits, made Curzola look like one great conservatory, with its blossoms uncovered to perpetual spring. The improbabilities of romance were realised; and I seemed to tread one of those isles unseen by human eye, where some fair benignant spirit dwelt in a secluded world of bloom and verdure. Half-an-hour off, on a high conical eminence, is the ruined convent of Saint Anthony, approached by a straight flight of steps the best part of a quarter of a mile in steep ascent, bordered on each side by a lofty avenue of cypresses: planted one hundred and eighty years ago, they are now in their full growth and majesty. I stood entranced at the foot of the steps, and

enjoyed, at the extreme top of the thick verdure-fenced vista, a ruined arch, picturesquely delineated against the blue sky. When I completed the ascent, and looked backwards, my admiration increased on seeing the azure creek, the yellow bulwarks of Curzola, and the towering ridges of the opposite mountains, enframed by this noble avenue, every tree of which rose to the height of the highest ship-masts. Higher up, on a point of rock, no longer in the line of avenue, but commanding a general view, the whole region of indented creeks and rugged coasts, town and suburbs, with swelling dome and tower-knit battlements, and the unruffled waters, asleep amidst the slopes of the canal,—formed a prospect so lovely, that Curzola might be called the Emerald Isle of the Adriatic.

Next day I took a ramble into the country, and found the population of the island exhibit, in their dresses, houses, and demeanour, a great superiority to what I had seen between Zara and Sebenico. I compared the character of the Servian to that of the Scottish Highlander; but the comparison, however striking as regards the mainland, becomes a contrast when we treat of the insular population. Unlike the Hebrides of Great Britain, which, by their remoteness from the metropolis, are the last to receive the lights of civilisation, the islands of Dalmatia owe much of their culture to the nearer vicinity of Venice, and the more extensive use of the Italian language, with its humanising results on all classes of the population; but above all, to their sea-girt security, which retained the coasts and islands as an integral part of the European family, when most of the terra firma was in possession of the Turks.

If we pursue the results of these diverging political fortunes to the actual condition of the two great divisions of Dalmatia, we find that, of the 400,000 inhabitants of the kingdom, 80,000, or one-fifth, live on the islands; but while the population of the terra firma is 104 per square mile, that of the islands is 123. The difference of the climate also causes a great contrast in the productions. On the terra firma, 13 per cent of the whole soil is culti-

vated with grain; and of the islands, only 3 per cent. But in the case of vines and olives, the advantage is on the side of the milder climate; and while only 5 per cent of the terra firma is subject to this culture, the vines and olives cover 18 per cent of the area of the islands. The total uncultivated land of the terra firma is 82 per cent; that of the islands, 79. With a generally poorer soil, the advantage in favour of the islands is incontrovertible: the cultivation of the terra firma being capable of both extension and improvement; that of the islands, of improvement, but not of extension.

CHAPTER V.

CATTARO.

It was on a bright sunlit afternoon, in the first days of December, that the steamer entered the Bocca, every inch of the deck being covered with riflemen. At the sight of this gulf, so celebrated for its natural beauty, the wish of many a long revolving year was fulfilled. Casotti, in his own quiet way, on arrival at Cattaro, breaks out with enthusiasm: "How imposing a spectacle is the cascade of the Kerka! how sublime an edifice is the temple of Sebenico!" and then, after a long list, he adds, "but most delicious of all is the canal of Cattaro!" And well might he give it the preference over every other scene of natural beauty in this province. The Bocca di Cattaro has all the appearance of an Italian lake embosomed in Alps, with the difference that the lake is composed of salt water instead of fresh, and is on a level and communicating with the sea, so as to form not only a secure harbour of an extent to contain all the navies of Europe, and a depth to admit of three-deckers lying close to its shores, but possessing a beauty worthy to be compared to that of

Lebanon rising from the waters of Djouni, or Naples herself, with all her enchantments. From Castel Nuovo at the entrance, to Cattaro at the extremity, the whole of the gulf is lined with villages and isolated villas arising out of the water's edge. Rich vine, citron, and olive-grounds slope rapidly upwards to a considerable distance; and above the line of vegetation, tremendous bare rocks tower suddenly and precipitously up to an Alpine height, till they are crowned on the landward side by the peaks of Montenegro.

In a climate that looks across the Adriatic to the temperate coasts of Apulia, the fall of the year had laid her impress lightly on the brows of the surrounding mountains: a yellow tone on the hanging woods began to mingle with the deep-green olives; the Bocca was no longer in the heyday of verdure, but, like a well-preserved beauty, in all the pleasantness of early autumn, while the crimson of an unclouded sunset invested her barest summits with its subdued splendour. Half way to Cattaro (for the passage is long and winding) the lake grows narrow, to little more than the space between the iron gates on the Danube; and we cleave the rended precipices again to enter another wide inland basin. As the steamer swiftly advanced up the smooth, land-girt waters, every soul was on deck to catch a new turn in the magic panorama. Ever and anon a shot, fired from a point of land or fishing-hamlet, signalled a party of sharpshooters on piquet; and some sad air of Bellini, played by the band, floated across the waters in sweet responses to the distant challenge.

It was night when we dropt anchor off Cattaro, the forms of the mountains being faintly visible, but enough to shew me that I was at the bottom of a kettle or caldron. Lights twinkled in the windows of the town, and the glare of torches at the quay was reflected in the water by long streaks of trembling yellow; a hubbub of boats was at our larbord; and the deck crowded, with boats disembarking, made a scene of rather dismal novelty. On landing, the customs' officers searched my

baggage minutely, as I had come from the islands; the facility which their coasts afford to the smuggler being a pretext for an unavailing rigour at the ports of the mainland, a topic to which we will recur in the course of our survey of the mistaken policy which presides at the financial legislation of Dalmatia.

Conducted to the only hotel of the town, I found it to be miserable; for Cattaro is the *ultima Thule* of the Austrian empire. The few travellers that ascend to Montenegro are insufficient to maintain a comfortable inn, and I was fortunate in getting a room, for the crowding of troops had made quarters very scarce. Next morning after breakfast, a man of jobs and commissions presented himself in the last stage of shabby genteel, and making me a profound bow, asked me if I was an Englishman, and I admitted that I was.

"This town," said he, bowing again profoundly, "is a place of very great taste for the arts, sir; of first-rate taste; and if you want a large room, sir, I think I can get you one."

"A large room!" said I, somewhat surprised; "if you suppose I am either a singer or a picture-dealer, you are under a mistake."

"A singer or a picture-dealer," continued he, plausibly; "that is horridly low; I see there is some mistake, for I was informed that you were a fire-eater."

The hallucination seemed so whimsical, that I could not avoid humouring it. "What would you say," said I, "to an advertisement of this sort: The British Wizard and Fire-Eater, desirous of having the honour of appearing before the public of Cattaro, has abandoned his engagements at Paris and London, &c. &c.?"

"Magnifico!" said he; "and if you need a check-taker, I am your most obedient humble servant."

"Now tell me," said I, "who told you I was a fire-eater?"

"I knew it at once, sir," said he, with a knowing wink, "when that servant informed me that you could drink boiling water, and make water boil without fire."

In a state of mystification, which the reader can more easily suppose than I can describe, the servant of the hotel being called in, I asked her what water I had boiled without a fire; and she immediately pointed out a bottle of Seidlitz powders which stood on the chest of drawers, on which I repeated the wonderful experiment of adding cold water to a little powder. As it fizzed up in the glass, the servant called out, delighted beyond measure, in a hodge-podge of Illyrian and Italian, "*Gospodine Pomeloi, bolle senza fuoco!*" "Oh Lord, it boils without fire! it boils without fire!" But the commissioner, studying for a moment, brightened up with the ardour of discovery, and pronouncing it to be "*una medicina*," looked at the poor waitress so that she went out of the room.

Finding that the only necromancy I contemplated was a trip to Montenegro, the commissioner, begging my pardon, and not to be foiled of a job, at once promoted me from plain Mister to Excellency, and then ran on with all the volubility of his tribe: "Ah, sir, you belong to the first nation of the world; a free nation, sir. You must see Albania, too; just like England, for all the world. A man does what he chooses—nothing like freedom. And if a man gives you any insolence, just whistle a bullet through his gizzard; nobody says anything—just like England.

A wonderful nation! Now, when a Dalmatian has no money, he stays at home; when an Englishman wants to save money, he goes abroad. I know your Excellency is not one of that sort; but economy is not a bad thing; and let me advise you to be on your guard against all those plausible impostors and cheats that are on the out-look for travellers, and prey upon their credulity. You will pay double for every thing in Montenegro, if you have not some honest man who knows the country. Now I, for instance, know Montenegro well, and to serve an Englishman would do any thing for him from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again."

"I will see," said I.

"Well, notwithstanding my good wishes, your Excellency is impatient. I am sure the loan of a florin or two would not inconvenience you? You doubt again; well, then, a *zwanziger*, to make my market."

When the *zwanziger* was given, there came a supplementary request for *due gotti*, two drops of rosolio to wet his whistle. A quarter of an hour scarcely had elapsed before he came back, smelling of the liquor, and announcing, with irradiate countenance, that he had explained to the police my intention to proceed to Montenegro, and spontaneously asked for permission, &c., which called forth on my part a specimen of that national freedom of speech which he admired rather in the abstract than in the application, and which kept his officiousness within bounds during the rest of my stay.

"What sort of a place is Cattaro?" was a question which I had one day addressed to the captain of the steamer after dinner. "There is Cattaro," said he to me, pointing to the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup. "The sun sets behind the mountains at mid-day," continued he, with facetious exaggeration; "and the mountain above threatens to fall over and cover the town." I had left the hotel but a very short way, when I found the place to be almost what the captain had told me. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church,

is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

In the interior of the town I was agreeably disappointed in finding it to be a very different place from what I had anticipated. So close to Montenegro, where a row of Turkish skulls, on spikes, formed until lately a conspicuous ornament of the capital of the most insubordinate population of the Ottoman empire, I had a notion of its being a miserable place; but here was still in every street and edifice the same Italian stamp: a solid, well-built Cathedral, of hewn stone, better than ninety-nine out of a hundred churches in England; several public piazzas; and a fine picturesque old tower as a guard-house, with the usual Venetian lion, which will last a thousand years, unless some earthquake should shake down that uneasy-looking lump of mountain, and bray the town, lion and all, to infinitesimal atoms.

The dress of the coast-towns of Dalmatia is entirely European; that of Cattaro, as I have already stated, has more of the Oriental than of the European, black Hessian boots being added to a Turkish costume, with a very small fez.

In summer, the high mountains, excluding the north-west breeze, render Cattaro a place of stifling heat; and in winter, the clouds, breaking against the mountains, make it very rainy. The days preceding my departure for Montenegro were marked by a perfect storm of rain; for not only did the water pour from above, but in various places streams of clear water gushed up from below through the crevices of the pavement—a symptom of the overhanging rocks being pervious to springs. The Bocchese, instead of carrying umbrellas, go about with black woollen-hooded cloaks, which are as thick as a blanket, and hard and heavy like felt. I ventured out with an umbrella; and, wrapt up in a cloak, proceeded out at the gate, in order to see a stream gushing from the mountain. A rare spectacle was it to see the spring come out from the

earth at the foot of a precipice, a ready formed river, twenty feet wide, and filtered as clear as crystal. The last geological revolution of Dalmatia has left the Vellebitch a very loose and incoherent mass of limestone, for in several other places we have the same phenomenon. The river that waters the plain of Licca, in Croatia, loses itself in an immense hollow, and mingles its waters with the Adriatic, after traversing a mountain chain 4000 feet high. Nothing could be more dismal than the rocks all around, the peak of every mountain enveloped in mist; and along with the damp we had a close, warm atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging between 60° and 80°, and thus for several days: but with a north wind came complete clearness and perspicuity of the atmosphere; and the sunshine on a Gothic balcony and fretted balustrade, with an orange-tree on the opposite side of the street, its golden fruit protruding over the wall, made as charming a piece of colour as a painter of local nature could desire.

Cattaro, called Dekatera by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was successively under the protection of the Greek emperors and Servian and Hungarian monarchies, but became Venetian in 1420, preserving its municipal privileges and being governed by a Venetian, with the title of *Estraordinario*, under the *Proveditor-general* of Zara. From this time up to the fall of the Republic, it was under the banner of St. Mark. Austrian from 1797 to 1806, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg, handed it over to the French empire. But Russia could view with no complacency the port of Montenegro, in which she exercised so large an influence, and which was so important a space in the chess-board of European Turkey, occupied by France, then the ally of the Porte. The fleets of Russia, aided by a fierce undisciplined band of Montenegrines, offered a vigorous but ineffectual resistance to the French occupation. They advanced as far as Ragusa, and burned its suburbs; but Marshal Marmont,

at the head of 9000 well-disciplined troops, gave battle to the combined force of the Montenegrines and a small body of Russians; and having gained a decided victory on the 1st of October, 1806, at the Sutorina, on the Bocca di Cattaro, the submission of the rest of the province quickly followed, and Russia, at the treaty of Tilsit, recognised the French possession of this part of the Adriatic.

Cattaro and its district has been since the last Austrian occupation one of the four circles of Dalmatia, the smallest in extent and population, but the most difficult to manage of all the four, from the neighbourhood of Montenegro. The population of the town is 4000, and there is a great deal of capital in the place; for the Bocchese are excellent sailors, and although there is nothing behind Cattaro but the rocks of Montenegro, this hardy and industrious people possess upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels of long course. The products and profits of the Antilles and Brazils have built these neat villas, and laid out those gardens, that make the Bocca look like an Italian lake; and it was the well-filled plate-chests and the strong boxes that tempted the hunger and rapine of the nightly bands; for the Bocchese, like the Turk, must see his property in the solid—a ship, a house, or the clinking cash—and would not trust the paper of the Bank of England.

There was a great deal of unpleasant agitation in Cattaro during my stay, in consequence of the nightly incursions of these desperadoes. Twice during the three or four days of my stay at Cattaro they attempted to rob houses on the Bocca; but the alarm being suddenly given to the detachments of Rifles, they drew off, though not without an exchange of shots. These marauders were not Montenegrines, but a mixed band of Herzegovinians from Grahovo, who shared their plunder with the Aga there; for on these three frontiers order is kept with difficulty, passage from one to the other being easy, and the authority of the Porte in Herzegovina quite nominal. The

Government of Montenegro, in the absence of the Vladika, co-operated with the Austrian Government of Cattaro to repress the depredations; but when hunger has a share in stimulating outrage, Governments can do very little in a wild mountainous country like this.

Cattaro, being strongly fortified, could resist any force the Montenegrines could bring against it, if hostilities should ever unfortunately break out between these mountaineers and the Austrian Government; but the situation of the garrison being at the foot of the mountain would become very unpleasant, and confine them to the town and Castle. This did occur in 1809 during the French occupation. Some Montenegrines were drinking in the town, and two Italian soldiers, probably also in liquor, entering the wine-shop, one of them, either in sarcasm or familiarity, took hold of one of the Montenegrines by the moustache, which they regard as almost sacrilege. The Montenegrine drew his pistol, and discharged it in the face of the soldier; but the ball missing him, and other comrades coming to the assistance of the soldier, they wounded the Montenegrines with sabres. But the quarrel did not end there. On the succeeding days the heights above Cattaro were covered with Montenegrines, all armed, who infested the approaches, and broke up the roads the French had formed; so that the people of Cattaro, knowing the exciteable race they had to deal with, scarce dared to venture out of the town; but the officers continued to dine at a sort of rustic casino a short way from the gate, the front door of which opened on the road, and the back door on a small garden. The Montenegrines, determined to glut their vengeance, made up a party of nine or ten men, the half of whom presented themselves at the road, while the other half, escalading the garden-wall, entered by the back door; and, as the officers sat at dinner, fired their muskets at them, and fled. Five officers and a surgeon fell on the occasion; and this produced such an effect on the French Comman-

dant, that he immediately sought a conference with the Archbishop, and the affair ended in a convention, greatly to the satisfaction of the citizens of Cattaro, who, during all the affair, durst not stir beyond the gates of the town.¹

CHAPTER VI.

MONTENEGRO.

Learning that a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, in the employ of the Vladika, was in Cattaro, I was advised to take advantage of his return to Cetigne, as I should not only gain in security, but have the advantage of referring for information as I went along to a person well acquainted with the localities. In ordinary times there is not a shadow of danger between Cattaro and Cetigne, and the Montenegrine is as harmless as a wolf in midsummer; but pinch him sorely with hunger, and any thing is welcome to his fangs; so that I thought it on all accounts safer to go in company.

My rendezvous was at the hour of eight, at the Montenegrine Bazaar, outside the gate of Cattaro. Here a rude roof, supported on pilasters of rubble-work, and an avenue of trees, just at the foot of one of those tremendous precipices around Cattaro, was the place where the Montenegrines gave their eels from the Lake of Scutari, their skins, and their other products, for the salt, the oil, and the few coarse manufactures and colonials which they need. The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket,

¹ Violla de Sommières.

lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-o'-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weatherbeaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.

We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock 4000 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specs that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea shewing how loftily I am placed.

My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer; but the dirty savage with the long locks who walked by my side told me, in a brutal sarcastic sort of way, that "as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again;" and suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag such a jog with his rifle, that I cast a nervous glance over the

parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there was not so much mettle in the butt of my horse as metal in the barrel of the rifle; so I resolved to be on good terms with the poor hack, and not to hew my zwanzigers out of him again.

Arrived safely at the top of the ladder, I was no longer in Austria, but in Montenegro; and, crossing a short plateau destitute of a blade of grass and surmounting another ridge, found myself looking down on a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich carefully cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. A rude khan is in the middle of the plain, and a keg of newly moulded and shining bullets was the only symptom visible of entertainment for man and horse; but on alighting, the landlord produced some bread, cheese, and wine, and we passed on to Niegush. Here the dogs came out upon us in such force, and with such a ferocious demeanor, that, forgetting my resolution not to hew the zwanzigers out of my horse, I laid on the lash; but Rosinante knowing no doubt from experience that their bark was worse than their bite, took a sounder and more judicious view of the subject, and treated my whip with the same imperturbability as he had done the jog of the Montenegrine gun.

Niegush is called the only town in Montenegro; but in the worst parts of Turkey I never saw any thing to equal the poverty and misery of both habitations and inhabitants. It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between a Servian and Montenegrine village. Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria, but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strookah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt,

like that of an Albanian, shewing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready:" so predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed." The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and shew a poorer and more barbarous people.

While the officer transacted some business, I made an exploratory tour through the village, which is the seat of the clan Petrovich, from which the Vladika descends, and the family mansion of whom is a house built in the European style, only to form a greater contrast to the miserable Montenegrine cabins around it. The village is not in the centre of the plain, but built on the slope of the hill, so that not an inch of cultivable soil is covered. Like the Druse villages, it is easily defensible, one roof rising above the other, and the bare rock is the best part of the pavement.

A man with the front part of his head shaved, and wearing a small black skull-cap, came out of one of the houses and invited me to enter. Chimneys not being in fashion in Montenegro, the door proved a cheap and nasty substitute; and notwithstanding my curiosity to see a Montenegrine hut, the smoke and darkness visible, and the fleas contingent, made me pause a moment; but in I went. A puff of smoke rolling out at that moment fastened on my eyelids, and I advanced groping, winking, and coughing, to the great laughter of the urchins inside, which was no sooner heard by a cow on the other side of the watling that divided the bipeds from the quadrupeds, than she began to low. A dog, very like a little bear, now awoke from the hearthstone, and began to bark in a way that savoured very little of the honest joy of hospitality. At length I perceived a little square stone,

on which I sat down; my enthusiasm for the patriarchal manners of the Montenegrines being as much damped as the handkerchief which I from time to time applied to my eyes.

At length, when a cold blast of air drove the smoke out of the door at which the cattle entered, I looked about me, and saw that the cottage was large, and divided into three distinct compartments; one for my own species, the next for cattle, and one for sheep beyond it; the separation being formed of a rude crate or basket-work, with square apertures, so that a bucket or any thing else might be handed from the one to the other. Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess.

We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature; soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless. The lake of Scutari, the farther extremity of which was forty miles distant, was easy of observation from so commanding an elevation; the rich lands on its nearer borders, with their microscopic divisions, were like the tissues of tartan as given by a Daguerreotype; and immediately at my feet was Cetigne, its little verdant plain surrounded with a rampart of rocks;—the whole mountain a cloud-capped tower of Nature's sturdiest building.

My strength and spirits seemed to rise with the purity of the air, which was very sensible after breathing the atmosphere of Cattaro, which is close in consequence of

its confined situation. M. Vialla de Sommières, who lived six years as French Resident in this neighbourhood, in a memoir on Montenegro, makes a statement so extraordinary concerning the effects of the climate on the longevity of the inhabitants, as to throw somewhat of discredit on his account. He mentions that at Schieclieh he met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family: the old man himself being 117 years of age; his son, 100; his grandson, nearly 82; his great grandson had attained his 60th year: the son of the latter was 43; his son, 21; and his grandchild, 2 years of age. Very wonderful, if true!

At sunset we arrived at Cetigne, the capital, which is not a town, but merely a fortified convent, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by scattered houses; and under which, in the plain, is the large new Government-house, which is styled in Cattaro the Palazzo del Vladika, or Archiepiscopal Palace. The inn is newly built, and better than I expected; for up-stairs I found a clean room, furnished in the European manner, with a good bed for the convenience of travellers coming from Cattaro; the lower floor being a sort of khan for the people of the country.

While dinner was getting ready, I entered into conversation with the people down-stairs, consisting of a Christian merchant from Scutari, and several powder-manufacturers emigrated from Albania, and carrying on their trade here. The merchant of Scutari was a very sedate, respectable-looking man; and the company, including the landlord, were joking him on his supposed wealth, the merchant protesting, like Isaac of York, that it was quite untrue, and a most calumnious imputation on him. He appealed to me as to whether he looked like a man of wealth; and I declared that his aspect was so respectable, that if I was a haydook (robber), I would assassinate him instantly. The merchant gaped at me with astonishment; and, raising his eyelids, looked at me from head to foot, as if I might be a haydook disguised as an Englishman.

The keen mountain air and the sharp exercise enabled me to sleep soundly; and next morning the officer in whose company I had come, shewed me the lions of Cetigne, regretting that the greatest one, the Vladika himself, was not visible in his den, being then in Vienna. We went first to the old Convent, which resembles a castle of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a round antique-looking watchtower, with a number of poles, on which, until very lately, the trunkless heads of Turks used to stand in grim array; but the civilising tendencies of the present Vladika have suggested the cessation of so useless an act of barbarism.

We now entered the convent; and on the second floor found the Archimandrite in his room. He is the second of the Vladika in spiritual matters, but his dress had few symptoms of the ecclesiastic; and I repeatedly met priests in Montenegro whom I could not have recognised if their condition had not been made known to me, as they wore the usual dress and arms of civilians. They reminded me of Friar Tuck, who wore his canonicals at service, and sported a long bow and short doublet when out a-field. The Archimandrite, a man of pleasing modest manners, opening a chest, displayed to us the surplices and pontificalia of satin embroidered with gold; which are invariably received from Russia as a coronation-present after the accession of each Emperor.

Nothing could be plainer or humbler than the furniture of the room, the principal object of which was a small library. The dialect of Montenegro differs slightly from that of Servia, and has a small sprinkling of Italian words, in some respect analogous to that which juxtaposition has introduced of German into the dialects of the Save, the Drave, and the Danube; but the written language of Belgrade, and the profane books printed by the prince's typographer, are considered as the standards by the few who can read. The books of Divine service are all of old Slaavic, printed in and imported from Russia. On the same floor is the schoolroom, with thirty-

two urchins in drab clothes and close-clipped heads, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and history, by a native of the Illyrian part of Hungary.

The Archimandrite then conducted us to the church, which has a mummy, in a gaudy dress, with crimson velvet shoes, laid out on a bier, and forming the mortal remains of the Vladika Peter, the predecessor and uncle of the present Archbishop, the veneration for whose memory greatly contributed to the power of the present incumbent. For fifty-three years, that is to say, from 1777 to 1830, he ruled by the mild sway of pious precept and virtuous example; and dying in the last-mentioned year, his nephew, the present Vladika, when only eighteen years of age, became spiritual head of the mountain. Seven years after death his body was found incorrupt; and a canon of the synod of Moscow declared him to be a saint.

All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; beehives of hollowed trunks of trees, and every thing betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the Vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the Pasha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder-magazine, an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result.

A hundred yards off is the new Government House, built by the present Vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the Senate was then sitting. The brother of the Vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great, in oil; a smaller one of Kara George; and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Com-

mons; but a billiard-table, on which the Vladika is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A Senate, of course, ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod; I accordingly saw, in a corner, a bundle of these *insignia*, but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the President decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.

When the case was decided, I was shewn the bedroom of the Vladika, the furniture of which consisted of an Italian bed, a black leather sofa, a toilette-table, an enormous iron strong box; and above was its necessary concomitant, a long row of pegs for sabres and loaded pistols, one of which, with a crimson velvet scabbard, having been that of Kara George. Suspended from a ribbon near the bed was the medal which the Vladika gives to those who distinguish themselves in their conflicts with the Turks, on which are stamped the ancient arms of Montenegro, a double Eagle and Lion, with the inscription, "*Viera zwoboda za hrabrost*"—Civil and religious liberty (is the reward) of valour. On our return to the billiard-room, tea was served in the Russian manner, with rum instead of milk, along with pipes of Turkish tobacco; after which we took our leave.

A heavy fall of snow during the night having put a stop to all prospect of farther travel in Montenegro, the succeeding days were devoted to conversation on the state and prospects of the territory, and a reperusal of some historical notices I had collected on the mountain.¹

CHAPTER VII.

MONTENEGRINE HISTORY.

Identified with Servia in blood, language, and religion, Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire, the feudal constitution of which I have already described, and the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower empire. To this day the heroes of Servia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them feelingly of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their sympathies are at once awakened.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who, by the loss of the battle of Kossovo in 1385, and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Servia. His grandson Stephen was the friend and ally of Scanderbeg; but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle; Montenegro alone, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Is-

¹ The best account of Montenegro is that of Wuk Stephanowitch, who furnished Professor Ranke with the materials for his *History of the Servian Revolution*. The works of Ami Boué and Cyprien Robert must also be mentioned with praise.

lasmism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in those inaccessible fastnesses. Surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour, worse than a thousand deaths, was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust, with ignominy, from the ranks of his own sex.

But this hero's character was not without its blots; and the charge which critics might bring against the author of *Marmion* for making his hero guilty of forgery, is shewn, on closer acquaintance with history, to be quite consistent with the chivalry of the middle ages, however uncongenial to the morals or manners of a modern gentleman. One of the most beautiful metrical legends of Montenegro describes his conduct in the marriage of his son with a fair Venetian thus:

"The Dark John writes to the Doge of the great Venice: 'Lord of the waters, thou hast the sweetest of roses, and I the fairest of lilies. Let the rose and the lily be joined in the garland of Hymen.' The renown of the Dark John has filled the great Venice, and the Doge exults at the prospect of the alliance of his daughter with the house of Montenegro. John brings the rich gifts to the City of the Sea; he sits in the seat of honour, and says, 'If there be any of all the invited guests a fairer youth than my son, let the affianced be sundered.' The Doge gives him a golden apple,¹ and the Dark John departs rejoicing.

"But a few months revolve, and the hideous small-pox covers the fair face of Stephen; his youthful beauty flies, like the flowers of spring in a storm of hail: when the guests assemble to depart for the marriage in Venice, all are fairer than the unhappy Stephen. The mother reproaches the Dark John with his ambition of an alliance

¹ In old Slaavic manners the symbol and accompaniment of betrothal.

with the Latins, and the marriage-project is abandoned by him in his anger.

"The seasons went and came; Stephen thinks no more of his bride; when lo! a ship crosses the waters, and thus writes the Doge to the Dark John: 'When a meadow is enclosed it is scythed, or surrendered to others, that its herbage become not the prey of the summer's heat or the winter's snow. The affianced bride must be married or abandoned.'

"The Dark John assembles the flower of his youth, each clad in the richest garments; and he exclaims, in the pride of his nation, 'The Latins work wonders in metals, and weave fine stuffs, but they have not the haughty brow and martial gait of the free men of the Black Mountain.' He then makes known his straits to the assembly; and the fair Obrenovo Djuro, Prince of Antivari, is chosen to counterfeit Stephen, who, resisting at first, at length consents, on condition of receiving and keeping the marriage-gifts; so they all depart amid the salvoes of the two great cannon, Kervio and Selenko, that have not the like of them in Turkey, or in the seven kingdoms of the Franks.

"The dance is heard for a week in the palace of the Doge. The Prince of Antivari receives from him the kiss and the golden apple of marriage; but fairest of all the gifts was a shirt of tissue of gold, as fine as the silk of the Indies, with a serpent embroidered on it, whose eye was a diamond of such brightness as to illumine with its light the darkness of the nuptial chamber; the three years' working of which had dried up the eyes of the embroiderers.

"Who shall paint the horror of the fair Venetian on arriving at the Black Mountain, and finding herself the victim of a fraud? 'Thy face,' said she to her spouse, 'will be as black in the day of judgment as it is now red with shame and confusion.' But the Prince of Antivari having refused to surrender the golden shirt, a bloody combat ensued, in which he yielded his last breath, and

Stephen carried his bride to his home on the Lake of Scutari."

In the legends the bridegroom is, according to some, entitled Stephen; in others, George; and in others, Maximus; but the various versions agree in the main facts, therefore we must conclude that the story is true. One is apt to smile at the heroics about superiority to the Latins, and to think that, in the record of a piece of imposture worthy of Lazarillo de Tormez or Ali Misry el Zeibuck, instead of 'haughty brow' we ought to read bronze-visaged effrontery; but as these worthy people lived to be contemporaries of the age which recognised Pope Alexander VI. as Vicegerent of God upon earth, we must conclude that Greeks and Latins had neither of them much superiority to boast.

Montenegro stood firm for a while; but the dynasty of Czernojevich ultimately succumbed. The two grandsons, pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by Turkish, influences, exchanged the manly independence of their grandfather for the ambiguities of expediency. One brother, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris; and the other, professing Christianity, governed Montenegro; and, tired of resistance to so overwhelming a power as that of Turkey, spent his last days at Venice, in tranquil retirement, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and from that time spiritual and temporal power were united in the Archbishop.

When Soliman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire all Europe quaked again. In 1523 Cetigne was burned, and all the strongholds stormed by the Turks, under the Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Soliman are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrine, and the almost inaccessible nature of these rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the

conquest of the small, but far from insignificant, Archbishopric of Montenegro.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain; and as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were converted in the Mountain itself. I have often wondered how a nobility that pretended to chivalry could so easily turn Turk; but the marriage of the son of Black John shews that these chevaliers had not much honour to lose. In the fifteenth century both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out; and the very same rottenness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague (both Slaavs) to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe—one half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that, altogether, the Slaavs, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians: in that year Daniel Petrovich, of Niegush, became Archbishop; and from that time the spiritual power was hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. Going under a guarantee of the Pasha of Scutari to consecrate a church, the Vladika was seized, in violation of his plighted word, and only redeemed from prison by a large sum, painfully collected by the faithful people of Montenegro.

He appears to have been of a character not only energetic and ambitious, but astute, and regardless of blood; and resolving to make a clean sweep of Islamism,

he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by his orders and arrangements, a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediate baptism became the only means of escape. The Turks have since repeatedly penetrated to Montenegro, but have never maintained their ground; for here, as the French remarked in Spain, a small army is beaten, a large one dies of hunger.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea, then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and, circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they had retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior-shepherd and the republican member of a savage horde; and if we must condemn that fatal Christmas night, in which death or baptism was offered to the Moslems of Montenegro, let us at least admire that constant love of independence, and that firm adherence to their own faith, which form so noble a contrast to the ignominious renegation of Christianity by the degenerate nobles of Bosnia and Albania.

Europe in the eighteenth century seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the Lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's *Decline* of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. About the year 1760, a young soldier, of the name of Stephen Mali, belonging to the Banal Grenze,

a portion of the Austrian military frontier, began to excite the attention of his officers by his laziness, his low cunning, and his inclination for falsehood. The severe military duty of watching the cordon was very painful, and he was suspected of being both a spy and a smuggler; and being likely to come in for some punishment, he took advantage of a dark night, and deserted. Whether he went through Bosnia or through Dalmatia, then in the power of Venice, I have not been able to learn; but some years afterwards we find him in the district of the Pastrovich, between Cattaro and Antivari, as a servant to a man who was a sort of doctor. From him he learned something of the methods of curing by simples, and did a little in that way for himself; but his practice was to administer bread-pills, with nothing in them. The plausibility of Stephen infused into his master a high idea of him; and Stephen being a remarkably quick reader of character, saw his master's simplicity and credulity, and, tired of being in the humble and subordinate character of a servant, was resolved to make one spring from the bottom to the top of the social ladder; so he told his master that he was no more Stephen Mali than the man in the moon, and no less a personage than Peter III. of Russia, travelling in disguise; that he wished to see the world a little longer, and then, having profited by the experience of strange cities and countries, and varieties of customs, he would return to his own dominions, and leaving behind him the chaff, and carrying with him the corn, the seed might spring up in time to come to the strengthening of the state, and the honour of his own name.

The romantic history of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright being not more wonderful than true, was a constant theme of admiration among those simple people, and they thought that for a sovereign to travel in strict incognito was not only proper but customary; so his master went down upon his knees, kissed his hand, and begged his pardon for having a few days before

been furiously out of temper with him and cursed him. Stephen, with the most natural air of clemency in the world, told him to think no more of the matter, for he had too many faults of that sort hanging heavy on his own conscience, having once given his own Grand Chamberlain a cuff on the ear for a cobweb which he discovered in his bedroom.

Not long afterwards a marriage took place in the Mountain, and Stephen and his master were of the party, at which there was a great deal of eating, drinking, and merriment, and, according to the custom of the country, none of that distance between master and man which exists in the west of Europe; and in the midst of the feast, when Stephen was about to raise a cup to his lips and drink, his master rose, and, with the greatest respect, took off his cap: this caused great surprise among the guests; and when the thing came to be explained, some believed, and some disbelieved; but the report spread all round the country that Peter III. was travelling incognito.

The Archbishop Sabas being then (1767) very old and infirm, and his coadjutor and successor, who managed the affairs, being absent on a journey, Peter now fixed himself in Montenegro, and was looked up to as the Czar, and his authority in civil affairs became more than paramount to that of the Vladika. The Turkish authorities, on certain intelligence from Constantinople, pronounced him to be an impostor; but this very circumstance, and the hatred they bore the Turks, riveted the belief that he must be the man himself. But that which more than all the rest consolidated his power, was, that the Montenegrines, seeing the ferment in the minds of the Christian Rayahs in Herzegovina and Albania, thought that some great event was to happen, which should liberate them from the Turkish yoke. The Venetian Count or Estraordinario in Cattaro was equally astonished at the extent to which the story got credence; and every thing said against the pretended emperor was set down to political hatred and jealousy. At last the court of Russia, to un-

deceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro; properly accredited to the Archbishop, who assembled all the people, and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him; the Archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men, to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box; go to the convent of Sermnitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." This man, to give his wife a reason for his absence, told her the story, enjoining the utmost secrecy; but she told the matter, in confidence, to some female friend. It was believed more firmly than ever; Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured every body that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.

The Turks now seriously amazed at the attitude of Montenegro, and at the illusions of their own Rayahs, the whole forces of the Pashas of Scutari, Bosnia, and Roumelia were put in motion to coerce Montenegro; but in the autumn, just as the Turks were about to penetrate to Cetigne, in consequence of the ammunition of the Montenegrines having failed them, a flash of lightning blew all the Turkish powder-reserves into the air, and, the bad weather of autumn coming on, the campaign ended without effect. But Stephen always fought shy, and in the wars shewed more cunning than physical courage, which gradually undermined his influences; and

his Greek servant being bribed by the Pasha of Scutari, took advantage of his being confined to his room from having accidentally burned his eyes with gunpowder, and cut his throat, probably whilst he slept. The Greek then, saying to the people outside that they were not to disturb him till called, as he had put something to his eyes that would require his being let alone, made the best of his way in the direction of the lake of Scutari; but some time elapsing without Stephen being seen, suspicion was excited among the suite, and, opening the door, they found him weltering in his own blood.

The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious; and, like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.

The blessings of civilisation are still strange to Montenegro; but a great diminution of the previous barbarism is due to the exertions of the Vladika Peter, who entered on his functions in 1777, and died in 1830. He was of a thin habit of body, with intellectual features, and great natural sagacity. His political and religious influence was, during that period, almost unbounded; but he lived in times when very little could be done for the improvement of the people. The barbarism of the exterminating wars which were perpetually carried on with the Turks,—and which even shewed itself in the most painful manner by the useless conflagration of the suburbs of Ragusa when that republic, opening its gates to the troops of Napoleon, was invaded by the joint forces of Russia and Montenegro,—was a great obstacle to his designs, which comprised the improvement of agriculture, and the abolition

of hereditary feuds (called Kerverina) between native Montenegrines. He had himself a great taste for agriculture and gardening, and made many experiments at Cetigne; but from the barren nature of the soil of Montenegro generally, it is much to be doubted if any advantage has resulted from them. In the extirpation of that hereditary revenge which desolated the Mountain he was much more successful; and the partial abolition of this barbarous custom laid the foundation of the greater order which now exists in Montenegro. To be able duly to appreciate the value of this reform, we must cast our eyes to the state in which things existed during the earlier part of his Vladikaship.

The laws of Stephan Dushan, the Servian emperor (the Justinian of the southern Slaavs), being founded on the Old rather than the New Testament, it is not surprising that in a country such as Montenegro the doctrine of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, should have resisted the efforts of previous Vladikas to extirpate it. Like the feuds of the Highlands of Scotland, such enmities have been known to last for generations between one family and another, one village and another, and even between branches of the same family. The law of Montenegro was literally the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation; the bloody vestments of the murdered father have been shewn to the children arrived at puberty, by the mother herself, to inspirit them to revenge; and as every vice propagates itself, other revenges follow. If the first culprit were punished, the evil would be less; but all the other members of his family or tribe are equally obnoxious to the aggrieved party. In many cases, the circumstance of being an innocent member of such an obnoxious family has cost a man his life; and in Albania feuds of whole villages, with the burning of crops, and the massacre of tens or hundreds, have arisen from a single murder.

To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money; but this was

a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest, and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arm hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St. John. If the avenging party raised him and embraced him, he was pardoned; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement; and, in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that Republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question, and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.

The Vladika Peter died in October 1830, having assembled all the chiefs round his deathbed, and adjured them to live in harmony with each other, which they promised in the most solemn manner; and his nephew, then a youth of eighteen years of age, succeeded to his functions and authority, having, with a rapidity exceeding that of the days of the Medici, passed through the grades between layman and archbishop in the course of a few

months: so that nepotism in the family of Petrovich has now received the sanction of use and wont for a full century and a half. An influential lay family in the Mountain, a principal member of which claimed the title of civil governor, as an equipoise to the influence of the Petrovich family, was compelled to depose its pretensions.

The young Vladika was of gigantic stature, probably six feet three or four inches high; for although I did not see him in Montenegro, I had an opportunity of a short conversation with him subsequently at Spalato, when on his return to Montenegro from Vienna. He spoke, besides his own language, French, Italian, and German; had a great thirst for knowledge, and a great taste for literature; and, although thrown into political affairs at a very early age, yet acquitted himself with great energy and ability. In 1831, soon after his accession, he created a senate, which was thenceforth not only a council of deliberation, but a court of justice; and organised a small revenue, which, with nine thousand ducats annually received from Russia, not only covers the annual expense, but enables him, it is said, to save a considerable sum against a rainy day. During the distress of 1846 he sent several ship-loads of grain, and each family received such a supply as, in many instances, preserved them from starvation.

In no respect were the humane exertions of the Vladika more laudable than in his persevering exertions to follow out the views of his uncle relative to the Kerverina, or the vengeance for bloodshed; and he seized every remarkable occasion for enforcing upon the people his dying wishes. When the body of the deceased prelate was found intact (no doubt after having been embalmed), he issued to them the following pastoral address:

“PIOUS POPULATION.

“On the 18th of this month, being St. Luke’s day, we have opened the tomb of your and our late Archbishop, and have found his body in a blessed sleep, and in a state of incorrupt preservation. We therefore announce

to you this auspicious event, that you may return thanks to Almighty God for it. When alive, he was our defender, and ready to lay down his life for us. Let us hope that, after death, this saint and servant of God will intercede for us his children. Pious Christians, do you remember his last words, recommending you to live in concord and harmony? These holy words made a deep impression on you before his sanctification was made manifest; but now that you see with your own eyes that he is holy and intact, rest assured that the enemy of concord and harmony will find St. Peter (Petrovich) a formidable foe both in this world and the next; but if any one feel a secret disquietude, in consequence of vindictive feelings, let him seek a reconciliation with the object of his hatred, and he will thus render himself pleasing to God and St. Peter.¹

“Desiring you all good, I remain,

THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRO AND BRDO.

“*St. Luke's Day, in Cetigne, 1834.*”

But the most singular of all the productions of this Vladika was a tragedy called *The Serpent of the Mountain*, which he has written on the subject of the massacre and expulsion of the Turks by the first Vladika Daniel, at the close of the seventeenth century, of which I give a short soliloquy literally translated.

“Archbishop Daniel speaks with himself.

“Satan and seven furies! there goes the Turk, with torches in each hand, and serpents for his hair; the Koran inspires him, and the accursed race devastates the whole earth. But for the Franks, he would have possessed all the shores of the Arab Sea. A dream of hell crowned the Ottoman. O Europe, these are sad guests! Byzantium is no more. She was the inheritance of the young

¹ The opinions which every Protestant must entertain on the subject of certain matters in this address are so obvious, as to render comment on my part quite unnecessary.

Theodora. The star of black vengeance was on the ascendant; Paleologus called in the Turk to bury Greece and Servia in one tomb; Gertuco and Brankovich share his guilt. As a flock of birds eat grains, Amurath swallowed Servia, Bajazet Bosnia, Mohammed the Greek Empire, and the two Solomans (*sic*) Africa and Cyprus; each took his grains: the great globe itself would be too small for those that are insatiable.”¹

A literal translation such as this, like a coat worn inside out, may raise a smile; but I was told by those who have perused the original manuscript, that it abounds in robust language, and in abundance of metaphor, that sometimes rises to genius; though occasionally disfigured with such conceits as were in vogue among our own Elkanah Settles in the seventeenth century.

At a very early age the Vladika shewed the readiness of his wit in practical affairs. In 1832 the lineal descendant and representative of the house of Czernojevich, the Christian prince of Montenegro, was Boushatli Mustapa, hereditary Pasha of Scutari, then in rebellion against the Porte. When he was subdued by the forces of the Sultan, and sent to Constantinople a prisoner, the grand vizier Mehemet Reshid Pasha summoned the Vladika to submission, offering to give him, in due form, the Berat, or diploma of the Sultan. The Vladika, then a youth of twenty, answered laconically, “That so long as Montenegro was independent, a Berat constituting him ruler was useless; and that if Montenegro were conquered and subdued, the Berat was a mockery.” Eight thousand men, partly regulars, and partly Albanians, were sent to make the Vladika eat in his words; but the victorious troops that had wrested the pashalic of Scutari from the Moslem descendant of Ivan Czernojevich found the subjugation of the fief of his ancestors a hopeless task, and, being easily beaten, abandoned the project.

¹ For a selection of translations I am indebted to the Abbate Francheschi of Zara, one of the best Slaavists in Dalmatia.

But a petty warfare is almost constantly going on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, and the forays of the mountaineers resemble those of a Rob Roy. Forty or fifty of them surprise cattle, sheep, and fowls; and Moslem Albanians defending themselves, the Montenegrine often pays the forfeit of his life. It never strikes the Montenegrine that this is immoral, the taking of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful but laudable; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son, by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debateable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth; and, by tacit consent, these savages, who in general spare neither life nor possession, seldom burn standing crops, and respect female chastity. But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.

The great obstacle to order is the vicinity of several frontiers. The Albanian Christian can take refuge in Montenegro, the Albanian Moslem can take refuge in Herzegovina, which is only nominally under the Porte. The Dalmatian flies into Herzegovina or Montenegro; and even the Montenegrine, in consequence of the vicinity of Herzegovina and Albania, knows that the government dare not be very severe with him. A curious conjuncture happened during my stay in those parts. The districts of Piperi and Kooch, which are the most easterly and farthest from the Adriatic, had, in consequence of the failure of the harvest, sent their elders to the Pasha of Scutari, and professed their acknowledgment of the superiority of the Porte. On arrival at Scutari, the deputies were invested with red cloaks, and last, not least,

received a donative; but when I talked of the matter with these Cetignotes, they laughed, and said, "Wait till the first good harvest, and you will see that we have not lost, and the Porte has not gained, a single goat's browsing."

With regard to the southern side of the Mountain, which slopes down to Austrian Albania, the Montenegrines desire a port on the Adriatic above all things, as it is so very near; but it is not so easy to intersect a narrow stripe of Austrian territory as to defend the Mountain. Contrary to the better judgment of the Vladika (who was a politic man with all his energy, and knew that he could not simultaneously bid defiance to Austria and the Porte), the mountaineers on the western side attacked the Austrian posts in 1839; and, after several smart skirmishes, the idea of a Montenegrine port on the Adriatic was at once negatived by an act of delimitation under the mediation of Russia.

In conclusion, Montenegro has the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity, or rapidly progressive civilisation; with a population of little more than one hundred and ten thousand souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic. The undisciplined courage, adequate to the defence of their rocks, is incapable of withstanding any regular force beyond the limits of the Mountain; and the deeds sung by their bards are mere episodes in a barbarous warfare. Without either fertile plains or access to the sea, the humanising influences of commerce and agriculture must remain dormant and inoperative; but it is not to be denied that in the event of any general rising in Turkey in Europe against the power of the Porte, the Montenegrines are capable of making a powerful diversion, and of offering to the rebels a secure asylum for a time in their mountain fortress.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAGUSA.

Ragusa is situated on the southern side of a small isthmus, but the port is only for the galleys of the middle ages. Half a mile off, on the northern side of the isthmus, is the Gulf of Gravosa, which is the port of the vessels of long course. Like Cattaro, it is a land-locked anchorage, where a fleet of three-deckers are safe from the accidents of the sea. Cattaro is sublime, but Gravosa is beautiful. No towering mountains in the distance, but a steep accidented shore; along which is scattered a profusion of Italian villas, and that peculiar tone of landscape and vegetation which is seen in Gaeta and Castelamare, but which no minuteness of description can convey to the fireside traveller. The sun had not yet risen above the mountains, but every object was, from the sharpness of the air, delineated with a most unusual clearness. A keen, cold bora blew from the land, which, from time to time, made a shudder to creep through my frame despite my cloak. The dark blue crystal waters, the red-tiled villas all round, the green cypresses and olives shaking and bending with the breeze, and the bare embrowned hills above all, seemed to exhale that rarified atmosphere which one sees above the expiring ashes of charcoal.

I landed, and getting porters to convey my luggage, for no carriage was to be seen, followed them up the narrow valley at the end of the bay by an excellent road; until I arrived at the top of the hill, from which the walls of the venerable Ragusa were clearly visible—but what lofty and solid masonry, having in some places sixty and seventy feet of sheer upright construction!—and the angle next the land, and overlooked by the hill above, fortified by an enormous round tower, a most picturesque relic of the interval between the rude middle ages and the modern art of fortification. After entering a ponderous gate, I found myself in the high street of Ragusa,

called by themselves Stradone, the like of which is not to be seen in all Dalmatia for width and excellence of its construction. Not far from the gate is the hotel Alla Corona, where I got a good room, and was treated with great civility; but in all other respects it was deficient in the comforts and conveniences of even a tolerable hôtel. Being the only one in the town, I removed to private lodgings in the house of a respectable widow lady, whose father had, some forty years before, been consul of the Republic of Ragusa at Smyrna.

After a day devoted to delivering letters and paying visits, I began to look about me. Ragusa is situated upon a narrow space that intervenes between a high chain of hills and the sea; and standing on the outer side of the city, next the sea, its domes and campaniles, seen against the mountain side, have a most picturesque effect; but this position causes it to be intolerably hot in midsummer. The space on which the city is built being so small, the houses are lofty, and the streets in general narrow, but clean and well paved; and in no city of so small a size have I seen so many elegant edifices congregated together; so that I felt myself in a charming Italian capital of the second class. Even the Illyrian language, of which, I confess, I know comparatively little, is so soft and musical that the illusion is kept up; and the only word I quarrel with is the name of the town itself, Dubrovnik, which even the glory cast round it by the native muses cannot reconcile to my ears. All the houses are of solid stone, and of the shops in the streets the only one that struck me was that of an apothecary in the Stradone, which was ranged all around with a splendid set of Faenza gallipots of the *Cinque Cento*, painted in a curious manner, and formerly belonging to the laboratory of the Rector of the Republic. The sight of these flowers of art blushing unseen in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world would, if known, set all Wardour Street by the ears.

The appearance of the population is a complete contrast to that of Cattaro. Several erect old aristocratic-

looking figures moving about shew that this city has been long a seat of culture; and the toilets of the fair part of the creation, with a complete absence of finery, shewed a taste and elegance that was unmistakeable,—albeit understood, using the modes of Europe. But in the market-place, at the foot of a high flight of stairs leading up to a Jesuits' church, was a crowd of the peasantry in the neighbourhood. A tall ruddy-faced man, from Brenno, with red bonnet, loose brown jacket, and wide breeches, with game hung over his shoulder, talks to a dame who holds in her hand a large green cabbage,—a subject for a modern *Meries*: he is full of natural ease and politeness, and is a complete contrast to the rude Morlack boor whom we saw at Obrovazzo, on our first entrance into Dalmatia.

In most other towns one gets readily to the open quay; not so in the wall-girt Ragusa. A single archway opens to the port, where I found only a few vessels of moderate tonnage, in consequence of its diminutive size. A fine large trabacolo had just landed a cargo of Newfoundland cod and stock-fish from Trieste for the approaching Greek fasts, and was about to take back the famed oil of Ragusa and the delicious anchovies of the coast for the gourmands of the north. At the entrance of the port, in a niche of the rampart, is the statue of St. Blasius, or San Biagio, as he is called in Italian, the patron saint of Ragusa. Tradition says, that, on several occasions, he caught balls sent against the town in the palms of his hands, and sent them back to the enemy. Tempests too have been repelled by the same legerdemain. After such feats it will not surprise the reader that Appendini, the chronicler of Ragusa, says, "Nothing can be more reasonable and just than the devotion of the Ragusans to this saint, for his patronage has proved most prompt and efficacious in a thousand private and public calamities."

The Piazza behind the port is, beyond all comparison, the most attractive part of the town. Ragusa is the

place where the union of Slaavic and Italian has been consummated. The language, the nationality, and the manners of the mass of the people, are Illyrian, but Illyrian conjugated with Italy's happiest moods and tenses of embellishment. Servia and her woods call up little of the past, and the Servian awaits a great futurity. Ragusa, in the seventeenth century, from her taste, her learning, her science, her wealth, her commerce, and the long roll of illustrious men she produced in every walk of life, earned the title of the Slaavic Athens. Wealth, commerce, science, and population, have melted away, but the outward city still remains to nourish the patriotism of the Ragusan.

As the Venetian, standing on the Piazzetta of his capital, reads the history of the great Republic in the monuments around him, so the concentration of edifices of various styles forming the Piazza of Ragusa records, on an humbler scale of architecture, the glorious antecedents of this meritorious Republic. The Dogana, or Custom-house, an extensive pile of Gothic architecture without, and like an Oriental Khan within, carries the mind to the period when the factories of the Republic of Ragusa, with separate and independent jurisdictions, were spread over all Turkey in Europe; when Constantinople was as yet unconquered by Mohammed II.; when Ragusa, the weak but determined opponent of Venice, was in high favour at the court of Adrianople, and boasted those capitulations with the Porte, which were the germs of modern consular jurisdiction.

There too is the palace of the Rector of the ex-republic, one of those fine edifices on the eve of the *Cinque Cento*; those massive Roman arches, those curious middle-aged sculptures, that spirit of Gothic detail haunting the revival of the forms of antiquity, render it a most picturesque and original edifice; and denote the transition of taste, when the beauties of antique art were perceived and admired, but approached without confidence or experience.¹

¹ This edifice was founded after the conflagration of the old Senate-house in 1435, and completed about the year 1452.

Here sat the Rector in grave council, or animated debate, received ambassadors, represented the state, and devised those wise measures which preserved this little commonwealth unscathed by the misfortunes of the surrounding provinces, from the dark ages up to the first years of the present century.

Under the colonnade of the palace is the great gate of cast bronze, its rivets and knockers the *ne plus ultra* of florid elaboration; and beyond the deep shadows of the vaulted entrance is seen the courtyard, with a flood of light falling on a green bronze bust of a figure with a peaked Charles I. beard, in the dress of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, with the pedestal inscribed:

MICHAELI PRAZATTO,
BENE MERITO CIVI,
1638.

He was one of the merchant princes of Ragusa, who left 200,000 gold zechins for charitable uses invested in the bank of San Giorgio in Genoa; but on looking closer we perceived the skull slightly concave, and another face of the pedestal containing the inscription:

CONLAPSA MAXIMO TERRAEMOTU
1667.

—a forcible memento of the fierce earthquake of that year, which buried all but the strongest edifices, and consigned nearly half of the population of the city to destruction.

Beside the palace is one of those architectural incidents which abound in Italy, but are rarely seen in the imitative countries of the north of Europe, where the greater efforts of southern art are alone copied. The guard-house presents a lofty portal, flanked with columns, and in the centre of the pediment is the colossal head of Orlando, in casque and plume, frowning over all the Piazza. Above is the Torre del Orologio, or belfry, crowned with an open cupola; and by a mechanical device two bronze

figures, the size of life, armed *cap à pie*, strike the bell with maces at the evolution of each hour. Such coignes of fancy shew that art in Ragusa came from within, as well as from without.

Inferior in architectural interest is the cathedral built after the earthquake, in what the northerns call the style of Louis Quatorze. But the history of the original foundation of the edifice had to me an unexpected interest in its connexion with the fate and fortunes of the lion-hearted Richard of England. On the island of Chroma, opposite the town, Richard was shipwrecked on his return from the Holy Land. A church was begun from the funds which he endowed, out of gratitude for his deliverance, which, augmented in time, withstood the elements for five centuries, but succumbed in that dread hour when mountains were shaken to their foundations.

General Reiche, then commanding in Ragusa, having had the kindness to ask his Platz Lieutenant to shew me round the walls and military establishments, I went next morning to his office.

Accompanied by a sergeant carrying a great bunch of keys, we now began our journey in cold clear sunshine, and about a hundred yards off, the man opening a door in the wall, we entered and went up a high flight of steps, and then another flight, and then another, and at length stood on the parapet. The walls of Ragusa have no resemblance to a modern fortification, with bastions and fosses making a mathematical figure; but are those of a rock-built city, being of enormous height, thickness, and solidity, rising irregularly, from the irregularities of the locality, interspersed with great towers, and looking just like one of those cities one sees in the prints of old Bibles. Looking over the rampart, I saw the sea playing against the base of the rock; looking outwards, I saw the clear expanse of the Adriatic in the intensest of blue, the bare bold promontories of the coast to the south and the north jutting into the sea, and the intervening recesses filled with vegetation. If I turned from the sea to the town at my

feet, I saw an irregular surface of reddish-tiled and yellow-walled houses, with green Venetian blinds, from out of which rose a couple of blue lead cupolas, and the edifices of the Piazza.

We now continued the tour of the walls, the sea far below us on our left, and the streets of the town also far below us on our right; but soon we came to a large building on an elevation within the walls, no longer below us, but on the same level: this was the barracks, containing 1200 Hungarians, the garrison of the town; so we entered to see the establishment. A thin cake of ice was on a little pool in the courtyard, which, from the high building, the sun could not reach, and the sergeant said that it was the first that had been seen for twelve years, which speaks for the mildness of the climate. Ascending a wide whitewashed staircase, we came to the barrack-room, a long gallery, furnished on each side with beds, above each of which was a shelf containing the knapsack, the hat, and the odds and ends of the soldier, and in the middle was a long black board for teaching reading and writing. It was the dinner-hour, and I had, just before entering, seen across the roofs of the houses the two mechanical figures in bronze strike their hammers twelve times on the bell of the Torre del Orologio, announcing the hour of mid-day. Each man had a basin of soup, a plate of boiled beef and vegetables, and his loaf of bread; and on tasting the soup, I pronounced it sufficiently strong and nourishing.

When we went down stairs we found ourselves on the rampart again, and, ascending an outside flight of steps, I saw some red jackets hanging out to be aired on the wall, and some uncouth dark-looking men in undress standing about. The uniform of the Hungarian regiment being white, with sky-blue light trousers, I asked what these red ones could be, and was informed that they belonged to the men I saw, who were the gypsy musicians of the regiment; so I entered into conversation with the sergeant about them, and he told me in answer to a

question, that if they had any religion of their own, they must keep it a secret, for they are entered as Catholics, and attend Mass with the other soldiers. Their talent and aptitude for music is unquestionable; and before I left Ragusa I spent a most agreeable hour at the lodgings of the officer who takes charge of the music here,—for the regular band of the regiment, consisting of forty performers, was at Zara, and this was only a subordinate division,—but although they played several opera airs, it was evident that their favourite style was the waltz.

Continuing our walk, we now went down, inside a long flight of steps, to the level of the town, and entered the canteen, in which were two soldiers drinking beer. A tall Moll Flagon looking woman was standing at the counter, with bottles, glasses, keys, and stores of pipe-clay, which shewed that that article came out of the twopence a day. The woman looked alarmed at seeing an officer and a stranger enter with the two sergeants with keys (for the other one carried the keys of the prison), and the two poor men drinking their beer were equally flurried, and rising up, stood mechanically in a row, as if about to be marched off handcuffed; but it was soon seen that our motive was curiosity. From the canteen we went to the barrack-prison, which was a dark apartment, and as we entered found the prisoners plucking sparrows for dinner, with all the feathers scattered on the floor. They were fourteen in number, and stood up in a row, some fettered, and some not; as the garrison was altogether 1400 strong, the prisoners formed one per cent; the usual offences being petty thefts from their comrades, and insolence to their superiors. The rest of our promenade offered no circumstance worthy of a notice.

The society of Ragusa is very agreeable to a stranger, who does not enter into the petty jealousies of old nobility or parvenu. Some of the best families, in spite of their long pedigrees, are not in a more prosperous condition than the Hidalgo of Gil Blas; but several, having preserved their entailed estates from dispersion during

the French occupation, are in easy circumstances. One of the more fortunate of these families is distinguished by a refined literary taste; and their old Italian library, with *Aldine* and other editions, Latin as well as vulgar, was not more interesting than their assiduous attentions were agreeable.

We found ourselves in the grounds of a fine old-fashioned Italian villa, laid out by the Counts of Gozze, the descendants of the founders of the aristocracy in the tenth century, the representative of which, to whom Mr. B. presented me, did the honours. Quite close to the sea was the villa, an ancient edifice; and between it and the village above were the gardens of thick high laurel alleys, cut into straight lines, still in their full foliage, through which the setting sun occasionally succeeded in shooting a golden dart that trembled with the breeze on the inner thickets: suddenly the rushing of water was heard, and an open space shewed an extensive Italian fountain, to which the water was conveyed on arches, and where a colossal statue of Neptune, with moss-crowned head, and tended by moss-clad nymphs, recorded the taste and opulence of the by-gone Ragusa. "It was after a voyage to Rome that these gardens were laid out, in 1525," said the Count, "and that stout oak was planted." "And this garden-monger," thought I to myself, "may have stood at the easel of Raffaele himself, and seen with his own eyes the genius of Angelo crowning with vaulted dome the substruction of a Bramante." Leaving the moss-grown statues, and the dripping aqueduct, we re-entered the villa. In a large hall, on the first floor of which was a tessellated pavement as a floor, and around the walls antique mirrors, were the full-length portraits of the successors of the garden-fancier, most potent, grave, and reverend signors, in Mechlin frills and black satin. The Count presented me to his mother, in whom, to my great pleasure, I found an Englishwoman long absent from the land of her birth, and speaking Illyrian and Italian almost as her mother-tongue, but still preserving the unembar-

passed dignity of her native race. Mutual seemed the pleasure of meeting in this strange, sequestered, antiquated spot. A fair exchange is no robbery, and the accounts of her terrors of Ragusan earthquakes were not more painfully interesting to me, than my accounts of modern London seemed to unsettle all the landmarks of her unmarried days.

A complete contrast to the antique air of the villa of the founders of the patriciate of Ragusa, is that of my worthy friend, Count Giorgi. There is always something about these Ragusan houses that bears reference to some period of European history. In the drawing-rooms of the Palazzo Giorgi, I no longer recognised the Ragusa of the cinque cento, with its marble floors and its faded ceilings, with copies of the Venetian school of painting; nor yet the Ragusa of last century, with every ornament or table-leg carved, and bulged *à la Louis Quinze*; here the straight lines, the yellow satin walls, and the frigid Greek mythological ornaments, proclaim the upholstery of the French empire. Rector Giorgi, the last president of the Ragusan Republic, became a Count of the French empire, and, residing at Paris, acquired French tastes; and his son, a septuagenarian, has still the thoroughly French manner, and felicity of expression of that sprightly nation, when conversing of the strange historic scenes and accidents of his youth. The Giorgi family was one of the most illustrious of Ragusa; and the Count shewed me the red cross of Genoa in their arms, which commemorates a curious circumstance. Matteo Giorgi commanded the Ragusan galleys which accompanied the Genoese in their expedition against Venice, in 1378; and the loss of the battle of Chioggia was attributed to Doria refusing the advice of Giorgi as to the dispositions to be taken. In token of this, the Republic allowed the family to have the cross of Genoa in their arms.

Of those salient angles of domestic economy which are to be remarked in Servia, and which are essential accessories of a knowledge of physical and political

geography, my note-book contains few traces. The dinner-parties at the palace of the civil Governor, and the mansion of the General in command of the district, were in no respect different from those of well-ordered hospitable mansions in European capitals. At a dinner given by the Bishop there was a brilliant improvisation between each brindisi of champagne, by the rising poet of Ragusa, Dan Marco Kalugera, the professor of philosophy in the Lyceum of the city. All the grand themes of the day, not forgetting Britannia, were brought in with a felicity and a mastery of versification that reminded me of the happiest moments of Pistrucci.

With still more local colour was a dinner preceding a marriage at the house of Signor R., one of the most kind-hearted men whom I had known during my tour, and who was one of a party with which I had made a moonlight visit to the ruins of the suburbs. We were received on the first stage in a drawing-room, the floor of which was paved with slabs of black and white marble, about a foot square, which appears cold to an Englishman, but custom makes the Ragusans feel no regret for the absence of the snug carpet and the cheerful fire; in other respects the furniture was Italian. Italian was also the language spoken, as I am too weak in Illyrian to sustain a regular conversation. Each of the ladies dandled a varnished earthen-ware pot of charcoal on the knee, with which they warmed themselves, and which they carried about even in rising, and never quitted. Ragusa is as remarkable as Venice for the beauty of the fair sex: they have all dark complexions, and the mixture of Roman with Illyrian blood is evidently so considerable, that the contour of the Ragusan in general is scarcely to be distinguished from that of the Italian.

Instead of going down stairs to dinner, we went to an upper chamber, not very luminous, as the bright red plaster and green Venetian blinds of the opposite side of the street were not many yards off. The narrow streets of the Christian south and Moslem east are well suited to a

hot climate, and a legacy of the contracted species of construction common among the ancients; the greater wideness of the northern style being probably a result of the formation of towns out of the straggling isolation of old German villages. Our dinner was as a dinner on the eve of a marriage should be, more gay and good-humoured than formal. The Pilaff, the famous Bottarga of the neighbouring Albania, and a variety of other dishes, were all indicative of the geographical position of Ragusa; and, according to local custom, the health of the bride and bridegroom were drunk in Malmsey.

Several of the old customs of Ragusa have fallen into desuetude since the French and Austrian occupations. In marriage, for instance, the parents invariably decided on the husband that a young lady was to have. From twelve years of age she was secluded from all intercourse with the world; when the papa had found a suitable match, he said, "My dear, you ought to marry such and such a one; to-day let us go and sign the contract;" and without more ado the cameriera produced her bonnet and veil, and the old gentleman offering his arm, the young lady, with emotions of apprehension or curiosity to see her partner for life, went to get the preliminaries of the nuptial knot adjusted: but if Signora Rosina had a Lindoro, then a series of domestic persecutions commenced, and a convent was the alternative of a marriage of convenience.

The old society of Ragusa was not without some other local peculiarities which are worthy of notice.

With the ease, elegance, and opulence of the eighteenth century was mingled a frivolity of manners which did not escape the satiric pen of the ruder and homelier Dalmatian, and a few pages have furnished me with a sketch, wherein a slight deduction must be made for the jealousy of Ragusa, from which the neighbouring Dalmatian is not to this very day altogether free.¹

¹ This is a picture of a *class* existing in the last century, and alludes to no individual.

"The Countess sat in her drawing-room on her birthday awaiting visitors; what intoxication in her patches and high-heeled shoes! She has the very last fashions from Venice and Naples; and a universal coquetry consoles her for the marriage of convenience which she made with the old Count. That plausible disciple of Loyola, who is her confessor, is said to have a powerful quiet influence over her; and as she receives, with undisguised pleasure, the flatteries of that elegant young man who has just entered, there is a latent hostility between them. What a bow the dandy makes her and all the company around! you would swear that he had learned his manners at Versailles, except that he betrays too unskilfully the furtive glances which he, from time to time, casts at the large mirror to admire his own attitudinising, and the graceful disposition of his dangling sword.

"The mob of Ragusan fashionables now crowds up stairs; and among them two plebeians enter the room; Solomon the Jew broker (whose name stands between the wind and the Count's nobility ¹ as owner of the ships in which he has the chief share) enters, and placing a bouquet on the table, salutes the lady, and retires forthwith. The other is a rustic priest, brother of the footman Giacomo, and in his younger days began by household offices, but was subsequently brought up to kill two dogs with one bone—to be the parish priest and chaplain, and at the same time steward of the Count's estate.

"The mingling of voices as a sedan chair is set down tells of another visitor, and Monsignore the Archbishop of Ragusa is announced. This lofty personage is much less formidable on a nearer view; nothing can exceed the courtesy of his address, or the pliability of his manners. He must be a foreigner, according to the laws of the Republic, and his salary is only a hundred zecchins a year; but for all that, he lives in good archiepiscopal style; for he has to beg from time to time dona-

¹ In a sketch like this, only a free translation would be understood.

tions from the senate, and the political powers that be are thus guaranteed against spiritual ambition. What a kind salutation the Archbishop gives the Jesuit, because the senate rules the Archbishop, the Count rules the senate by his influence, the Countess rules the Count, and the Jesuit rules the Countess. As for the poor fribble, he counts for nothing."

Occasional balls and the opera for a couple of months are the entertainments of winter. A few literary friends used to assemble nightly at the house of Count Z., who is a *fanatico* for English literature; and at the town-house of my fair fellow-countrywoman, Countess Gozze, I had an opportunity of seeing a Ragusan ball. Our orchestra was the dingy gypsies of the Hungarian regiment; but better dancing music I never would desire; the accentuation of the waltz phrases was so marked that the dullest ear must have caught the emphasis and danced in time. The charm of the waltz is surely in part owing to its contrast with the absurd modern method of dancing a quadrille; nay, not dancing, but monotonous marching, as if the effect of music and beauty was to set a man half asleep. The dances of Spain and the Monferino of Italy enable the dancer to correspond to the transport of good music, without going to the opposite extreme of stage gesture; but now custom compels the natural impulse of music to be painfully subdued.

The honours were done with exquisite grace by the fair hostess, but nothing was worthy of remark as peculiar or national.

The theatre gave me little satisfaction, being small, and badly lighted. The three principal singers were passable, considering the place, but the scenery was below par. *Chi dura vince*, "He that endures conquers,"—a sound moral,—but set to music by Ricci, had not much to be boasted of, either in the way of sound or sense; the baked meats of defunct predecessors having coldly furnished forth his marriage of music with verse. I confess that except *Chiara di Rosenberg*, I have never

been able to sit out an opera of this composer, for half-a-dozen pleasing movements cannot float a whole evening of commonplaces.

While the moon was shining with unwonted brightness, three Ragusans entered my room,—Don Marco K., Signor R., and Signor B.

“We have our renowned Ragusan moonlight,” said the first of these gentlemen, “which you will find neither in Venice, in Rome, nor in Milan; and we propose to take you a turn up the hill to show you the town under a new aspect.” These worthy gentlemen having heard so much of the fogs of England, thought to procure me a moonlight view such as I never had seen before, so I thankfully accepted; but, in good truth, I believe there is nothing in the world comparable to the mosque of Moyœd in Cairo, when seen by the light of the full moon.

As we went out at the northern gate we found ourselves in the alley of trees, gently ascending to a rising ground that juts out from the line of mountains behind the town, and, after a short way, we turned to the right, up a narrow lane, enclosed by high garden-walls, and then, ascending some broken steps, found ourselves on the brow of the mount, from which we overlooked the town and environs,—a strange picturesque confusion of towers, cupolas, and housetops, rising in their pale green high lights and impenetrable shadows. A wall had partly concealed the view in the other direction, and, to my surprise, on proceeding a little farther along the pathway, I saw before me such a noble villa as one might behold in the environs of Rome. Above the basement were the large Palladian windows of the Gran Piano, and a great alcove was paved with slabs of marble; but the interior was a complete ruin: hemlock and nightshade grew where nobles and senators had feasted, the spacious tessellated terraces overlooked a garden choked with weeds, around which pillars of a Byzantine style of architecture supported the rotten trellis of a shady walk; confusion and desolation were

all around. Farther on, another villa told the same tale of taste and elegance that had passed away: arbours, terraces, kiosks, marble pavements, sculptures, all wreck and ruin. At first I thought I was in the midst of the havoc of the great earthquake; but as every wall was standing, and every cornice without even a gutta awanting, I found that this was the Pille, the town of ruins,—the mountain slope, on which every great family of Ragusa had a summer villa,—which was destroyed by the Montenegrines in 1806, and shewed, on a small scale, in what way the great Roman empire must have fared at the hands of Hun, Goth, and Vandal.

While these gentlemen conversed of various landmarks in the history of Ragusa previous to this catastrophe, I listened with silent interest to every word that fell;—the solemn hour, and the desolate scene, the silver beams of the moon, and the charming current of discourse, suffused a pleasing melancholy over the mind never to be forgotten; and, more than all that I had seen, stimulated me to inquire into the past history of this interesting Republic. The following rough sketch is the result of an eager perusal of the native historians.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORY OF RAGUSA.

The exact year of the foundation of Ragusa is obscure, but it is probably between the years 639 and 656, the first of these being marked by a partial destruction of the neighbouring Epidaurus by the Avars, and the second by the total ruin of this city by the Croats. Thus we begin with an analogy to Venice. Roman fugitives seek refuge in a rock separated from the mainland by a narrow

passage.¹ The men of Padua fly from the Tartar Attila; and the men of Epidaurus, two hundred years later, fly from the Avars and the Croats. Croat, a dialect of the Slaavic language, became the language of the new colony in the course of time; but as no man in Britain can tell in what proportion his blood belongs to the races that have successively conquered or been conquered, so no man in Ragusa can remount to a Roman or a Carpathian origin.²

The Croats, conquering the Romans, are in turn subdued by Christianity, and these barbarians occupying all the interior of the country, the animosity between them and the Romans abated after their pacific settlement, and Ragusa became one of innumerable municipalities into which the shattered fragments of the empire reconstituted themselves on the coast; while freedom, and the security of an insular rock, create commerce. So far the parallel holds with Venice; but while a large part of the *leve terra firma* of Roman Italy was in time subjugated to the men of the Lagoon, the precipitous steeps and fierce bravery of the inhabitants circumscribed the territory of Ragusa to a few leagues of the coast.

The chosen protectors of the city were Saints Sergius and Bacchus; but a curious incident in the fortunes of the city caused them to change it to Saint Blasius, or San Biagio.

The Venetians, in 791, frequented these seas for the purpose of rooting out the pirates of the neighbouring Narenta, who infested the Adriatic, and coveting the security and convenience of the position of Ragusa, sought

¹ In Ragusa the space between the island and the mainland must have been a very narrow one, for it was entirely filled up, and is now built upon.

² Sarmatian, Syrmian, Serbian, Servian, are all different forms of the same word, of which the root seems to be Serb or Serp. Croat, or Chrobat, is derived from Crapat, the name of the mountainous region between the present Hungary and Poland, which still bears the name of Carpathian in the western dialects of Europe.

to subjugate it to their authority; but its strength being beyond their force, they attempted its possession by stratagem. A numerous fleet of galleys was seen from the towers of Ragusa coming from the north, the alarm passed from battlement to battlement, and the town was in a state of readiness: but while a part of the fleet anchored in Gravosa, to the north of the island on which Ragusa was built, the other drew up under the island of La Chroma to the south; and the Venetian commander, landing with his officers in a pacific manner, gave out that he was bound for the seas of the Levant, and only wanted water and provisions. Suspicion was allayed, the Venetians went and came between the north gate leading to Gravosa, and the south gate opening on the small port; but a priest named Stoico, having by some means overheard, or got intelligence of, the design of the Venetians to assault the town in the dead of the following night, gave information to the Government; and no sooner were the gates closed at sunset, than every Ragusan was at his post, and the attack awaited with breathless expectation. The first hour of the night passed without alarm; but after midnight the warder on the tower above the Postierna perceived the galleys at the island getting under weigh, and suddenly bearing up to the southern port. Scarcely was the alarm passed, and preparation made to receive them, when a large body of the men of the other fleet in Gravosa suddenly landed, and silently ascending the steep hill to the north of Ragusa, expected to scale the walls and enter the city; but what was their surprise, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find themselves vigorously assaulted by a large body of Ragusans, and driven down the hill to the boats with great slaughter. The diversion to the north having completely failed, the Ragusans re-entered the city, and found that the Venetians, dismayed at seeing all the southern wall lined with armed men, who poured a torrent of stones and heavy beams on the assailants, had, struck with a panic, retired to their galleys. Indescribable was the joy of the Ragusans, as dawn

crimsoned the peaks of Vellebitch, to see the discomfited galleys bearing out to the Adriatic.

The priest, to draw the veil of mystery over the dubious means by which he had got intelligence of the design, declared that it had been revealed to him by St. Blasius; and, warm emotions of gratitude mingling with the superstition of the age, Blasius was declared the protector and advocate of the city.

Ragusa still nominally belonged to the Greek empire; for although the court of Constantinople was too feeble to rule them directly, yet the great anxiety to escape from the domination of Venice kept up amicable relations with Constantinople. In the year 1001 we find a treaty of peace and friendship made between Venice and Ragusa, by which the Venetians were annually to give the Ragusans fourteen yards of scarlet cloth, and an armed galley, in token of perpetual amity, and the Ragusans to return the compliment with two white horses, three barrels of Ribola wine, and an armed galley.

From this treaty the prosperity of Ragusa may be dated; and while Venice rose to the commerce of the Eastern world, Ragusa became the emporium of the Slaavic countries to the north and the south of the Balkan. A citizen of the name of Gozze now founded the Patrician order of the city as at present constituted. Talent and popularity distinguished his youth; authority exercised his manhood; jealousy, the ingratitude of those whom he fostered, and exclusion from power, embittered his age; hence the laconic and affecting heraldic motto which is seen on the arms of his descendants to this very day, *Constituit, rexit, luget*; "he founded, he ruled, and he grieves." The territory of Ragusa had been hitherto confined to their rock; but Stephen, king of Dalmatia in 1050, going to the church of St. Stephen's within the town, to fulfil a vow made during a grievous sickness, was received with great honour, and made a donation to the Ragusans of twenty-two miles of coast, including the delicious valleys of Breno and Ombla.

But those idyllic landscapes conferred no military or political power; and we find in the subsequent part of the history of Ragusa that it was by a skilful diplomacy and politic alliances that they sought to redress the balance of territorial disadvantage, and avert the domination of Venice, which, without military occupation, persisted in asserting a right of sovereignty,—a claim preferred by the Venetian, and repelled by the Ragusan historians for the last three centuries. So early as 1370 we find the Ragusans seeking the alliance of the Turks, now advanced from the slopes of the Altai to the Sea of Marmora. Their ambassadors were graciously received at Broussa; for five hundred zechins a year Orchan promised them every commercial privilege and protection; and this early recurrence to the Grand Turk laid the foundation of those relations which subsequently preserved Ragusa from the fate of Servia and Albania, and equally assured her against dependence on Venice, when fire, sword, and the Koran, were carried over all the lands of Illyria.

But she had many moments of dark doubt and uncertainty. Mohammed II., after the conquest of Constantinople, the kingdom of Bosnia, and the neighbouring provinces, turned towards the Adriatic, and, unmindful of the ancient treaties between his ancestors and Ragusa, demanded possession of all the territory except the mere city. Terror and apprehension spread through all ranks; but the Council prudently got out of the dilemma, by stating that they were resolved to place the territory at his disposition, and at the same time to consign the city to the King of Hungary. An answer sagaciously calculated to the point of possibility, diverted the conqueror of Constantinople from his design; and the fear of a Hungarian thorn in the side of his newly acquired kingdom, relieved Ragusa, which henceforth became the asylum of all the disinherited nobles and princes of the surrounding provinces who refused to embrace Islamism. But with the multitude it was not the dexterity of the Council, or the politic moderation of Mohammed II., that had saved the city, but

the quiet interposition of St. Blasius, who, standing before the horse of the Turk, caused it three times to stumble, and, warned by the omen, the conqueror desisted from his invasion.

The wars which the Venetians in the next two centuries carried on with the Turks greatly increased the trade of the neutral Ragusa; and in the middle of the seventeenth century she had reached the apex of her wealth and splendour: her ships swarmed in the Mediterranean, and innumerable charitable institutions, and magnificent endowments to the Church, the nobles, and the plebeian confraternities of St. Lazarus, attest her great wealth; and while Venice devoted herself to the arts of painting and architecture, her humbler neighbour shone in the realms of literature with a splendour which the lapse of two centuries has little abated.

But in the midst of honour without, and content and prosperity within, a tremendous catastrophe covered with destruction this devoted city. At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the sixth of April, 1667, a violent shock of earthquake threw down all but the most solid houses, and in an instant six thousand persons, or one-fifth of the whole population of the town, was buried in the ruins. The sea was so violently agitated that vessels anchored in deep water knocked their keels against the ground, and several of the lofty cliffs around Ragusa were split up from top to bottom. The Rector, or President of the Republic, Simon Ghetaldi, and several other senators, were waiting, and just about to commence the sittings of the Council, when they were engulfed, as was also an unhappy Dutch ambassador, with a suite of thirty persons, on his way to the court of Constantinople, whither he was accredited. A whole seminary of children was enveloped in the ruins, and one of the persons extricated in a wounded condition describes their heart-rending cries for water; complaints unheard, and unrelieved, by those above ground. The Archbishop being on the first floor of his house, with great presence of mind leapt out of the window, and got

off with a sprained foot, and limping to Gravosa, found the road all covered with masses of rock thrown down from the mountain above. Even in my own walks to the south of Ragusa, a thick solid mass of wall, which held together in its prostrate state, and hung just over a steep declivity, made such an impression on me, after reading the detailed accounts of this calamity, that my mind at once reverted to the sublime image of Mohammed, "And what shall make thee understand how terrible the striking will be: on that day men shall be like moths scattered abroad, and the mountains shall become like carded wool of various colours driven by the wind."

Fire and rapine added to the disorder; for as the earthquake took place in the morning, many fires were lighted to prepare the mid-day meal, and while many were extinguished in the crash of superincumbent walls, others by ventilation, and contact with timbers, caused an extensive conflagration, and the exertions to prevent the fire from approaching the three powder-magazines, delayed the excavation of human beings. To add to the distress of the unhappy city, the Morlacks of the surrounding country, unappalled by the calamity, commenced an indiscriminate plunder of all valuables; but through the determined energy of two men, Nicola Bona and Marino Caboga, order was restored, and the peasants terrified; and even on the third day some human beings were extricated alive from the ruins.

The life of Marino Caboga is one of the most romantic that can well be imagined. Born in 1630, he was educated in Ragusa, but spent his youth in thoughtless dissipation; till, discovering the malversation of his funds by a relation in whom he had too readily confided, a law-suit which followed was pleaded before the Senate, in which the law-suits of the nobles were decided. His relation, to make up his cause, reproached Caboga with his disorderly life, and threw doubts on his honour. In the youthful fire of five-and-twenty Caboga drew his sword and stabbed his aspersion dead on the spot, and a hasty

flight to the asylum of the Franciscan church saved his life, but not his liberty. Confined for life in the prison of the state, his only companion was a Latin Bible; and verses written by his own hand, expressive of the most profound penitence, were seen for years afterwards on the walls. In the earthquake the solidity of his prison was his preservation, but the door was completely blocked up, and with great presence of mind he stripped off his shirt, and putting it on the point of a stick, inserted it through the bars as a signal, and was liberated. In the confusion of the scene he might have escaped, but he devoted himself to extricate the living and dying, and displayed such an energy in restraining the plundering Morlacks, and driving them by force out of the city, that on the third day he presented himself to the remnant of the Council in their deliberations, with feelings alternating between doubt and hope. No sooner had he, with a penitent look, presented himself at the Raveline, when a senator pronouncing him dishonoured and incapable of sitting, he was about to retrace his steps; but the common calamity had softened all hearts, and approbation of his services was declared by a majority of those present, who re-admitted him to his rank and honours.

The severe school of adversity formed Caboga, and in the solitude of prison he had stored up the temperament which leads to great things—that diffidence of prosperity which makes a man ask his inmost self when the wheel will turn, and that indifference to difficulty and opposition, which has caused some to call patience the highest effort of courage. For ten years he laboured unremittingly in the reconstruction of the city, and the repair of the tattered elements of social order. All Europe expressed sympathy with the Ragusans for their losses; but on the rapid restoration of the city through the exertions of Caboga, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman empire, Cara Mustapha, a deadly hater of all Christians, expressed the utmost jealousy and displeasure, and setting aside the capitulations of Ragusa

with the Porte, sent a claim for 35,000 dollars of customs revenue, on the pretence of Ragusa having been an integral part of the immediate dominions of the Porte, as a pretext for the annexation of the city to the empire.

On the 8th of August, 1677, Caboga arrived at Constantinople, to attempt the aversion of the storm that was menacing his native land. The Grand Vizier, struck with the capacity he shewed in the arts of persuasion, and acquainted with his resources in active life, resolved to deprive his country of so able a head and hand, and on the 13th of December following he was thrown into prison, where he remained several years, having languished out the latter part of the time in the dungeons of Baba Giafar, lying on the humid ground. When asked if he consented to make a transfer of Ragusa to the Porte, he boldly answered that "he was sent to serve, and not to betray his country;" and through the means of a Jew he secretly wrote to the Senate, animating them to hold out to the last, and, regardless of his own fate, expressing his only anxiety that his young children should receive a sound religious education. Cara Mustapha meanwhile, in 1683, went to thunder at the gates of Vienna with 300,000 men; but while Caboga sat in the dungeons of Constantinople, Stahrenberg in Vienna saw, from the high tower of St. Stephen's, the legions of Poland led by the gallant Sobieski, approaching to relieve the city. Germany was saved, Cara Mustapha, the enemy of Ragusa, defeated, and soon after beheaded; and Caboga, being liberated, returned to Ragusa. As he approached the city, every knoll, villa, and house-top, was covered with an admiring, almost adoring people; every bell in Ragusa rang a merry peal, and the Rector and Senate, in full robes, went out of the city to give a cordial welcome to the wonderful Marino Caboga. His lineal descendant and representative, Count Bernard Caboga, is, while I write, a distinguished officer, and high in the Austrian army, having attained the rank of Feld-marechal Lieutenant; and to this very day, the letters of Marino Caboga, the spontaneous effusions of a

warm heart, have a value in the eyes of his family which surpasses that of all treasures of art or wealth.

When the earthquake took place, and the Rector, with many of the Senators, were swallowed up in the ruins, necessity obliged the exclusive nobility of Ragusa to make room for a certain number of persons in possession of simple citizenship in the ranks of the Senate; but so extravagant was the aristocratic spirit, that up to the period of the fall of the Republic in our own century, the distinction between the nobility whose patents dated before and after 1667, was always kept up by exclusive marriages, the parties taking their names from the pretensions of the universities of Spain and France, the old nobility calling themselves Salamanchese, and denominating the new senatorial families Sorbonnese.

The first Council of the Republic was called the *Gran Consiglio*, or *Consiglio Maggiore*, consisting of all the nobles that had completed their eighteenth year; their characters being registered in a book called *Specchio*, or the Mirror. The sovereignty resided in them, the President of the Republic bearing the name of Rector, but holding his office only a month at a time, from the fear of hereditary or dictatorial power; nevertheless in practice it often happened that an individual, from his talents and influence, while never omitting the formality of election, virtually exercised the supreme power the greater part of his life.

The legislative body was the second Council or Senate, of forty-five members, composed principally of the superior magistrates and officers of the government, who had also some of the functions of an executive body, such as the nomination of ambassadors and consuls by election.

The third Council was the *Consiglio Minore*, composed of seven senators and the Rector, and was the really working committee for the despatch of business; thus, the features of the Ragusan constitution were a sovereign constituent assembly, a legislative senate, and a minor council executive of the orders of the senate. The Rector

lived during the month in the palace with princely pomp; his habitual dress was of red silk, with a black stole over the left shoulder; and the nobles up to the end of the eighteenth century wore black gowns and wigs. They possessed nearly all the land, the most lucrative offices, and the control of large funds which had been bequeathed by patriotic and charitable individuals for useful or charitable purposes; and as the '*misera contribuens plebs*' had no voice in state affairs, each patrician had, like those of Rome, a long suite of clients and dependents, whom they protected for pecuniary considerations.

The first years of the French war were in recent times the most prosperous for Ragusa. The flag of San Biagio being neutral, the Republic became one of the chief carriers of the Mediterranean. The Continental blockade was the life of Ragusa; and before the rise of Lissa the manufactures of England, excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Holland, and Germany, found their way to the centre of Europe through Saloniki and Ragusa. But this state, which had managed the Turks so skilfully, which had survived the Greek and Servian empires as well as the Republic of Venice, was unable to stand upright in the terrible contest which included the extremities of Europe in its sphere. The philanthropic republicans of France offered to fraternise with all other republics; and we shall see that Napoleon, with the Imperial Crown on his head, did not despise the small Republic of Ragusa.

The battle of Austerlitz, and the consequent treaty of Presburg, having compelled Austria to hand over Dalmatia to France, Ragusa was put in a novel dilemma. Cattaro held by the Venetians against the Turks, was always accessible to Venice, which was a naval power. But while France held the land, England and Russia held the sea; and while France was marching her troops from Austerlitz to Dalmatia, eleven Russian sail of the line entered the Bocca di Cattaro, and landed 6000 men. As 5000 Frenchmen under Marshal Molitor marched southwards, and took pacific possession, one after another, of

the fortresses of Dalmatia, the Russians pressed the senators of Ragusa to allow them to occupy their city, as it was an important fortress,—thus anticipating France might block the further progress to Cattaro, as the reader will see by an examination of the map that there is no way from Dalmatia to Cattaro but through Ragusa. Marshal Molitor was equally abundant in friendly professions, pressing instances, and solemn pledges, to respect the integrity of the Republic, in his passage to Cattaro. Ragusa felt herself without the power of causing her neutrality to be respected, and long and anxious were the debates that ensued.

“Dear as this land is to me,” said Count John Caboga, “consecrated as it is to our affections by its venerable institutions, its wise laws, and the memory of illustrious ancestors, it will henceforth cease to deserve the name of *patria*, if its independence be subverted. With our large fleet of merchantmen, let us embark our wives and our children, our state treasures and our laws, and ask of the Sultan an island in the Archipelago, which may become a new Epidaurus, and the sanctuary of our time-honoured institutions.”

Serious as the dilemma was, the senators were unprepared for so desperate a remedy. A large majority were for opening the gates to Russia; but the echoes of Austerlitz had scarce died away, and such an act would have at once exposed them to the vengeance of Napoleon, then in the zenith of his lawless ambition and military power. So the occupation of the city was assigned to the French under General Lauriston. No sooner did this take place than the Russian force moved to the siege of the city, and unhappily for Ragusa a barbarous and undisciplined horde of Montenegrines accompanied the regular Russian troops; and such a scene of horror had not been seen since the Huns and the Avars swept round Aquileia. The environs were studded thickly with villas, the results of a long prosperity; and the inhuman scenes of rapine with which the wars of the Montenegrines with the Turks

were accompanied were transferred to these abodes of ease and luxury. Accustomed to the poverty of their own mountains, these invaders could scarce believe their own eyes when, passing Ragusa Vecchia, the smiling villas and well-filled store-houses of Breno Ombla and Pille were presented to their cupidity, and the siege of Ragusa commenced by the burning and plundering of the villas, involving the irretrievable loss of above half a million sterling.

The city was in the utmost straits; General Molitor, who had advanced within a few days' march of Ragusa, made an appeal to the Dalmatians to rise and expel the Russians and Montenegrines, which met with a feeble response, for only three hundred men joined his standard; but a stratagem made up for his deficiency of numbers. A letter, seemingly confidential, was despatched to General Lauriston in Ragusa, announcing his proximate arrival to raise the siege with such a force of Dalmatians as must overwhelm Russians and Montenegrines; which letter was, as intended by Molitor, intercepted and believed by the besieging Russians. With his force thinly scattered, to make up a show, Molitor now advanced towards Ragusa, and turning the Montenegrine position in the valley behind, threatened to surround the Russians who occupied the summit of the hill between him and the city; but seeing the risk of this, the Russians retreated back towards the Bocca di Cattaro, and the city was relieved.

The French, reinforced by 4000 or 5000 men, were now commanded in chief by General Marmont, the newly appointed civil and military Governor of Dalmatia, who, with 9000 sabres and bayonets, boldly advanced to the gulf of Cattaro, and, defeating the Russians and Montenegrines again at the Sutorina with great loss, and the battle of Friedland taking place in 1807, followed by the treaty of Tilsit, France was left in undisputed possession of the coast, as we have already stated under the head of Cattaro.

Freed from Russians and Montenegrines, Napoleon

soon forgot the pledges of neutrality given by his lieutenants; and in January, 1808, as the senators met, an adjutant of General Marmont announced to them that the independence of Ragusa had ceased to exist, and that all administrative functions had devolved on the French commander. Thus ended the Republic of Ragusa: after a municipal existence that filled up the whole period from the fall of the empire of the West to the nineteenth century; and a virtual independence that, in spite of conflicting claims for nominal superiority by the Byzantine Cæsars and the Venetian Republic, had been preserved in the same political forms for eight centuries.

CHAPTER X.

RAGUSAN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

As Bohemia, forming an ethnographical peninsula in Germany, is and was, the most advanced of all the Slaavic nations of central Europe, so Ragusa evidently owes her civilisation to her position on the shores of the Adriatic, opposite, and of easy access to, the Italian peninsula. The Slaavic Athens was the name which Ragusa acquired in the seventeenth century, but surely the Ferrara of a hundred years previous comes within the limits of a juster parallel. As the rudest blast of winter and the coolest breeze of summer come from the west, so the elastic vigour of Ariosto, and the smoothness, the elegance, and completeness of Tasso, seem to mingle their alternate inspirations in the genius of Gondola.

Marino Ghetaldi, surnamed the Demon of Mathematics, had a high European reputation in the seventeenth

century, and the memorials of him are brought home to the traveller, both in town and country.

It was on one of the finest days of the *faithful* month of January, so called from the number of calm days in it which follow the blasts of late autumn, and precede the still ruder ones of February and March, that Don Marco and myself entered a boat at the quay near San Biagio, and were rowed across the bay to a lofty cavern southwards of Ragusa. Not a breath of air was in motion, and an English September seemed to usher in the new year of Ragusa; the Adriatic ebbed and flowed among the fragments of rocks in the gentlest of whispers; a veil of golden gauze trembling on the dark roof of the cavern, and reflecting the sunlight playing on the sea, was the only ocular evidence of its motion; while the depths of the cavern gave back each stroke of the great bell of the city tolling solemnly across the tranquil waters.

It was in the first years of the seventeenth century, when Bacon and Shakespeare were completing the Cyclopean foundations of English science and literature, that a man in middle age, with sharp visage, and those penetrating eyes which make the stranger curious to know their owner's fate and fortunes, surmounted by the broad-brimmed peaked hat of the period, might be seen in this cave. Strange instruments surround him; they shew that the age of alchemy is gone, and that of sound experiment commenced. Marino Ghetaldi, the individual in question (1566-1627), was one of the first astronomers and natural philosophers in Europe; his *Promotus Archimedes* shewed a dim perception of the coming discoveries of Newton; and it certainly was Ghetaldi, and not Des Cartes, who first applied algebra to geometry. He spent six years in travels through Europe; at Venice, Paolo Sarpi called him "Angelo di costumi, e demonio in matematica—an angel in manners, and a demon in mathematics," in allusion to his attainments and that modesty which is generally inseparable from true greatness; and he confesses in his *Promotus*, "Malim scire quam

nosci, discere quam docere." So high was his reputation, that the magistrates of Louvain in Flanders pressed him to be professor of mathematics in their university, when it was to Antwerp as the Padua of that northern Venice. But Ghetaldi had studied and travelled for Ragusa: "*Patria non quia magna sed sua*" was the small but powerful magnet which re-attracted him to the shores of the Adriatic. Here, in cool grot, undisturbed by the hum of the city commerce, he pursued his experiments. Strange and improbable traditions still exist of his having been addicted to magic, and more than one Ragusan captain attributed tempestuous weather to the incantations of the cavern; even the fishermen, for ages after his death, never passed without an appeal to San Biagio against the machinations of the mysterious cavern.

At one side of the cave a dark recess, about three feet deep, with which the sea-water communicates, was the bath of Ghetaldi, and all around on the rocks is the beautiful *Adiantum*, (*Capillus Veneris*), with jet black stem and fine small green leaf. At one side of the cave, next the sea, is a staircase cut in the rock, and Don Marco (as the professor was usually called) informed me that it was in communication with the villa above. A door, almost rotten with sea-air and water, barred the passage; but Don Marco, applying his hands to his mouth, shouted aloud, so that the rock-vault echoed again, and in a minute a servant-girl was seen descending the stairs to the door, which she opened. Passing over slippery rocks, we got within the door, and, ascending the steps, wound round the rock that flanked the entrance to the cave, and found that we had gained a narrow terrace in front of a villa overhanging an abrupt precipice, and looking straight across to Ragusa, with its round towers and high ramparts. Don Marco, who seemed to know every body, ushered me into the parlour of the little villa of Ghetaldi, where pictures somewhat in the Bolognese school were hanging from the walls. Madame S., the spouse of a descendant of the co-heiress of Ghetaldi, now entered, and received

us with Ragusan courtesy. She regretted that his portrait, which had adorned the room, had been taken to her town-house; but Don Marco and myself joined in a prayer to see it restored to its true position.

From the revolutions of science the works of Ghetaldi are unread and forgotten, but his name blooms fresh in the memory of the Ragusans; and a large slab of pavement in the Dominican church, with three fleur-de-lis and two stars, is still regarded with veneration, as covering his remains.

The name of Boscovich stands deservedly high among the mathematicians and astronomers of the eighteenth century, and in 1759 he visited London, and had a brilliant reception from the Royal Society, of which the Earl of Macclesfield was then president. Both these authors wrote in Latin and Italian, and the name of the first confers high honour on Ragusa; but, from the progress of science, their works are unread or forgotten.

Cervario Tuberone, Cerva, and others, have distinguished themselves in the historic line, and when public attention becomes generally awakened, as it must in time be, to the past and present condition of the countries to the east of the Adriatic, their works will be again sought after; but it is in poetry that the genius of Ragusa shines forth with its brightest lustre. The biography and criticism of Zamagna Giorgi and many others, fills a closely printed quarto of Appendini, including several good female dramatic writers; but to do justice to all would have detained me longer in Ragusa than I could spare time for; I therefore fixed my attention on Gondola, the epic poet, the principal figure of the group, and from a variety of published lives, and the criticisms of modern Ragusans, I will attempt "to place a fading chaplet on his eternal shrine." In consequence of his having written in Illyrian, he does not enjoy a European name; but, after the lapse of more than two centuries, he is still read with rapture through all the lands of Illyria. The poetry of Servia is mostly lyric, but Ragusa, on the shores of the Adriatic,

could scarcely escape the influence of the more majestic plans and performances of Italian genius.

Gondola was born in Ragusa on the 8th of January, 1588, when Philip of Spain was preparing his Invincible Armada for the invasion of England, and was educated by the Jesuits. At twenty years of age he devoted himself to the study of the law, and at thirty married a daughter of the house of Sorgo. The Illyrian dramas of Dorsich, Nale, and others, were then the favourite literature of Ragusa, and Gagliuffi thinks that, had the Ragusans persevered, they might have risen to the celebrity of the Spanish theatre; but the beauty of the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* entirely turned the public taste. The favourite reading of Gondola was the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso; his first youthful essays were pastoral dramas of no extraordinary merit, nor was it without a great deal of consideration that he undertook an epic poem.

The choice of Gondola's subject seems, to our age, a strange one, if viewed without reference to the political situation of Ragusa, in the very century in which the Turks were the most hated, and in which our own Waller wrote his "Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire." Gondola enthusiastically takes for his hero, Osman, who became sultan in 1618, and after a variety of wars and amours, is imprisoned and beheaded. It was, therefore, entirely the events of the day that supplied Gondola with his matter. The Porte, in the zenith of her military and political power, was, although the enemy of all Europe, then the protectress of Ragusa against Venice; and Osman, the antipathy of Christendom, is a daring hero in the eyes of the patriotic Ragusan.

The war with Poland in 1621, the captivity of Korewsky as hostage in Constantinople, the disguise of his wife as a Hungarian boy to deliver him, the condition of all these countries, and a variety of episodes and adventures, concluding with the death of the Sultan, form the staple of the work. Thus while Milton's subject was too vaguely remote from the daily existence of the poet, that of Gon-

dola was too near; and party-spirit, rather than strict historic justice, inspires the portrait of the hero. The same objection of the introduction of contemporary subjects may apply to Dante, only he was not a spectator of the action of his poem, but part and parcel of it; and as his vengeance flashes from page to page, and his music thunders from canto to canto, we feel ourselves, after five centuries and a half, living in the world of Guelph and Ghibelline, loving with Dante's loves, and hating with Dante's hates. The adventures of Osman in the political history of Turkey fail to awaken our interest; but as the balm of the Egyptian preserved the humblest of remains to the wonder of a hundred ages, while the bones of a true hero moulder unknown, so the poetry of Gondola will preserve the events of Osman's life when greater names are forgotten.

Gondola died in 1638, at fifty-one years of age; two of his sons fought in the Thirty-years' War under Wallenstein, and the youngest died in 1682 in the supreme office of Rector of the Republic. The male line is extinct, but I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his representative and namesake in the female line, who has a good unincumbered estate, and has lately been made a baron by the emperor.

The finest passage in the work, according to some, is the entrance of the ambassador of the Sultan into the palace of Warsaw, where he sees, to his shame and surprise, woven on the walls, a tapestry representing the defeat of his master at the battle of Koezim; according to others, the lamentations and reflections of Osman in prison. I am not a sufficient master of Illyrian to be able to decide the matter myself; the piece I have selected is the Episode of Suncianitza, the daughter of the deposed Lord of Servia. A translation of a translation, like a print after a print, may convey the outlines, but cannot pretend to the touch and colour of the original.

"The chief of the black eunuchs of the Sultan entered the city of Semendria, where he hoped to find the daughter

Gluibedrag, the fair and the young Suncianitza. She is of the illustrious family of the despots of Servia, the apple of the eye, the light of her blind father. He is the nephew of the nephews of George and Jerina; his power hath passed away, but his deeds and his conduct are those of a prince. His old age leans on the staff that was once the sceptre of his fathers, his kingdom is the narrow meadow, his subjects are the bleating sheep, his hounds are his guards, and shepherds are his courtiers and allies. His twelve sons have fallen before the sharp sword of the Osmanli; and his eyes flowed with tears until the springs of vision dried up. He is the trunk of the tree whose branches have been scattered by the tempest; he would have perished amid his sobs had he not lived on the voice of his daughter.

"This fountain of life is the fair young Suncianitza, whose virtue has been blown with the trumpet of fame; and the fruits of this one branch are the only hope of the father. But the virginity of that maid is consecrated to the Almighty. The old man perceives it with grief, and assembles the youth of Bulgaria to wake her soft desires. The rustic games, and the accents of music, mingled with the dance of the shepherds, and the flower-crowned maids. The language of courtesy is held while they sit on the meadow, and the echoes are charmed with the pipe and the tabor; the maidens lose their lustre at the appearance of Suncianitza, like the stars of night at the blushing dawn; the zephyrs play with her blonde tresses, and her step in the dance is the subtle enchantment.

"The sight of the chief of the black eunuchs suddenly ends the games; he sought the fair Suncianitza for the harem of his master. A thrill of terror froze every heart; the flowers dropt from the hand of Suncianitza, and, mute as a statue, she hid her visage in her hands; but the cunning slave, masking his design, said mildly, 'Let fear and trouble end, cease neither the dance nor the song; all I desire is peace, and the continuance of the games.'

“‘Wise and good father,’ said the black, ‘may the Most High give thee the light of thy countenance. Tell me, who were thy ancestors? Were they of the royal race, and who dispossessed them?’ The old man, troubled in spirit, answered, ‘The remembrance of past grandeur is bitter; what avails illustrious birth in obscurity and poverty?’ He told his sad tale, and with a voice of sorrow added, ‘All that remains to me is my cherished daughter—my only consolation.’ The chief of the eunuchs drew a golden veil from his girdle, approached Suncianitza, and giving it with respect, said, ‘Great is thy happiness, O noble daughter, thou art now the spouse of the Sultan of the world.’

“Thrilled with horror, Suncianitza was about to fall; but the mutes approached, and the fair one was torn from her father, struggling like a dove in the talons of a vulture. The blind Gluibedrag tore the white hair from his head.

“‘Cruel Fate,’ said the frenzied grey-beard, ‘to make a shepherd of the sons of princes, to snatch from me my sons and my only daughter! Where art thou, my love? let the blind old man but hear thy voice. O inexorable Death, why have you left me in the land of the living?’

“But Suncianitza, carried far away, heard not his accents of grief; tears filled her eyes, or terror froze her heart. ‘Whither am I dragged from the arms of a father? Ah! who will calm his troubles, and assuage his grief? Come, father, let thy flowing tears soften their obdurate hearts; may thy grey hairs drive violence far away.’

“‘Virgin, thou hast wept enough,’ said the eunuch, who had sought the fairest beauties of Egypt, Bosnia, and the land of the Dukes (Herzegovina), leaving disconsolate mothers, and bringing with him the daughters of the noble, the fair in person, and those endowed with mental qualifications, who all now approach the city of empire.

“The Sultan entered at the same time, and the agas presented to him the female slaves in the seraglio. Ranged in the form of a half moon, the like had never been seen in all the world. The perfect beauties of the palace were

like the spring flowers of the forest united in the garden; one stole softly on the senses, the other dazzled like the noontide sun; sweetly smiled the one, noble was the gait of the other; but Suncianitza outshone them all by the lustre of her charms, but her brow was pale with modesty and virtue.

“Open thy mind,” said the Sultan, “and confide in Osman, who can calm thy grief.” Suncianitza, raising her thoughts to God, asked His succour to soften the heart of the Sultan, and offer on the altar of the Most High the lily of her virginity.

“Powerful and glorious Sultan,” said Suncianitza, “thy words embolden me to bare my breast. I am the only daughter of a father blind with grief for the loss of twelve sons; I alone stand between him and the tomb: the cherished daughter has been torn from his embrace; like the plant whose last root fails, death and annihilation are inevitable. Oh, father! what hand shall close thy eyes, or honour thy remains with the ceremonies of the tomb? By Mahommed thy prophet, and Ahmed thy father, let the daughter rejoin the parent, and glory surround thy name.”

“An icy silence followed the speech of Suncianitza, and uncertainty reigned in the heart of the Sultan. To lose the flower of his seraglio, or act with the harshness of a barbarian, was the dilemma in which he was placed; but virtue triumphed. ‘How!’ said he, ‘ought I to govern others, and not know how to govern myself? Thy trouble is ended, noble girl: my heart is moved, and the favour is granted. My desire is to reign in the hearts of mankind by love and justice; thy affection is most lovely in misfortune, as the rays of the sun that vanquish in the struggle with the mists, and long live your father to enjoy your society.’

“Thus spoke the Sultan: but Suncianitza can scarcely believe the reality of her liberty, as the mariner, after the long and stormy night, mistrusts the rays of dawn that shew him the wished-for haven. Throwing herself at the

feet of the Sultan, she cried in a transport: 'Great and magnanimous sovereign, a movement of thy lips hath breathed youth and strength into the body of a dying old man: more valiant than the conquerors of kingdoms, thou hast vanquished thyself. Noble and generous action, time and distance will take nothing from its glory.'

"The Sultan, opening his treasures, hung a splendid necklace around the throat of Suncianitza, at once the ornament of her beauty and the memorial of his magnificence.

"The slaves that brought her as a prisoner, returned with her as guards and servants to the door of the blind Gluibedrag."

TO THE SHADE OF GONDOLA.

OH, magic arts, that deep in hidden bowels
Of molten chaos find the statue's grace,
By plan divine, or nervous wielded trowels,
Raise the harmonious colonnade apace,
Or o'er the arid plain expanding trace
The long arcade that slakes the thirsty town
With crystal lymph from gelid mountain font;—
But structures lapse, as time rolls on,
And even capitals fall into dark oblivion.

Far there the knell of desolation toll'd,
And empire vanish'd like a baseless vision:
Fierce o'er the land barbaric surges roll'd;—
Avar and Roman, in their dire collision,
Soon made a waste of what had been Elysian.
Down, thundering crashed the stately fanes,
Erst built with mathematical precision;
Now a mere heap of labyrinthine lanes,
To mock the student of antiquity's remains.

The fractured image leaves no seeds
To blossom into posthumous renown;
Highest emprise of victors' mightiest deeds,
The transient glitter of a fragile crown,
Or power to freeze a kingdom with a frown.
Not so Ragusa's bard, whose tuneful lyre,
Resounding sweet from Save to Drave,
Forbids Illyrian nations to expire,
Vibrates immortal airs to kindle patriot fire.

CHAPTER XI.

ENVIRONS OF RAGUSA.

The coasts and islands to the south of Ragusa are full of historic interest and romantic beauty, and two little trips, in which the accomplished and erudite Professor Kalugera acted the obliging cicerone, afforded me some of the pleasantest days I passed in the Adriatic.

Don Marco ordered the men to row us to La Chroma, a small island about a mile from the cave, which seemed to be entirely covered with wood and shrubbery, and without any habitation, except a small modern fort which crowned the top of the hill. Other islands lay to the south, and, on asking their names, I found that they were called Marcana and Bobara (St. Mark and St. Barbara). "They are mere rocks," said Don Marco, "fit for sea-fowl, and not fit for a man, unless he be a passionate fowler; and yet they have often played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of Ragusa."

"You church-men are not generally fond of bleak barren positions. The clergy have capital taste for landscape-gardening in general. You see that Benedictine convent at the extremity of the bay, how snugly sheltered under the point of land, with plenty of vegetation and a fine view."

"They are both Turkish islands," said Don Marco, "in the diocese of Trebigne; and whenever the Ragusan Archbishops wished to escape dependence on the senate, they used to hold their councils here in security."

We soon rounded the wooded point of the island, and found ourselves in a little bay, beyond which was a level plain of turf between a wood of pines and the hill on which the fort was built; and in the most sheltered part of this little valley was a ruined convent, and a church of a period much anterior, and evidently of Byzantine form. This was the island and monastery of La Chroma, at which Richard

Cœur de Lion landed on his return from the Holy Land. It appears that the tempest off Albania must have been most violent, and Richard made a vow to erect a temple to the Virgin in the first place of his landing. Presenting himself to the monks, he declared his design to build a church there, for which he gave, or would give, 100,000 *nummi argentei*. No sooner did the rector hear of Richard's arrival, then he went with the senate to congratulate him on his escape, and offer him the hospitality of Ragusa, which Richard accepted along with "magnificent spectacles;" but the rector begged him to write to the Pope, to commute the locality of his votive offering from the island to the city of Ragusa itself, the cathedral of which was small and inconvenient; to which Richard consented, on the condition that, every second of February, being the Purification of the Virgin, the superior and monks of the convent of La Chroma would be allowed to celebrate the mysteries of that festival. It appears, however, that in the sixteenth century the Archbishop wished to resist this right, and a hot dispute was the consequence, which led to a research of the archives, and the right of the monks was confirmed by a curious decree of the rector and senate. This privilege they retained till 1667, when the earthquake threw down both the cathedral of Richard and a great part of the convent of La Chroma.

The illustrious author of *Ivanhoe* had perhaps never heard of this island, but it might well have furnished a splendid chapter to this great inventor: a tempest-tost King of England landing from Palestine; the monks giving hospitality to a stranger, to find that their guest is a king, and the taker of Acre; and the senate crossing in all the pomp of middle-age magnificence to welcome the valiant chevalier and crusading king.

"Do you know," said Don Marco, as we walked amid the sequestered foliage, "that for us Britannia is a poesia; her whole history, down to Victoria, is an epic poem."

"Many people on the continent," said I, "maintain that,

having arrived at her full growth, she must soon begin to decay."

"*Niente affatto*; not a bit of it," answered the professor; "if she has not extended her branches she has been growing at the roots; if the conquests of this generation have not been so extensive as former ones, her mercantile navy, the root of all her power, has increased; a nation that perpetually wars with the elements needs never fear the corrosion of a long peace."

Leaving La Chroma, we now rode some miles to the southwards, and, passing a bluff point, a new prospect opened on us; a beach of yellow sand, glistening with white pebbles in the unclouded sun, skirted a bay, which formed a graceful semicircle. The precipitous mountains fell away inland, and broken but richly cultivated ground, interspersed with vines, olives, pastures, and occasional oak-trees, intervened between the bluff point we had passed, and the promontory of Epidaurus, some miles ahead. This was the renowned bay of St. Hilary, not less celebrated in the annals of Christianity than the bay of St. George in Syria, where the dragon was killed. Three hundred and sixty-five years after Christ, St. Hilary landed in this bay, and defied and vanquished by miraculous power, according to tradition, a terrible serpent that infested the coast; the serpent being of the family of St. George, that is to say, no other than the Greek mythology, whose death-rattle sounded in the fourth century through all the Roman world. Titus and St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Illyria, St. Hilary followed in their footsteps, and St. Jerome, a native of Dalmatia, completed the work, and speaks with enthusiasm of the reputation for piety which Hilary had left in the whole region; but, in writing the life of his predecessor, he might surely have spared us the miracle of the serpent, and the restraining of the threatening sea during the apostacy of Julian.

In the middle of the bay is the village of St. Hilary (St. Ilarione) with a few boats drawn upon the beach, but without the unpleasant odours, the ill-dressed children, and the untidy

houses of a fishing village; behind it is the plain of Breno, the agricultural garden of the east of the Adriatic. Ombla is a wild, highland loch, fitter for a country-house than the labours of agriculture; but here, every nook is fenced and cultivated, so that the traveller might think himself in the environs of an Italian capital. The olive-trees and all the other products shewed at once the traces of that superior culture which makes the berry the largest and fattest of the coast, even surpassing that of the opposite Gallipoli. The aspect of the peasantry fully corresponded with the appearance of nature; instead of the drunken, patched misery of Dalmatia, the men were all coarsely but tidily and decently dressed. The women, although sunburnt, had clear healthy complexions, that shewed the purity of the air and the results of an orderly material existence. Altogether I was delighted to find, in so distant a part of Europa, a region that in every respect might vie with its centres, with one exception; the vicinity of the Türks had led the Ragusan republic to the policy of having no roads practicable for artillery.

We had not walked above half an hour along the plain, when I saw approaching a middle-aged man, with broad-brimmed hat, and a collar of white linen turned down over a stock studded with little blue beads, and wearing black knee-breeches and silver buckles in his shoes. This was the clergy man of Breno, the friend of Don Marco, who had come to meet us, and conducted us to the parsonage, a neat new house, on a rising ground a quarter of a mile off, embosomed in cypresses. He apologised for the roads as contrasted with the new ones that had lately been made in various parts of Dalmatia, and mentioned an old local proverb, "*Deus fecit Brenam, vias autem ejus diabolus.*"

The parsonage-house was a small new stone building; the folding doors being of iron, studded with bolts, like a prison entrance. Don Marco joked him on his precautions; but the clergyman reminded him that he was the banker of the savings of the parish, and that a few

desperadoes might be tempted to rob the whole parish, and cut his own throat; for they were within a few miles of the Turkish frontier. During dinner the conversation fell on the comparative morality of the Ragusan peasant and the Dalmatian, which possessed much interest for me, because the clergy are best acquainted with the condition of the peasantry. Both the Ragusans and the Dalmatians are very poor in money; for a woman of Breno will carry a load of firewood six miles to gain fourpence. The peasant of the environs of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, will walk the same distance to sell a pair of fowls for a shilling; but instead of taking home the money to his wife, he never leaves the Piazza dell' Erbe until the half of it be squandered in liquor or disorder.

The landed proprietor of Ragusa deals more easily with the peasant than the landlord of Dalmatia. In Breno, the countryman, instead of farming the land, divides the produce with the landlord. When corn-lands are good and productive, the landlord on giving the seed receives the half of the produce. If the peasant furnish the seed, and the land be easily worked, the landlord receives a third; but if the land be poor and inconveniently worked, he receives only a fourth, or perhaps less. In Dalmatia the peasantry are lazy and vindictive, not so in the territory of Ragusa; here every scrap of manure on the roads is carefully picked up, and put round the trunks of the olives. The cultivators are mild and fair spoken; but the proprietor must look very sharply after the division of the spoil, otherwise he will find himself short of his due. The best property is that of olives; and instead of florins, such and such a landlord is said to be worth so many barrels of oil a year. Permanent absenteeism is almost impossible. A proprietor wished to let his lands, and live at Venice, but he could not find a middle-man or farmer of adequate capital and character, willing to give him a certainty, except at a great sacrifice.

I found that tile-draining, subsoil-ploughing, and other processes, were unknown, for the enemy to be combated

is the long droughts of summer; the territory of Ragusa suffering, in a minor degree, from the dryness of the neighbouring Dalmatia. In the middle ages all the seaward slope of the Vellebitch was covered with wood, mulberries below, and pines above; which not only retained the soil on the slopes by the reticulation of their roots, but, attracting and retaining the moisture, caused the rains to be more frequent, and the running streams to be more copious even in the heat of summer. But the Turkish war ruined Dalmatia, and the Venetian policy was to keep the people dependent on the Republic for subsistence. Paolo Sarpi, in his report on Dalmatia, in the capacity of Consultatore, shews his narrow bigotry, by openly avowing that this kingdom, with its robust population, must be kept needy in order to remain in subjection; hence the inhuman extirpation of the mulberries, and the prohibition of the silk culture, a most impious interference with the part assigned by Nature to Dalmatia in the territorial division of labour. This was not the fault of Venice alone, but pervaded the colonial policy of all other nations — of Spain and America, as well as of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and from which the history of our own settlements in India and America shews that we were not free.

In a calm pleasant evening we returned to the village of St. Hilary, which we examined more in detail; the habitations are scattered among thickgrown gardens, and mills in motion; a stream dashing over a low precipice, and glistening in the evening sun, loses itself for a short way under the willows, planes, and poplars, and reappearing, fretted with its combat with the mill-wheel, intersects the yellow beach, and mingles its spent force with the ripple of the bay. Here we embarked for Ragusa Vecchia, at the southern extremity of the bay, where the hills again approach close to the sea. The port is small, and the modern town of Ragusa Vecchia is a mere village, forming a wretched contrast to the magnificence of Epidaurus, which covered the neighbourhood.

The inn was humble, but cleanly; and, after supper, we went to the café, and had some chat with the people there assembled. Every village in Dalmatia has just such a small café. A female stands at a counter, on which are large bottles of brandy and maraschino, and a brass lamp of oliveoil; three or four small black walnut tables have each a tallow candle, at which are seated the principal people of the place playing at cards, and half of them smoking, so that the den is rather obscure. The talk is quite local, such as, "Why does the Pasha of Herzegovina impose such illegal duties on goods from Ragusa?" "How is oil selling at Trieste?" "Such and such a one made a bad speculation to Bari, on the Neapolitan coast, with his lugger;" and a great deal about the production of particular fields, and whether they are highly or moderately rated in the Catasto. ¹

Next morning we took a survey of Epidaurus, of which only mounds remain; but wherever the earth is excavated, foundations of houses, fragments of tombs, sections of columns, and mutilated statuary are found. Encheleian Illyria, of which Epidaurus was subsequently the chief city, was the scene of the adventures of Cadmus, after his flight from Thebes; and the city itself, founded by the Greeks, became, in due time, a Roman colony, in which Esculapius was the special object of veneration in the principal temple of the city. To this day, one of the capitals of the colonnade of the palace of the government in Ragusa, represents a scene, in alto relievo, of the god seated, with a species of mitre on his head, and a flowing beard; a book being open on his knee, and instruments of pharmacy and chemistry around him, taken from the ruins of Epidaurus. ²

¹ The register of the Government, which fixes the value of the fluctuating tithes by an average of years.

² Epidaurus was twice sacked by the Avars, in 625 and 639, and at length totally destroyed, 656, by the Croats. The antiquities of this part of Illyria have been fully described by Appendini in his *Notizie*, Ragusa, 1803.

CHAPTER XII.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF RAGUSA.

After a cursory survey of the site of Epidaurus, I returned to Ragusa, to make farther inquiry into the adventures of the lion-hearted Richard; and went first to a local antiquary of my acquaintance.

Passing through the Corso, or main street, I turned off, and began to ascend one of the steep breakneck lanes that lead to the wall on the mountain side of the town, where no carriage can move, and even a loaded mule could with difficulty ascend such an acclivity, and at length got to the Mincietto, a sturdy crenellated tower of the fifteenth century, which overlooks the town. Here was the house of the bibliomaniac, and in a low dark room, which smelt of mouldy books, in their dingy vellum bindings, were tomes and manuscripts, having reference to Ragusa, thick piled on the shelves all around. Prints of the most celebrated Ragusan authors were hung here and there; and prominent in the room was the picture of a brig owned by his father during the Ragusan neutrality of the last war, the *Madonna del Rosario*, with the dark blue flag of the Republic, bordered with white, and, in the middle of it, the figure of San Biagio in full canonicals. Our man of books had been Neapolitan vice-consul in Ragusa, in the days of Murat; but, with the changes of time, became a clerk in the tribunal or court of justice.

"That recalls to me old days," said he, pointing to the *Madonna del Rosario*; "when the flag of the Republic of Ragusa, being neutral, was the carrier of the Mediterranean; every quay covered with merchandise, every house full of gold; but then subsequently we paid for it with our mishaps and adventures. Coming from Malta to Ragusa, when the French occupied the Republic, I was seized, when off the coast of Albania, and suffered a long imprisonment at Scutari."

After stating my wants and wishes to the antiquary, he directed me to the neighbouring Franciscan Convent, as his own collection did not go so far back,—one of the monks of which is the greatest bibliophile of Ragusa. The convent is a lofty, simple Gothic edifice, in front of which is a very large and elegant circular basin of water, with dragons and cornices elaborately carved, after a design by Onofrio Giordiani, of the first half of the fifteenth century, which is the receptacle of the water that principally supplies Ragusa, brought in an aqueduct a distance of no less than nine miles from the vale of Gianchetto. Within the convent was a large quadrangular cloister, with the slender double columns of the style of the Lower Empire, surrounding a garden of myrtle and citron, just as in the Levant. A third style, seen in the interior of the church, was the least attractive of all three, having stucco mouldings of the middle of last century, with their pear-shaped lines of beauty jostling each other to confusion.

Through a wide magnificent gallery I was led to the cell of the padre, where I saw that a convent in Dalmatia is just the reverse of a London house. In our foggy climate even the houses of the rich are mean in exterior, with narrow staircases, where two persons can scarce pass, but comfort reigns in every apartment; here, on the contrary, a good edifice and a superb corridor, and a miserable little cell of bare whitewashed walls. The padre, a fresh, hale old man, past seventy, with a grey head and a ruddy complexion, sat at a small table on a black-leather chair. A crucifix stood in front of him, and old books, coffee apparatus, prints, and thumbed Missals, were all heaped together in the narrowest space.

“Every information I possess,” said Padre Giurich, “is at your service; I remember my Lord Guildford, who came here a great many years ago, he who founded the University of Corfu, and took a great interest in Ragusa. You English are always spreading knowledge and getting information; but we, like a set of fools and traitors, have dispersed our own stores. The Dominicans, filled with

avarice and meanness, were the first, when the French came, to sell away their magnificent library. A precious library, containing all that could have interested you in Ragusa; but, *actum est*, it is gone. But there is Cerva at your service," continued the padre, pointing to a long range of volumes on a shelf in the cell.

The Franciscan taking me to be a *helluo librorum* like himself, recommended such a course of reading on the middle ages of Ragusa, as would have taken six months at least; but some extracts made for me by Don Marco, before my departure, will be sufficient for my purpose. Philip de Diversis de Quartigianis, writing in 1440, describes the old cathedral, built at the expense of Richard Cœur de Lion, as follows:

"The Cathedral of Ragusa is a temple of hewn stone, of regular architecture, surrounded with a balustrade and columns; easy access to within, and a pleasant walk without. The colonnade is half the height of the church, and has a frieze of animals cut in stone; the roof is of lead; and within are three aisles, the middle one sustained with thick and lofty columns. The grand altar in the middle has a magnificent canopy, supported by four columns. A curious pulpit, on four pillars, is remarkable for its ingenuity and artifice. The pavement is of variegated marbles, and the walls adorned with representations from the deeds described in the Old and New Testaments. The windows are of coloured glass, nor must we omit to admire the baptismal font."

The subsequent adventures of Richard are comparatively well known. It is positively stated in the chronicles of Zara, that it was at that city that he disembarked, and commenced *in disguise* his journey to Vienna, no doubt through Croatia. He arrived safely at a hostelry in the Erdberg, and on a Sunday morning, giving a piece of gold to the mistress to buy fowls, suspicion was excited, and led to his imprisonment.

The old cathedral of Richard Cœur de Lion was thrown down by the earthquake in 1667; a year after Old St. Paul's of London was burned. The new cathedral

was completed by Angelo Bianchi in 1713, the year of the completion of Saint Paul's. The only relic of the old sacristy is the Reliquary, which is truly splendid. Within a high iron gate, in a dark apartment, lighted by day with lamps and candles, is such a quantity of dead men's bones set in gold and jewels, as does not certainly exist in all Europe. A part of a skull, encompassed with gold filagree-work, is called the head of St. Blasius, and looks more like a goblet of Benvenuto Cellini than the skull of a bishop: it is stated by Cerva to have been brought to Ragusa from Greece in 1026. His arms, the left one brought from Venice in 1346, and the right one given by Tomas Paleologus, despot of the Peloponnesus in 1459, are, along with the relics of convents and churches in Bosnia, and skulls and arms of other saints and heroes, all shining in the most precious middle-age goldsmith-craft. Nor are they few in number, but at least forty or fifty pieces; and I think it probable that some of them must have been of the first centuries of the Christian era, Dalmatia and Illyria having embraced Christianity at so early a period. The curious extracts Gibbon gives about the horror of the later Pagans at the salting and preserving of the heads of the first martyrs, recurred with great force to my memory, as I looked around and saw the *disjecta membra* of mummies glistening by the glare of the lamps, as if they were arms and legs cased in armour of gold enamel. For the historian of subsequent periods, this collection has a moral interest far beyond the art of the goldsmith; for it was after the conversion of Bosnia, Albania, and Herzegovina to Islamism, that Ragusa became the asylum of the Christian element; and the nobility of character and energy they displayed in never delivering up to the vengeance of their more powerful neighbours those princes or nobles who sought refuge within the precincts of the city, is a subject of honourable pride in the breast of every Ragusan.

In the body of the church the most venerated object is the pelican altar, containing a representation of a pelican

feeding her young with her blood, a symbol of the redemption of mankind by the blood of Christ. Pelicans abound in the lower Narenta, and I am writing this present book with the large pen of a Narenta pelican.

The Ragusans have throughout with great tenacity adhered to the Church of Rome; and the Synod of Basle, in 1433, in a permission to them to trade freely with infidels and schismatics (Turks and Greeks), passed a brilliant eulogium on their fidelity, for it would appear that their political connexion with the Sultans had previously caused some umbrage. Scarce had the surrounding provinces turned Turk when the Reformation broke out in all its fury in Germany, flourished at Ferrara, and, notwithstanding the silence of the Ragusan writers on the subject, I was assured that in the middle of the sixteenth century a majority of the youth entertained the principles of the Reformation, and the peace of the Republic was seriously menaced. One of the absurd Catholic traditions of the town is, that fifteen young men of the first families having, during the reform struggle, refused to salute the Host in the street, were next day found dead; and to this day, at Stagno, is shewn a place in which a Protestant was immured alive. He is supposed to have been a Sorgo, for the accounts of the period were carefully suppressed; but I was present at a hot and long dispute that took place on this subject—a representative of the Sorgo family declaring, with inexpressible horror, that the heretic was a Caboga.

Ragusa succeeded to Epidaurus as an Archiepiscopal see, and continued so during all the Republic, always contesting with Spalato the primacy of the Littorale or coast of Illyria; but at present it is simply a Bishopric. The present incumbent, a man of distinguished courtly manners, and clear active intellect, debarred by his profession from meddling directly in civil or political affairs, is working out a laudable political end, by means within his legitimate sphere, and is so judicious a patriot as to deserve some mention of his proceedings.

There is now-a-days no Gondola or Boscovich in this city, but a great readiness and capacity for instruction. The nobility, up to the fall of the Republic, were in easy and opulent circumstances; but after their fleet of three hundred merchantmen was burned or taken, and the Republic merged in the French empire, those who had not landed property, but lived on the profits of shipping (held ostensibly by a Jew broker), or enjoyed lucrative offices, found themselves in a new and painful position. The citizens have the resources of trade, but the prejudices of the aristocracy against trading openly are too strong to be overcome. The Dalmatian is quite different from the Ragusan; he has a generous heart, but is rude, uncultivated, and spendthrift; and the remedy for this is a more efficient system of public instruction than that which exists.

Each city of Dalmatia has its own sphere of action. Zara, nearest to Austria, is the military capital; Spalato is the seat of the trade of Bosnia; but Ragusa, from its literary tastes, cultivated manners, and the cheapness of living, ought to be the seat of a regular university for the formation of members of the liberal professions, as well as the civilians and clergy, who might in time effect an educational revolution on all the coast, from Istria to Albania,—in short, it is by becoming a university, and a seat of learning, that Ragusa is most likely to prosper. The Bishop has perfectly understood this question. A Dalmatian by birth, he is sensible of the defects of his fellow-countrymen, of their many excellent native qualities which lie dormant or are misdirected, and of the necessity of a more enlightened class of rural clergy, as well as of the advantage of enabling the rising generation of Ragusa to have superior instruction on the spot. He is sensible of the great capacity of this people for intellectual pursuits, and has earnestly applied himself to realise the local funds for this excellent object.

The foundations of the Republic for educational or charitable purposes were opulent; but no sooner did the

French invasion spread over the land, than a general scramble took place. The large libraries of the colleges of the Jesuits and Dominicans were sold and dispersed, and the funds of the charitable and educational institutions were appropriated by those who had the care of them. There are, however, fragments of these endowments scattered about. The present Bishop has put an end to the usufruct of these by individuals, and has consolidated them so as to found a Lyceum or Philosophical Institution, which promises well.

A visit to the embryo Institution was the occupation of an interesting forenoon. Besides the usual class-rooms, with the apparatus of Natural Philosophy, there is a library, which has begun with three thousand volumes of private donations. Here I found, among other works, a Molière in Illyrian, as his plays used to be acted a century and a half ago; and I cannot close this chapter without acknowledging the kind attentions as well as valuable information which I have received on various subjects, from the Bishop, and from Don Marco Kalugera, who, by his profound and extensive erudition, is the ornament of the Institution.

Ragusa always maintained a traffic with European Turkey, as much from its geographical position as from the political relations existing with the Porte. The enemy of Venice and the ally of Genoa was protected by the Porte; and it was the privileges of separate jurisdiction and right of worship in the great cities of the region now called European Turkey, that were the types of the present anomalous position of the subjects of foreign powers in the dominions of the Sultan. In Belgrade, Roustchouk, Silistria, Adrianople, and Sofia, were so-called Ragusan colonies, or, in our own commercial language, factories, in which the consul exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction, even before the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed II.

The Ragusan ambassador at the Porte was therefore an important personage for the Republic; and the last

dragoman of the last legation still lived when I was in Ragusa, in the enjoyment of a green old age. He was an enthusiastic oriental scholar, and even carried complaisance so far as to give me a little dancing-party, in which the waltz, gliding on the marble pavement, reminded me of the Levant. He had been brought up as a *jeune de langues* in the time of the Republic, and last saw Constantinople in 1805; but in consequence of the friendly relations that always existed between Ragusa and the Porte, he was a Turcophile of the heartiest sort.

Ragusa is still the port of Herzegovina, whence its raw products are exported, and whither its manufactures are imported; and one day he took me to see the Turkish bazaar outside the town, which is sequestered, for sanatory reasons, off the main southern road, by two stone fences breast high, which permit commerce and conversation without contact; and the excellent macadamised road to Herzegovina is seen forming a red-brown zigzag line on the face of the hill above. A thick grove of trees planted within the enclosure gives a convenient coolness in the heat of summer; but in January it was leafless; and on the other side of the barrier mules were loading and unloading, while bags of wool and grain were being weighed and delivered. The Moslem merchants and dealers from Herzegovina sat smoking on stone benches within, coolly ordering their servants to bring this bale or that bale, while the Greeks of Ragusa outside were full of agility, and perpetually on the move to turn a penny. The Moslem beyond the barrier, whether he bought or sold, acted the master; the Greek on this side, whether he bought produce of the Moslem, or sold him manufactures, seemed his servant.

"A happy morning, Hadgi," said our Ragusan orientalist to a well-dressed Herzegovinian, who, to use our own slang, had got a touch of the tar-brush in his face; "here is a friend of mine who has been lately in Egypt;" so we fell a talking, and he told me that his father was from the Soudan (country of the upper Nile), and having

come to Bosnia with a pasha, whose name I have forgot, had married a white Bosniac woman, and that he himself was born in Trebigne, and had been four years in Alexandria, in the house of a Bosniac merchant, and was now in trade there. In the midst of our discourse, up came a man, with a bag, to pay the Hadgi money owing him, which was all counted out in ducats and Austrian zwanzigers, which are now the favourite coin of Ragusa; and whilst they were telling the money, Mr. B. informed me that all the accounts of the State of Ragusa were kept in Turkish piastres up to the French invasion, in 1809.

Without entering further into unimportant details, I will state briefly how Ragusa stands with reference to trade. Ever since the destruction of her mercantile navy, in consequence of the French occupation, Ragusa has ceased to possess any maritime importance in the Adriatic. Once exclude a place from trade for a few years, and disperse its capital, and it is very difficult to restore it again; commerce being so curiously capricious, abandoning with great unwillingness unfavourable positions that exist for ages on the momentum of some former impulse, and often unaccountably and pertinaciously refusing to occupy positions that appear favourable. But if an unfavourable position be abandoned, it is very difficult to bring about a reaction.

One of the drawbacks to the town can scarcely be remedied; the old port under the walls was sufficiently large for the galleys of the middle ages, but unfit for vessels of long course. After the great earthquake it was proposed to build the new city at Gravosa; but the circumstance of the solid walls of the old town remaining almost uninjured, determined the re-edification on the old spot. Now that lofty ramparts, in the style of the middle ages, are of no value, this resolution is regretted; as Gravosa, which could contain all the largest ships of the Adriatic, is a mile off, and this undoubtedly keeps down the value of house-property in the town.

With a university and no Customs tariff, I think that Ragusa might bloom forth anew, if the inhabitants chose to second these measures by putting forth their own energies. It was by self-reliance that their forefathers laid the foundation of that wealth which is passed away. It is by the same qualities that the Greeks of Herzegovina, now established in Ragusa, have almost a monopoly of the internal trade. And it is by accommodating their position to their means that they have any chance of retrieving their past splendour.¹

In the mean time, it is an unquestionable advantage for the whole coast, that the Steam Navigation of the Austrian Lloyd's Company now extends along all the Eastern shore of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NARENTA.

The steamers from Trieste have been a great advantage for Dalmatia; but in reality they have produced a very slight addition to the knowledge of the interior. Few travellers can resist preferring the towns visited on the coast, with the conveniences of a well-furnished cabin, books, society, and a good table, to the fatigues of a journey on the Turkish borders, where roads and inns are scarce and bad. It is for this reason that the coast of Dalmatia from Ragusa to Spalato is almost entirely unknown to modern tourists, although the Delta of the Narenta is, without exception, that part of the coast in which Nature has poured out her territorial wealth with a liberality which equals, if it does not surpass, that of the plains on the opposite coast of Apulia; but it is, at

¹ The population of Ragusa at the time of the earthquake was 30,000, now 6000.

the same time, the most uncultivated and the most unhealthy spot in Dalmatia.

The Ragusans speak of the Delta of the Narenta just as the Romans spoke of the Pontine marshes before they were drained. When I talked of going there, they shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, as if I were going into a plague-hospital; and one said, that if I caught the fever, I might never have the pleasure of smelling a London fog again. But the words of an English bookseller recurred to my mind: "A traveller and a writer of travels differ; the former loses his way if he go out of the beaten track, the latter loses his time if he remain in it, and can never go astray when he has turned his back on the high road." I therefore resolved to see the Narenta; and meeting at the house of a friend the principal merchant and agriculturist of the Delta, he declared that the climate was better than that of Ragusa, and that he was always ill in the city, and never well again until he got back to the Narenta. I then recounted this anecdote in glee to the Ragusans, who answered, that if a frog were taken out of a marsh, he was unwell until thrown in the water again; but the Narentan concluded, that England, being a country of perpetual fog, must be all marsh, and decided that I ought to go with him just to revive me with something akin to my native air. The Ragusans having asked him whether the fogs of the Narenta had ever produced a Gondola, or a Marino Ghetaldi, he felt himself put on his mettle for a genius that might do honour to his birth-place; but he could only recollect a brave admiral of their galleys, and as he was defeated by the Venetians, and hanged for piracy, the debaters felt indisposed to allow the claims of his beloved Narenta.

It was just as the drum was beating the retreat at seven o'clock that I started from Ragusa. For the last time I traversed the High Street of this friendly town, with its dim lamps and scanty thoroughfare, and ascending to the house of the kind-hearted R., where the Narentan

was awaiting me, I took farewell of the family, and went out at the gate of the Pille. Count Giorgi, Don Marco, and some other friends, accompanied me a short way, and it was with the most pleasing recollections of agreeable studies, and the greatest personal attentions, that I took leave of those kind-hearted people. Arrived at Gravosa, we got into a small boat, and were rowed out to a coaster lying at anchor in the middle of the harbour, which had conveyed to Ragusa a quantity of raw produce from the Narenta, *via* the Isthmus, and was now returning with town conveniences to that quarter. It was pitch dark, therefore the best thing I could do was, to go down to the cabin; where, making up my mattress and pillow, and putting on a fez, and covering myself with my cloak, I was soon fast asleep.

Next morning, the light penetrating through the interstices of the hatches, called me on deck, and I found that we were in the Gulf of Stagno, smooth as a pond, the sunshine clear and bright, and the hills on each side rising rapidly from the water's edge. Every where, as at Curzola, the most beautiful flowering shrubs, that seemed to take no note of either February or July, covered all the slopes, leaving an almost imperceptible rim of red gravel next the water. The boat moved slowly, and perceiving a road cut on my right parallel to the Gulf, I landed, and seemed to take a delicious morning walk in the park of a millionaire, whose mania was the collection of the choicest evergreen shrubbery.

But the view fell off as we came to Stagno, a walled town at the head of the Gulf, hemmed in by mountains, so as to prevent the circulation of the air. The stagnant salt water has a dead look of coarse clouded green glass, and a broad belt of mud and marsh intervening between this water and the massive walls of the town created in me an antipathy to the place; but a jetty comes out into deep water, and here we landed; and my companion, a plain, blunt, honest man, with a good practical knowledge of the country,—a much better quality than historical

erudition for a rough expedition like this,—so managed, that, before half an hour had elapsed, bag and baggage were all packed on mules and sent off to the other side of the isthmus that separates Sabioncello from the main land of Dalmatia.

The interior of the town presents no object of interest; the walls, gates, and houses are of solid masonry, and the inhabitants of a most sickly appearance. Entering the café to get some breakfast, while the Narentan went about his business, in came a man, who went up to the bar, and drank off a large glass of brandy without winking his eyes: whereon I began to ask him some questions about the place, and he abused the fever, for its egotism.

"This is a terrible place, sir," said he; "we have no fresh air in summer; and the fever is so selfish as not only to be an enemy to health, but will allow no other disease to exist in the place but itself." Having seen me on the jetty with the Narentan, he then said, "I suppose, as you are an Englishman, you are in search of raw materials." I confessed that I was, and he asked me where I sold them. I answered, in Paternoster Row, and other places; but he answered, that he had never heard of that port. He then asked me if business was good; and I complained there was too much competition to allow high profits. "Ah, I understand," said he, "no doubt a *porto Franco*; the great men carry all before them, and a man who does business on a small scale cannot exist at all."

The Narentan now entered the café, and we soon started on foot to follow the baggage across the isthmus; the ground rising gently to a ridge, from which we looked down on a gulf, or angle of sea formed by the peninsula of Sabioncello on the west, and on the east by the mainland. It is this nook which supplies Ragusa with its famous oysters; and it is supposed that the vicinity of the Narenta is the cause of their fatness and flavour.

We now embarked in a boat, and made for the Delta: the peninsula on our left covered with woods and villages perched high in the mountains, surrounded with patches of cultivated land; the main land on our right utterly bare, barren, and rocky. About eight miles on we came to the Bay of Klek, where the territory of the ex-Republic of Ragusa ended, and where a morsel of Turkish land comes down to the bay,—a monument of Ragusan hatred,—having been ceded to the Porte for the purpose of preventing Venice from being the limitrophe of her little neighbour.

As we advanced down the Gulf, it widened to a considerable breadth,—Sabioncello, still high, and draped in forest, but a bluff point, and a rocky island, marked the termination of the hill ridge of the main land. A great break was visible, and the low reed-covered coast of the Delta was seen a-head to our right. At length, within an hour of sunset, we found ourselves at the mouth of the left branch of the Narenta, with the landscape just like that of the Po below Ferrara; and leaving the sea-green water of the Gulf, we now steered right up into the river, which was red, turbid, and charged with soil, and we found ourselves between low flat banks overgrown with reeds, over the tops of which we saw a wide amphitheatre of grey distant rocks. An entire willow, root and branch, undersapped, and fallen from some bank, floated past us; gun-shots were heard, some faint and distant, others from the immediate neighbourhood, and the quantity of game was truly prodigious; more particularly coveys of wild ducks, pattering, clattering, and scattering the water in their course across the river.

The water here is six months mixed, and six months fresh. In winter and spring, when the Bora blows, and the rain falls, or the snow melts, the impetuosity of the full volume of water from above keeps it fresh; but in summer, while the river is low, and the north-west wind accumulates the waste water in the Gulf, the water is very salt.

After an hour's rowing, the reeds ceased, the ground became more solid, and an artificial bank on our left not only restrained the river, but formed a road; so we all disembarked, and getting up on it, I saw Fort Opus, the chief place of the district, about three or four miles off, and some of the land of the Delta laid out in vines and meadows, but, like the Dutch Polders, much under water. Fort Opus is at the apex of the Delta, or just where the waters separate; but the left branch, which we ascended, has much less water than the right branch, which is navigable for vessels of several hundred tons, and was ascended in a steamer by the King of Saxony on his visit to Dalmatia.

It was black night before we arrived at Fort Opus, having got into the boat again for fear we should, in the dark, fall into a quagmire. The gun-shots had entirely ceased, but such a chorus of frogs resounded through the air as I never heard before. At length we landed, and our Narentan led the way through a short street to his own house, which had solid foundations, and uninhabited lower rooms, as the whole town is from time to time under water, with boats sailing through the streets, or lying under the first-floor windows. Having shewn me to my bedroom, we then adjourned to his parlour, a long room with stencilled or papered walls, a new chest of drawers covered with gilt coffee-cups, and rush-bottomed sofas; here his family was brought in,—his wife, his brother, and brother's wife, and the aged grandmother, all full of curiosity and kindness, for Fort Opus is not much troubled with strangers. His brother kept a universal store, supplying the whole country, and spoke Italian, but the females of the establishment knew only Illyrian. Feeling rather damp and chilly in their fine lugubrious room, I asked where was their usual place of sitting, and they confessed that it was by the kitchen hearth; so I immediately proposed adjourning there, but instead of going down stairs, we all followed up to the garret with black smoked rafters. A large stone hearth

jutted out into the middle of the floor; old benches were placed on each side for the farm overseers and upper servants, and in the front was a bench of a better sort for the family. Large fagots blazed away on the hearth, a large turkey turned on the spit for supper, and, at the farther end of the hearth, two cats and two pointers shewed themselves sensible of the comfort of the ingleside. The men rose with the gaping jaws of wonder as I entered, not understanding how I could leave the room they considered so fine for a smoky kitchen; but I made them sit down again, and as I asked one by one his name, the daily employment of each formed the amusement of the evening. I found that the severe distress and hunger of the other districts of Dalmatia were here unknown; they did not depend upon the potato crops; and if a man has only cash enough for a single musket-charge, he has only to shoot a duck or a pair of francalins and he fares sumptuously. How different is the world of yesterday from the world of to-day. In Ragusa, elegant town-life; here, roughing it in the country; yonder, polished poverty; here, patriarchal plenty. On retiring to rest I found my bed to be a broad one of carved walnut-wood; and the mosquito curtains shewed that these insects must be rather troublesome in summer.

Next morning I went out with the Narentan to take a view of the place; which proved to be a straggling village of 800 inhabitants, its position at the diffuence of the Narenta corresponding in its own petty way with the Batan el Būkūr, or cow's chest, at the apex of the Delta of the Nile; a circumstance which recommended it to the Venetians, at it is thus accessible from the sea, and separated from the rest of the land by the two arms of the Narenta. The fortifications no longer exist; and a row of enormous mulberries, some with trunks fifteen feet in circumference, shew the great depth and excellence of the soil. We then went and paid a visit to the Prætor of the district, an active and energetic man, who has been of great service to the people. The water used to

be very bad, but he has constructed a curious cistern; it spreads out on the top, so as to catch the rain-water, and has Roman statues and funereal monuments in the walls. With the filters of Egypt nothing could be better than the water of the Narenta; but as it passes through Mostar, a filthy Turkish town, the capital of Herzegovina, eight hours higher, they have an antipathy to it. There were no mills in the Narenta before his arrival, and, strange to say, the inhabitants got their corn ground within the Turkish frontier until he erected mills. In the immediate environs of the town was a large mulberry-nursery which he had planted, and in which the prisoners of the prætorship were working; the principal purchaser of these mulberry-shoots being the Pasha of Herzegovina, who has planted many thousands on his lands.

We crossed in a boat to the left bank of the river, where a hill projected, crowned by a round fort, whither we ascended, and took a general view of the valley. The distant hills to the north-eastward that separated Bosnia from Herzegovina were white with snow. Nearer me, just where the river issued from Herzegovina, and meanders through the plain, was the village of Metcovich, with a bazaar of exchange with the Turks. The hill that encloses the valley were perfectly barren, there being no medium between the rich and neglected soil of the plain and the sterility of the hills around. Looking down towards the gulf, the delta, enclosed by the two branches of the river, was spread out as on a map; Fort Opus, with its gardens, vineyards, and mulberry-nurseries, looked like a civilised spot; nearer the sea, sheets of water were mingled with patches of cultivated land, but lower down all was abandoned to wild fowl; beyond this, a narrow stripe of sea was visible, and the bold range of the Sabioncello limited the prospect to the west.

The Narenta was, in the time of the Lower Empire, a nest of pirates, who infested the Adriatic, and were extirpated by the Doge Orseolo, and a large Venetian force, in 991; for such was their power, that not only Venice, but many of the small states of the Adriatic,

paid them tribute. From this time, up to the twelfth century, when the district became a part of the kingdom of Hungary, they governed themselves by a species of oligarchical constitution, the leading family being that of the Vladimirs or Vladimirovich, one branch of whom was for several generations on the throne of Bulgaria; subsequently Christopher, king of Bosnia, was also of this race, and, except the Nemanje, it would be difficult to name one more illustrious between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. The Turkish invasion was a great blow to them; but, in 1646, John Vladimirovich drove them out, and handed over the territory to the Venetian Republic, which founded the mud-walled Fort Opus in 1685, just after the eventful siege of Vienna, and the expulsion of the Turks from Hungary.

The renowned race of Vladimirovich still lingers in the place: and though in poverty, and fallen to the condition of peasants, they still carefully preserve the title-deeds of their lands in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and other documents authenticating their lineage. Musing on the past splendour of this race, I asked the Narentan to get me a sight of one of its scions, and the head of the family was at once sent for. I sat by the fire as he entered, and found him to be about forty-five years of age, of middle stature, with a greasy red cap on his head, and rude sandals on his feet. A row of pins and darning-needles stuck in a blue jacket, like that of a sailor, at first disposed me to smile; but as he timidly kissed my hand, my mind turned to the words of Gondola: "His kingdom is the narrow meadow, and his lieges are the bleating sheep."

Next day, the Prætor and the Narentan going on business to Metcovich, the bazaar on the Turkish frontier, I accompanied them thither. Crossing the river, we found saddled horses, and mounting them, proceeded along the bank above the diffuence, the rich undrained land stretching away to our right and left. Half an hour up is a strong tower or keep, called the "Torre di Norin," or

tower of Naroná, often alternately taken by Turks and Venetians, and, on the evacuation of Dalmatia by the French, the last place to surrender. The commandant having at length expended his ammunition, went off in the night into Turkey to avoid becoming a prisoner. Farther up, on the left, was Vido, the Naroná of the Romans, but now a heap of mounds and ruins; the statues and domestic utensils frequently found there, however, shew, by their elegance and excellence, that the population, cultivation, and civilisation, must have equalled that of the best towns in Italy itself. What the substratum of the population of Illyria really was, no one seems able to say with certainty, as the long list of classical names, recognised to be essentially Slaavic, seems to justify a theory of the Illyrians being Thracian. Gaj, and many other most erudite Slaavists, maintain that the irruptions of the Croats from the Carpathians in the fifth and seventh centuries, were later invasions of a Romanised but aboriginal Slaavic country.

Metcovich, the last place on the frontier, is situated on a steep hill, stretching out into the plain, and is very badly built, the houses being roofed with unhewn flagstones, placed on each other like slates; while the streets connecting the different parts of the village are cut into staircases, in consequence of the steepness of the hill: but, from its position, it is healthier than Fort Opus, and a small part of the plain being drained and planted, shews what a magnificent region this might be, if it were all systematically rendered fit for cultivation. The best house of the place was that of the Syndic, who had married the sister of my host of Fort Opus about a month before; and the furniture and dinner-service was fresh, new, and homely, such as one might expect of a honeymoon household on the Narenta.

We now embarked in a boat, and rowed up the river to the bazaar. A ditch of about ten feet wide, crossing the valley from hill to hill, formed the boundary between the two empires that for so many years had battled every

inch of ground from the Julian Alps to the plains of Wallachia. On the Austrian side of the boundary were the offices, and on the Turkish a wall, with slides like coffins for the exchange of commodities. The Sirdar, a tall, wiry old soldier, now marshalled up the frontier-guard in a row, while the Prætor inspected them; and they looked just like Turkish irregulars, all wearing frieze robes, with the fez, and a belt of pistols and dirks.

The Sirdar made a long speech to the Prætor, requesting a new roof to the guard-house, but he decided that the old one should be repaired. We then had some talk about the place, and were informed that this part of the valley is occasionally infested with wolves, who come down from the upper country; but the animals understand the business of defensive war in their own way just as well as the Sirdar and his pandours: the oxen form a circle, with the calves within, and gore outwards; while the horses join their heads inwards, and kick outwards in a ring.

Metcovich is seven hours distant from Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, the principal item of sale to the Turks being salt; but it is evident that if the climate were better, it is well situated for trade, having easy access to the sea, and a valley road to Mostar, instead of one up hill and down dale, as from Ragusa. Dalmatia being a narrow stripe of land intervening between Turkey and the Adriatic, cannot do without the trade of the interior, and the Bosniacs, unable to communicate conveniently with the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic, are compelled to resort to Dalmatia; and all along the frontier, at every twenty or thirty miles, there is a bazaar and quarantine establishment, as here. Previous to 1814, the caravans travelled freely down to any of the ports on the coast; but a terrible plague having in that year desolated Macarsca and other places, the trade became confined to the bazaars on the frontier, to the great loss, damage, and decadence of all the small towns on the coast, which ceased to enjoy the privilege of a caravan guarded by health officers; but Spalato and Ragusa have

in latter years had a restoration of this privilege. Thus, however much Christian Dalmatia and Moslem Bosnia may hate each other, they cannot do without each other. Cool mountainous Bosnia needs the oil of hot Dalmatia, and dry Dalmatia needs in her turn the cattle of the verdant Bosniac pastures. Inland Bosnia needs the colonials and manufactures of maritime Dalmatia, and poor Dalmatia needs the corn of the rich alluvial valleys of Bosnia. But one has only to look at this valley of the Narenta, and see that Dalmatia is infinitely more dependent on Bosnia than she ought to be. The snipe, the pelican, and the wild duck, occupy territories which, with a moderate expenditure of capital, might be of immense benefit to the kingdom; and although Dalmatia produces corn for only three months' consumption, this very territory, which ought to be the first cultivated, remains the last.

The Narenta is the most considerable of all the rivers that flow into the east of the Adriatic, from Friuli to Greece; its course is not extended in comparison with that of other rivers, but it collects all the waters of Herzegovina, and in the rainy season deposits the rich humus in these fertile plains. The attention of the Government seems at length to have been drawn to the advantages likely to be derived from the drainage and cultivation of this district, for which two methods present themselves. The first is the so-called *bonificazione per sedimento*, which arbitrarily regulates the direction of the river during the rains, when the water is full of alluvial matter, and then spreads them over the marshy land, and, restraining the sediment within fixed bounds, produces a slow spontaneous rise of the soil; the other method is the usual drainage by ditches and canals. The first of these methods is certainly the most complete, but as it could scarcely be effected under an expense of a million and a half of florins, the other plan seems the more feasible; for although by canalisation a considerable amount of surface would be lost for cultivation, yet a commencement can

be made with a few thousand florins, and the accumulating revenues of the first years would gradually furnish the funds to complete the whole. There is another circumstance worthy of notice that recommends the latter plan; it is the silk culture that must form the future mine of wealth of the Narenta, and the mulberry not only produces a large quantity of leaves when planted on the ridge edging a river or canal, but their roots, interlacing themselves in the embankment, are the best preservatives of the labours of drainage.

What, then, is the best official machinery for effecting this object, civil or military? I confess that I lean to the latter, under the actual circumstances of the Austrian empire. As a general rule, it is better for parties having a personal interest in such undertakings to accomplish them, than a bureaucratic Government. I am willing to admit that what I have seen of the Prætor of Fort Opus (if he had funds) is against my own theory; but in the simplicity and directness of a military administration, the activity of the individuals in the subordinate details could be more easily harmonised with a comprehensive general plan. What is to prevent the Government from getting a body of prisoners to commence immediately digging a few canals, and making the beginning, and then settling a military colony? On the Save and the Danube, where the soil is rich, the military colonists are well off; but in the Banal regiments, which constitute the Switzerland of Croatia, this romantic region (which we will visit with the reader before we are done), although worthy of the pencil of a Salvata Rosa, can barely feed the population, and the officer is often compelled to order a man to his turn of duty, when he knows that he cannot be well spared from the laborious cultivation of an ungrateful soil. The wide Atlantic separates the Highlands of Scotland from the rich alluvia of Upper Canada; but here is a robust mountain population scraping the scanty soil in the wild woods, rocks, and mountains of Croatia, while, within a few days' march of them, the rich alluvial de-

posits of the Narenta accumulate with the useless rapidity of a miser's hoard.

The climate at present is so bad that it deserves notice. Along with the heat of summer, and the humidity of winter, the mephitic vapours arising from the large earth-enriching deposits of putrefied animal and vegetable matter are most injurious to human life; the most healthy suffer from sluggish digestion, and obstinate liver complaints arise from the imperfect oxygenisation of the air; so that last year, in Fort Opus, in a population of 680 souls, the deaths were 58, and the births 30, while the average deaths in the corresponding latitudes of southern Europe are 35 per thousand. The deadly fevers commence in August, and the deaths usually take place in November and December; before, therefore, a colony be settled, a few preliminary canals ought to be cut by the convicts of the military frontier, to avert the evil effects of the insalubrity of the climate.

I embarked for Spalato in a large trabacolo, or lugger; a stiff southerly breeze filling the large latine mainsail, and impelling us forward at a rapid rate. A moderate sea was running, isolated clouds chequered the heavens, and the coast on our right rose from the water's edge, with the dark green of the olive-plantations next the water, the red and brown of the rocks above, and, superior to all, the crests of the mountain-chain still draped in snowy white. Here, as I sat in the hatchway, and the boat scudded along, with the eddies of foam boiling astern, I felt all the exhilaration which the rapid motion, the changeful scene, and the unconscious passage of headland after headland, could scarce fail to produce. Forty or fifty miles of the coast were distinctly visible; an Alpine wall overlooking the green sea, its gloomy shades broken with brilliant patches of sunshine, revealing mountain and flood, terraced vine, and eyrie village, in that agitated mood of nature which vacillates between smiling calm and frowning storm. As we advance, the scenery changes in character; the chain sinks into moderate ridges, in

their intervals affording glimpses of fertile and verdant plains, in which the spires of village churches mingle with lofty trees, and the snow-peaks, though still visible, are some miles inland.

A white tower, like an obelisk, seen against a grey cloud, well up the coast, was pointed out to me by the brown finger of the helmsman, with the single word, "Spalato." This was the tall campanile of the temple cathedral; and though the mast nodded, and the canvas strained with the breeze, impatience possessed me, until, rounding the point of the mole, one of those grand harbour prospects spread out before me which peculiarly exercised the pencil of Claude. The palace of Diocletian, with a long and imposing array of pillars and arches, rose from the water, mingled with the swelling sails of vessels arriving and departing; the gardens and villas of the environs curved round in a bay; while the empurpled isles of the Archipelago, some miles distant, lay like blocks of porphyry on the horizon, and completed the panorama.

As we arrived between one and two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour of the Customs officers, I sat on the deck of the trabacolo in a state of great impatience: the harbour was full of these vessels, too large to be called boats, and too small to be called ships. One large one next us had several Turks on board, with blue-checked turbans and scarlet robes, who proved to be Bosniacs. They had brought manufactured goods from Trieste, which they were taking home with them. A new stone quay, about forty yards broad, intervenes between the water and the palace of Diocletian; and it is only by looking closely that you can perceive it to be one uniform edifice, and not a row of houses fronting the quay. It is an inhabited ruin; the grand gallery, or crypto-porticus, has all its interstices built up, with here a green Venetian blind, there a pole on which clothes are drying; here you discover the archivolts and columns, there they are obliterated by middle-age battlements, or modern house-building. The original stages are not adhered to: it was two lofty

floors, now you see three and four floors, with the modern windows within the old shell; the basement of the front is obscured with shops, but here and there an open space shews the grand massive old Roman masonry, the joinings as clear, and the parallelograms as perfect, as in the last years of the third century.

A boat, very little larger than a coffin, took me from the trabacolo to the quay; and my baggage being passed, I got into lodgings which a friend had engaged for me, as I designed Spalato to be my head-quarters in Dalmatia. My rooms were situated in the centre of the palace, for one-third of the population of Spalato lives within the walls of this grand edifice.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN.

Before I ascend to the description of this noble ruin, or descend to the description of my own adventures, let me first give the reader a general prospect of the town and its environs. Spalato is situated on a peninsula, in the form of a spear-blade, or oblong hand mirror, that intervenes between the Gulf of Salona and the Adriatic. It is placed on the outer shore of the peninsula that looks to the sea; and at a quarter of an hour's distance on the inner side of the peninsula, the spectator, after passing a slight ridge, sees before him the Gulf of Salona, the shores of which form the noblest part of the whole land: for beyond the smooth wide waters of the bay he observes a rich broad band of smiling villages and gardens, dotted, at regular distances, with Venetian castles, beyond which rises the rugged mountain-chain of Caprarius; and as the fairest races come of mixed breeds, this locking of water in the embrace of land has produced such beauty as is nowhere else to be found in Dalmatia.

The town itself is a parallelogram, the length of which is double its breadth, or, in other words, two squares in juxtaposition; one of which is delineated by the shell or outward walls of the palace, and the other by a mass of streets to the westward, in the middle of which is the largest open space in the town, called the Piazza dei Signori, but of irregular medieval and modern architecture,—the ex-palace of the Venetian Count, or Governor, which is the present guard-house, being mingled with meaner houses. Most of the streets leading to or from this square are dark and narrow, of an average breadth of ten feet; one, called the Calle Larga, or broad street, leading to the quay, is certainly not twenty feet broad. At the eastern side of this square is the western gate of the palace, the Porta Ferrea, still almost perfect, a magnificent vaulted entrance, with a horreum, or gallery above, used as a chapel.

The interior of the palace is so choked up with narrow streets and edifices huddled together, that when I first passed under the vault of the Porta Ferrea, and plunged into its labyrinths, I was disappointed; but moving onwards to the heart of the mass, I suddenly found myself in the Piazza of the temple, and all that I had heard and read of the glories of Spalato burst upon me instantaneously. Never shall I forget that moment,—no drudgery of local research has been able to deaden its impression. Athens, Rome, and Thebes, I had seen in ruins,—here the majesty of imperial antiquity conveyed august illusions of contemporaneous existence. Of the Peristyle, which forms three sides of the piazza in which I stood, not one of its columns of rose granite was displaced. On my left, the Temple of Jupiter, with the shell internally and externally almost as perfect as when the architect rested from his labours, was guarded by one of those eternal Sphynxes which the Nile sent forth over all the Roman empire, to remind the world of the birth-place of architecture.

As nations in their material and intellectual civilisation experience the phases of slow growth, vigorous climax,

declension, and subjugation by some stronger element, so architecture seems to have performed the same extensive cycle. Rude massive grandeur, that loses half its due effect by ignorance of the principles of proportion, is the characteristic of the earlier efforts in Egypt; centuries later the beau ideal is discovered and realised in Greece, and the Parthenon boasts of the highest effort of the graceful in architecture. Majestic was the character of Roman architecture, with much of the utility and variety that sprang from the boundless wealth and power of the mistress of the world. In the Byzantine we see the downward progress of taste, and in the Gothic, its final disruption, and reformation on a principle diametrically opposite to that of classical architecture. The ornament is no longer subordinate to the general design,—the design seems to be struck off so as to show the ornament to most advantage. Standing at Westminster, on the shores of the Thames, I gaze with admiration on that extended pile which is so consonant to the past history of our great Fatherland. I sympathise with the old English architecture, but I feel the subordination of the Northern to the classical style, from its want of simplicity, that irresistible postulate of the sublime and beautiful. Begun in 286, and completed in 301, the impression produced by this remarkable palace in Spalato is Roman—essentially Roman, of a late, but still of a fine period,—after the last lustres of the golden age, and marking the faint beginning of the end.

The bases of my studies were the ground-plans and elevations of the palace, as restored by Adams, in his excellent work on the ruins of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato. Adams was not only an accomplished antiquary, but a most able architect, and only an architect of great skill could have produced such a work. Cassas, the author of the *Voyage Pittoresque en Dalmatie*, flippantly tells his readers that Adams had seen every thing with the cold egotism of his nation, and very coolly transfers to his own pages Adams's invaluable *Spalato*

Restored without the slightest acknowledgment. Without Adams all is confusion, for in consequence of the modern erections subsequent to his visit in the middle of the last century, no living architect could clearly make out the plan; but the comparison of the plans and sections of his *Spalato Restored* with the existing remains, enables every traveller to have a fair idea of what the palace may have been.

At the outset we are struck with the enormous extent of the palace, which is not less than nine acres and a half; so that even Constantine Porphyrogenitus speaks of it with admiration, as one of the greatest edifices then extant. In the time of Diocletian, his great retinue and a prætorian cohort could be lodged with convenience in it. Sixteen towers gave strength and even elegance to the edifice, of which the largest were those at the four corners. The back of the edifice looked to the north-east, or land-side, and here was the principal entrance, the *Porta Aurea*, or golden gate, which led to the *Peristylum*, or great court of granite columns; and the cross street, which intersected the principal passage at right angles, was terminated at each end by gates—the one, the *Porta Ferrea*, or gate of iron, the other, the *Porta Ænea*, or gate of brass, which are so-called to this day.

This *Peristylum*, or court of granite columns, was flanked by two temples; the greater of Jupiter, and the smaller of Esculapius; the former, a lofty octagon, was ascended by a stair of fifteen steps; an uneven number being generally used in the temples of the ancients, that, beginning to move with the right foot, they might, of course, place it first upon the uppermost step in order to enter the temple; a form which was accounted respectful in approaching the Deity.

From the *Peristylum*, or court of granite columns, the Roman entered the principal inhabited part of the palace: first was the *Porticus*, of Corinthian order; then the circular dome-crowned *Vestibulum*, with the *Lares*

and Penates; then the Atrium, or quadrangular hall (98 by 45), with its arms and trophies, dedicated to ancestry; and last of all, the Crypto-porticus, or grand gallery, looking to the south-west, thus facing the sea, and forming a noble promenade of 515 feet in length, in which, during the heat of summer or inclemency of winter, the Emperor could take exercise. This Crypto-porticus was the principal feature of the palace; and the well-known taste of Diocletian leads us to suppose that the choicest statuary and paintings of the old world must have adorned its walls. The relics of Pompeii give some idea of the daring fancy in ornament, the harmonising contrasts in colour, and the consummate skill in tessellation employed in the domestic architecture of the ancients: and if we relieve these splendours with the latent fascination in the unpretending forms of Greek statuary, how puny is the utmost magnificence of Versailles compared with the dwelling of the retired Roman!

But to return to matters of fact. Adams, with the eye of an architect, remarks, with great aptitude,—“If, from the centre of the Crypto-porticus (or grand gallery facing the sea), we look back to those parts of the palace which we have already passed through, we may observe a striking instance of that gradation from less to greater, of which some connoisseurs are so fond, and which they distinguish by the name of a climax in architecture. The Vestibulum is larger and more lofty than the Porticus; the Atrium much exceeds the grandeur of the Vestibulum; and the Crypto-porticus may well be the last step in such a climax, since it extended no less than 517 feet. We may likewise observe a remarkable diversity of form, as well as of dimensions, in these apartments which we have already viewed; and the same thing is conspicuous in other parts of the palace. This was a circumstance to which the ancients were extremely attentive, and it seems to have had a happy effect, as it introduced into their buildings a variety, which if it doth not constitute beauty, at least greatly heightens it; whereas modern architects,

by paying too little regard to the example of the ancients in this point, are apt to fatigue us with a dull succession of similar apartments."

Such was the Palace of Diocletian! what now remains of the edifice? The shell or outer wall; of which the best preserved part is the grand gallery facing the sea, and the rest of which is visible in a more or less shattered condition on the other three sides; for Spalato, like its contemporary Baalbec, being used as a fortification, the rough stone and mortar of the middle-age battlements surmount in many places the massive normal masonry of the Roman Empire. The Porta Aurea, or golden gate, still occupies the centre of the land side, but is a sad ruin; the arch built up, and the earth of a garden with its vegetables growing on a level so that the lower half is under earth. Within the town, fragments of Roman architecture are scattered thick enough, but so obscured and mingled with modern houses as to present a mass of confusion.

But while science can scarce identify the *disjecta membra* of the edifice, religious veneration has embalmed the core for the admiration of distant ages. The Peristylum is now the Piazza del Duomo; the temple of Jupiter is the cathedral of Spalato; and the temple of Esculapius has become the baptistery. The Cathedral is the best preserved edifice I ever saw, not even excepting the Pantheon of Rome. Of the body of the edifice not a single stone has been displaced, except an opening for light; for like other Roman temples it was merely the dark dwelling of a God.

The campanile, which is at the same time a sort of propylon to the edifice, is (maugre some lions and griffins in the lowest taste of the Lower Empire), the lightest and airiest thing imagination can conceive, and transcends in elegance every other similar edifice in Italy. It was built by Nicolo Teverde, a common mason of Spalato, in 1416, out of columns and sculptures supplied by the ruins of Salona, and is an admirable effort of native ingenuity,

but interferes with the classic character of the vicinity. The pulpit-doors and font of the cathedral would make any Gothic church admired, from their tracery and middle-age knick-knackery; but are miserably mean in such a place. With all these deductions, the noble octagon of Diocletian predominates and overwhelms. To that strange spell of unique curiosity and interest with which the traveller first walks up the streets of Pompeii, is added the real presence of an undilapidated structure, worthy of the fame of the greatest of the late emperors. "Among the innumerable monuments of architecture constructed by the Romans," says Gibbon, "how many have escaped the notice of history, how few have resisted the ravages of time and barbarism!"—He that seeks the few must go to Spalato.¹

¹ Gibbon, in his account of the Palace of Diocletian, hesitates between the distinct testimony of Adams, a professed architect, and the Abbate Fortis, who, talking of the "*rozzezza del scalpello*," evidently confounds the rough rilievi intended to be seen in the semi-obscurity of the temple with those exposed to full light; and several other writers, including the late ingenious Mr. Gally Knight, consider the architecture of Spalato to be debased, because the Peristylum is an abandonment of the horizontal architrave, and because the round stilted arch is found in all the subsequent corruptions of the Romanesque and Byzantine styles. In these conclusions I cannot coincide, not merely because it is noble and simple, and therefore, apart from all school-cansons, has an intrinsic right to be classic, but because it seems to me that these gentlemen have not drawn a proper distinction between a *corruption* and a legitimate *variety* of principles already existing in Roman architecture. The architects of the Peristylum of Spalato did not interfere with the proportions of the column; they only combined the already invented arch with the column in its recognised proportions; hence the *arcade*, one of the finest features of Italian architecture. The round stilted arch demands a very bold cornice to achieve the horizontal principle, and this we find at Spalato fully comprehended; but these architects have their talent and ingenuity made responsible for many corruptions which followed them; for instance, the *chevron*, multiplied *ad nauseam* in Norman architecture, is in its simple state at Spalato not only not meretricious, but chaste and pleasing. The only part of Spalato that shows a symptom of the period of transition being proximate, is the Porta Aurea, a beautiful object of its kind, of which Mr. Gally Knight was reminded in the palace of Theodoric at Ravenna; but what an interval between the plans of Spalato in 286, and the sixth century!

Roman architecture was inseparably associated with the religion of the Romans; hence its subversion in the reign of Constantine. The

Diocletian, in spite of the prejudices caused by his persecution of the Christians, was certainly one of the most remarkable of the Roman emperors. Born in Salona, the capital of Dalmatia, or in Dioclea, a neighbouring village, of humble parentage,—for his father is supposed to have been a scribe,—his valour as a private soldier, his merit through the successive gradations that led to the command of the Imperial Guards, and that mastery which a well-balanced character gives over men's minds, at length procured him the acclamations of the army as Emperor. As coming events cast their shadows before, one of these omens of his splendid fortunes has been recorded by his historians, as illustrative of that instinct of future greatness so common in extraordinary men. When with the armies in Gaul, he lodged with a Druid, and being reproached by him for his spare diet, he answered, "I will be more luxurious when I am an emperor." The Druid answered, "You will be an emperor when you have killed a boar (*aper*)."

The death of *Aper* by the hands of Diocletian, for having been concerned in the death of his predecessor, the Emperor Numerian, has furnished a fulfilment of the supposed second sight of the Celtic seer.

It was on the 15th of October, 284 after Christ, that Diocletian was elected emperor, and a month afterwards made his entry into Nicomedia, where he passed most of his time while he held the reins of empire. Having associated Maximian Augustus in the supreme power, he assigned him Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Africa, while he himself ruled the Eastern world. In 286 he revisited his native Dalmatia; the cloak and sword of the soldier, with which he had left Salona, were now the purple and sceptre; and in the month of April or May of that year

adaptation of the Basilica, the abandonment of the temple principle, and the decline of taste in the fourth century, were an unavoidable result of the all-absorbing discussions of graver and more important matters; but all the third century, in my humble opinion, may fairly be considered within the Roman-classic period.

he laid the foundation of that vast edifice which we have described, and which seems at first to have been destined for the residence of his mother.

During all this time the armies of Rome were combating with enemies at its extremities; but still better to hold the machine together, Diocletian again increased the partners of the empire by the creation of two more Cæsars, Galerius and Constantine Chlorus, and, to secure their attachment, caused them to repudiate their wives. Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian, then became the wife of Galerius; and after a ten years' reign Diocletian went to Rome to celebrate the decennial anniversary of his elevation, when almost divine honours were rendered to the man who, by the vigour and prudence of his rule, had restored the empire to its pristine splendour.

In 295 we again find him visiting his native Salona, and extirpating by the most violent means the Christian religion. The political unity of the empire had been the object of those military achievements which procured him the supreme power, and its religious unity seems to have appeared to him an equally essential object in his civil government. In 302, after a conference with Galerius in Nicomedia, were issued those edicts which proved so terrible to the Church; the temples of Christ were destroyed; the Scriptures were ordered to be burned; and it was in the midst of the massacres of the martyrs and the fall of churches that Diocletian celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his reign.

A slight insanity, consequent on a physical malady, at length induced Diocletian to abdicate the supreme power; and it was at the urgent solicitations, nay perhaps the menaces, of Galerius, that he at length gave up the throne. "*Senex languidus lacrymabundus fiat, inquit, Si hoc placet.*" Lactantius (cap. xvii.) tells the sad tale of his descent from power. Returned to Salona, he fixed his residence in the palace he had built, but appears even in his retreat to have preserved the government of Dalmatia. There are various accounts of his death, but the most

probable is, that, suffering extreme pain, he accelerated his end with poison.

The character which Gibbon has given him is marked by that elegance of composition which had become his second nature, and that discrimination which only a laborious digestion of all the known facts of his reign could enable him to exercise. "His abilities were useful rather than splendid; a vigorous mind, improved by the experience and study of mankind; dexterity and application in business; a judicious mixture of liberality and economy, of mildness and rigour; profound dissimulation, under the disguise of military frankness; steadiness to pursue his ends; flexibility to vary his means; and, above all, the great art of submitting his own passions, as well as those of others, to the interest of his ambition, and of colouring his ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. Like Augustus, Diocletian may be considered as the founder of a new empire."

CHAPTER XV.

HISTORY OF SPALATO.

In 639, the neighbouring Salona, the Roman capital of Dalmatia, was destroyed by the Avars; and as the history of Ragusa begins on the destruction of Epidaurus, so that of modern Spalato (*a palatio*) begins when the miserable fugitives from Salona, who had taken refuge in the various islands, returned partly to the mainland, and at the instigation of a venerable man called Severus, who lived close to the palace (which had become since the death of Diocletian an edifice of the state), took up their residence within its walls. Those who were rich enough constructed their own houses, the

middle classes occupied the towers, and the poor lived in the crypts, so that the palace became both a small town and a fortress; and no situation could be more commodious, for they had an easy escape to the sea by the *Porta Argentea*. The archiepiscopal rights of Salona were transferred in 680 to the temple of Jupiter, which had become a Christian church, dedicated to St. Doimo. But two centuries of fear and barbarism succeeded the destruction of Salona, and preceded the establishment of feudalism by Charlemagne and the Franks. The final baptism of the Croats, in 832, was the event of all others that gave rest to Christian Dalmatia; the Church, with its spiritual terrors, subdued the fierceness of barbarism with a success which physical force could never have attained; and, in course of time, the kings of Croatia and Dalmatia became the most generous endowers of the Church of Spalato.

Then began the long wars between the Venetians and Hungarians, with their vicissitudes; the inhabitants enjoying municipal privileges, and always having their patrician assemblies; until at length, in 1420, Spalato became finally Venetian. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the palatial town, although often in imminent danger from the Turks, who held the heights of Caprarius, was defended by the Republic with success, in consequence of its maritime position; and the walls, which, up to the tenth century, had been almost in their original condition, were gradually reduced to the huge pile of ruins which excites our surprise and regret.

It was in the zenith of Venetian power that Spalato, like the islands, adopted the domestic architecture of the metropolis, which, mingled with the still extensive relics of the Roman period, gives Spalato a distinct stamp of its own. In the time of the Hungarians, they contented themselves with making the palace the fortress, by building up all the crypto-porticus and crenellating the cornice. The Venetians built a regular fortification outside, with artillery; while, within the town, the doorways and windows we admire so much were adopted in the houses of the

wealthier classes. Many Roman names of families still existing in the town are a proof that much of the blood of the inhabitants must be Salonitan; but the Croat royalty in the neighbouring Trau and Sebenico and the readiness with which the Papal See granted the Slaavic liturgy to the Bishop of Nona and others, gave a deep root to Illyrian, which became the language of the people; though Italian being the language of the Venetian Governor, it was confirmed as that of the upper classes of society.

The eighteenth century, from the treaty of Passarovitz in 1718, when the great Turkish war was ended, down to the French Revolution, passed off in tranquillity, merriment, and masquerading; but this explosion, which shook all Europe, was felt here in its full force. The Dalmatians being not only sincere but bigoted Catholics, the mass of the people viewed the principles of the French Revolution with the greatest horror, and the success of the first campaign of Napoleon and the fall of the Venetian Republic with dismay. But a certain part of the reading classes was tinctured with the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth century; and as, in natural machinery, the revolution of a wheel in one direction impels the cogs it meets with to describe the opposite circle, the mob in France, who plundered and massacred on the pretext of aristocracy and priestcraft, found a counterpart in Dalmatia, where imminent danger menaced the purse and person of every man whom the populace suspected of being a free-thinker, or denominated a Jacobin.

On the approach of Napoleon to Venice in 1797, all Dalmatia was in motion to assist the Republic, and 12,000 men were raised and despatched to the metropolis; but on the abdication of the Doge, and in order to facilitate the introduction of the French troops into Venice, the Dalmatians were re-embarked and transported back to Zara, to the surprise and discontent of the nation; and the Proveditor-General Andrea Querini directed them to

their provincial head-quarters, with orders to each chief to send them home to the villages on the delivery and deposit of their arms in the public arsenals. "But these soldiers," says Cattalinich, "brought back with them the germs of discord and revolution; and in times when men of all classes sought their individual elevation on the ruin of existing social order, an evil genius did not fail to appear in this weak province. Accordingly, on the 15th June, 1797, being the festival of Corpus Domini, a manifesto in Illyrian was circulated, without author's or printer's name, or the place of publication; and on that day the hydra of anarchy and disorder raised her head."

MANIFESTO TO THE DALMATIAN NATION.

"Glorious nation! You possess two noble virtues,—the one, valour in action; the other, sincerity of word. For your valour all fear you; for your truth all esteem and court you. Keep, then, these virtues which are the honour and glory of your name. Glorious nation! You have hitherto been in allegiance to the most serene Doge of Venice, to whom you spontaneously dedicated yourself, that he might govern and direct you according to justice and the law of Jesus Christ, and preserve you in the Catholic faith. You have faithfully served your Doge and all councillors; and although you defended their dignity, they have indignantly driven you from Venice, and betrayed you. The Doge has abdicated, the Signoria is annihilated, the image of St. Mark trampled under foot, the law subverted, and in their place have been put Jacobins and Jews, who wish you to unite with them. A fine thing, truly! those that have betrayed you count you to be fools. Glorious nation! Remember your honour, and know that the Jews are the enemies of your faith and the destroyers of your religion," &c. &c.

The Venetian Republic being remodelled on French principles, the importance of fraternising with the energetic and hardy population of Dalmatia was soon apparent; and commissioners were sent with pamphlets

and a printing-press to Zara, to assert the rights of man and the French doctrines of liberalism in politics and religion; but finding the impression made by this address, which was circulated through all Dalmatia, and that the popular current was running with great force in the opposite direction, they prudently returned to Venice, to give an account of the failure of their mission, and thus escaped the fate of Basville.

The fury of the mob now vented itself through all Dalmatia on those who were obnoxious to them, and nowhere with greater violence than in Spalato. During several days previous to the 15th of June, there was a strong feeling among the people against a Colonel Mattutinovich of the territorial force, who had commanded the militia of the district in Venice, and re-conducted them to their homes. He was a meritorious officer, of handsome person; and his only fault was the rigorous discipline he had maintained. His friends, hearing the menaces of the people, and foreseeing an explosion, entreated him to remove for a short time, until the blast blew itself out; but, conscious of no crime, he resolved to encounter it; and having barricaded his quarters, remained there with his family and a servant, and intrepidly awaited the popular movement.

At an early hour in the morning, a crowd of Morlacks presented themselves opposite the house of Nicolo Barozzi, the Venetian Count (the officer, and not the title, is here meant), hallooing for arms and ammunition, to attack the colonel in his fortified house. The Count did all in his power to dissuade them; but seeing that his own personal safety might be compromised, he with dastardly facility gave them the keys of the magazine of military stores; and the populace, providing themselves with muskets, ammunition, and a cannon, attacked the dwelling of the colonel, who defended himself by keeping up an active fire from the windows, his wife and servant reloading the muskets as fast as he fired them. A peasant of the Borgo being shot dead, their indignation knew no bounds; scaling

the walls, they entered the house by the roof, and penetrated to the room where the colonel stood with a drawn sabre to repel attack; overpowered by numbers, he was stabbed in several places with knives. His faithful wife and brave servant were now cut in pieces; and being himself decapitated, his head was stuck on a pike, paraded through the city, and put on the top of the flag-staff in the Piazza dei Signori.

The heroism of the nurse is worthy of mention. She held in her arms the six-months old infant of the unhappy colonel, and attempted to escape with it through the crowd. A brutal Morlack summoned her to throw it on the ground, that he might transfix it without injury to the nurse; "No," said she, "I will perish before a hair of the infant's head be touched." On this the Morlack, raising his cutlass, attempted the life of the infant; but the nurse raising her arm to parry the blow, four of her fingers were severed from her hand, and taking to flight, all bleeding as she was, the life of the child was saved.

The houses of the Jews were then menaced, but the clergy, much to their honour, stepped forward and intervened to preserve order. The commandant of Castel Sussuratz, on the gulf of Salona, in which was a small garrison, hearing of what had happened in Spalato to Mattutinovich, took flight, supposing that he would find security at the altar of the neighbouring church of Castel Vecchio; and although a mob of Morlacks surrounded the village, the people of the place refused to deliver him up; but on being assured that the altar would not be profaned, they dragged him out, delivered him to the populace, and he was taken down to the water-side and shot.

The principal citizens now seeing that their lives and properties were menaced, met in council, elected Barozzi the Venetian Count as the Rector, and instead of the standard of St. Mark, hoisted the flag of Austria; and in a month afterwards, the Austrian troops having arrived, *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and the Austrian general, Baron Rukavina, ascending the choir, asked the

assembled throng if they would swear fealty and allegiance to the Emperor Francis, to which the assembly answered "*Ochemo*," We will. Thus did the flag of Austria float till 1806, when, by the treaty of Presburg, Dalmatia was handed over to Napoleon.

But the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Adriatic, operating upon the Slaavic and anti-Gallican feelings of the population, produced not only the scenes which we have already described at Cattaro and Ragusa, but a general rising of the inhabitants of the district immediately to the south-east of Spalato. The Poglitsa, as the territory is called, had a constitution of its own, which rendered it a small republic under Venetian protection; and although not having more than four thousand inhabitants, they made a determined stand against the French occupation; but being defeated, their villages were burned and decimated with appalling rigour; and an inquisition having been erected in Spalato, during two months, monks, citizens, and peasants, were brought in prisoners to the number of three hundred, and confined in the lazaretto. Many were condemned to death; and a first batch of thirteen being ordered for execution, with confiscation of their property, were pardoned by Marmont, General-in-chief, who thus at once established his popularity. Spalato was his favourite residence during the French occupation; and having taken down a part of the old Venetian fortifications, an open space next the sea is pointed out, on which he proposed to erect a palace or government house for the whole of Dalmatia. But the subsequent well-known events rendered his plans abortive; and since 1813 Spalato has been the chief city of a circle of the Austrian empire.

Dalmatia has had three governments within little more than the last half century, each distinguished by advantages and defects peculiar to itself. The Venetian government partook of the nature of the metropolitan institutions; political discussions were carefully prohibited, but the extreme courtesy of the men she sent to Dalmatia took

off the edge of this rigour. The public works were distinguished by great elegance; the full reins were given to amusements; and all local influence was in the hands of the privileged classes. In 1770, every seventy-fifth soul was a monk or priest, every ninety-first a noble,¹ and the Morlack was ruled with a rod of iron.

There is nothing to remark in the Austrian government from 1797, when the Venetian Republic fell, to 1806, when Dalmatia became French. Incessantly occupied with the great European struggle in Germany and Italy, no feature of the period stands out for particular observation. The French occupation from that time to 1813 was a military despotism of great energy and intelligence, but partook more of the efforts of febrile, than of cool healthy strength. A public work was constructed, or a village decimated, with equal celerity. Marmont was individually popular, but the French system was the object of general execration.

The spirit of Austria in Dalmatia is curiously distinct from that of the previous governments; her public works are greatly inferior in artistic elegance to those of the Venetian period, but they are of a very useful character. Roads of the most admirable construction are gradually intersecting the province in all directions; a comprehensive scheme of national education has been introduced, which in spite of the indifference of the Morlack, must produce valuable results a generation hence. The government, although absolute in theory during my stay, was in practice very mild and studious of public opinion. The great mass of the people is sincerely attached to the house of Austria; and the late changes in Vienna will add nothing to the liberty of speech which they previously possessed. The laws were administered with justice and impartiality; but there was an unnecessary amount of formality in every procedure, which caused a greater number of

¹ When I was in Dalmatia, there were only 303 persons, with a population of above 400,000, who had patents of nobility or gentility.

civilians to be employed in the public offices than the wants of the country demanded. The province being well affected, the legion of police-spies that flourished in Milan and other cities indisposed to Austria was here unknown; but the censorship of the press was behind the spirit of the age. Constituted as Austria was with such a diversity of nationalities, I have never believed that Lombards would be content to sit in a Vienna parliament; but with free trade, and municipal institutions, I am firmly persuaded that she would have withstood the shock of revolution.

Dalmatia is under a system of customs-duties distinct from that of Austria. The principal imports are colonials from Trieste, manufactures of England and Germany from the same port, grain and cattle mostly from Bosnia, and salt from Sicily. The exports are oil, the best of which is made at Ragusa (for the ordinary Dalmatian oil is of poor quality), wine, mostly from the islands, and brandy from Spalato, sent to Venice and Croatia, anchovies to the fair of Sinigaglia, Turkish hides to Trieste, besides smaller articles, such as fine woods from Curzola, and almonds from Zara.

In a detailed article on this subject which I contributed to the *Augsburg Gazette*, as the best vehicle for moving the Vienna bureaucracy in the matter, I proposed an indiscriminate duty of seven and a half per cent; but, on mature consideration, I think that a total abandonment of all customs-duties in Dalmatia would be the best policy.

All the other branches of the revenue must infallibly gain by whatever may cause an influx of capital into the kingdom. One great want of the province is the non-existence of some money market or bank, at which capital could be borrowed, on good security, for the drainage or cultivation of waste lands. By the present laws, all interest above five per cent is illegal; but the real market value of capital in Dalmatia is not less than eight or ten per cent; the consequence is, that this most valuable of all

the levers of national improvement is in the hands of a set of low usurers. This is an unhappy instance of the desire of uniformity with the rest of the empire, where the conditions of material existence are so different. An individual willing to pay the fair market worth of capital, for either trading or agricultural purposes, cannot get it, because he must pay not only the eight or ten per cent, but a surplusage, to insure the lender against the irregularity of the transaction.

Commerce and agriculture are inseparably connected; whoever has travelled through this province must feel that free-trade is the readiest lever of prosperity, and that its effect in raising the ports of the coasts would be immediate; and it is probable that Spalato, with its noble harbour, or the Gulf of Salona, and its position at the point where the caravan-roads abut on the Adriatic, would become the emporium of the manufactures and colonials of the countries inland, instead of being merely, as at present, the landing-place of goods brought in luggers from Trieste, to be sent in transit to the interior. The principal merchants are at Seraievo and Travnik; and Trieste being so far distant, they would prefer coming more frequently to Spalato, if they could serve their turn there, and supply themselves to their content; for although Fiume cannot vegetate as an emporium, from its vicinity to Trieste, Spalato is so much farther down the Adriatic, and has so distinct a destiny, that the Bosniacs would desire nothing better than to have an emporium in their vicinity. The establishment of a couple of annual fairs, in the first instance, would be an encouragement at once to parties at a distance to make up cargoes direct for Spalato, and would draw down the resources of the interior to a ready market. If the countries behind were poor, like Dalmatia, I should feel less sanguine; but they are overflowing with milk and honey. Austria holds the ports: let Dalmatia have her full swing of trade and navigation, and let the laws be framed in unison with the palpable designs and intentions of the

Almighty in this part of his creation; and instead of being, as she has hitherto been, a burden on the Austrian treasury, Dalmatia might become a flourishing province.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIETY IN SPALATO.

The Spalatines have not in general the polished manners and illustrious pedigrees of the Ragusans; but they are, nevertheless, a kind, social, cordial people, with no small stock of mother wit. Arriving in the height of the carnival, I found myself at the wrong time for commercial statistics or serious studies, and therefore at once surrendered myself to the frivolities of the season. If a morning visit engages me, I probably enter through a doorway of the fourteenth and fifteenth century into a sort of Gothic translation of a Cairo house; a hollow capital of a column forms the mouth of the never-failing well; a high staircase, with some of the sculptured stone balustrades missing, leads to a folding-door, which is opened by a rope passing through the floors above to the latch, which is drawn up; when a servant's voice calls out, in a Venetian accent, "*Chi gxe?*" (Who is there?) and, passing several rooms paved with brick, you come to the drawing-room, with a floor of battuto, where the lady of the house does the honours with much grace. And what forms the subject of conversation? Music, promenades, the angry scirocco, the golden reminiscences of a carnival passed at Venice, and a little scandal. "Ah, signor," said a lady to me, "in a little place like this, where there is a scarcity of positive amusement, except in carnival, we cannot avoid making up for it by a little fun at the scrapes of our acquaintance."

A short way from the quay, but not within the palace, is the Piazza Milesi, a small irregular open space, one side of which is formed by a couple of black middle-age donjons, or keeps, and on the other side of which is a Venetian palazzo, one of the very few edifices in Spalato that deserve the name. This is the Casino; the grand piano, or principal floor of which has a large ball-room, with lustres, decorations, and side apartments, as reading and coffee-rooms; and, having received invitations to the balls, I turned day into night for nearly a week, having always found it best to view men and manners in the way that the inhabitants themselves present them to the stranger.

The rooms were well lighted, and well attended by the rank, beauty, and fashion of Spalato, as the court chronicles would say; and it was altogether the most showy affair I had seen in Dalmatia. The company, some in fancy costumes, others in plain ball-dress, began to assemble about nine. Among the earlier arrivals of the brilliant and unique assemblage, I recognised the Devil, by his mystic crown, and jet-black face; his sable majesty wore the costume of his own dominions, being bright crimson, mingled with black. The frivolous part of the company seemed to be particularly delighted with his insinuating address, and report says that he seldom missed being present at a masqued ball. Not long after his entrance came two unhappy female captives, with their golden chains; but the malicious people around them declared that they were impostors, their object being to lead captive the lords of the creation. I myself was a grave Moslem, resisting every innovation except wine and waltzing.

The dance enlivened, and the laugh went round; but as the company consisted of the families of the members of the Casino, not the slightest carnival-license was visible. A much droller affair was a monferino, or ball of the humbler classes, next evening, to which I went, as I was told that it afforded a good opportunity of seeing the people. About the hour of eight, I went to a café in the

Calle Larga, where tradespeople and Bosniac Christians, in their turbans, were playing at dominos. On entering, I heard a sound of a waltz of Strauss, and shuffling of feet over head; and going up an abrupt breakneck stair, I paid eight pence to a money-taker in his sentry-box, wrapt up in a dreadnought-coat, to keep off the air.

A crystal chandelier, that had done duty for a century at least, lighted an oblong ball-room, with a couple of mirrors, covered with fly-marks, in faded gilt frames; and at the extremity of the room was such a band of music as the immortal Hogarth might have depicted. The bull-necked, ruffian-looking trumpeter, with puffed cheeks and swimming eyes, wore a sailor's jacket; and, from time to time, wetted his whistle with a phial of brandy. The lantern-jawed, bald-headed violoncello wore large spectacles and shabby black clothes.

Not a woman was to be seen without a masque, which is according to a statute for the limitation of revels published by the police, and sealed and exhibited in a prominent part of the hall. There are no character costumes, but all are in dominos; and the fair part of the company evidently belongs to the class which the French call "grisettes." Should any thing superior to the grisette dress appear, the *roba fina* is suspected to be no better than it ought to be. The master of the ceremonies wore a sort of court-dress of the last century; which, in all probability, figured in the anti-chamber of some Italian court, then passed to the wardrobe of a theatre. He smelt strongly of rum, and was all the night shouting and hectoring.

After a wretched man, in regimentals, had watered the floor with a tin pan, in which a couple of small holes had been bored, a fat figure, with a countenance which bore a considerable resemblance to that of a bulldog, came skipping in, like Figaro, and began to sing in a cracked voice :

"Largo al factotum della città—Largo,
La, la, la, &c.
La festa comincia, la notte è già presto,
La, la, la, &c."

This was not a singer acting the barber, but a real barber of the town mimicking an opera-singer with great comic effect.

When the barber was going on with his buffoonery, to which the bulldog countenance lent considerable effect, a noise was heard at the other end of the room, accompanied by a female's screams, hissing, and laughter; when all of a sudden, a black pointer-dog rushed terror-struck under the sofa, and, pursued from side, occasionally sought refuge under the petticoats of a masque: at length the master of the ceremonies, aided by the lieutenant-colonel who had been watering the floor, got hold of him by the neck, and ejected him from the room.

The quay being close at hand, I went down to the marine promenade; the sun had not yet risen, the morning was calm and mild, and I enjoyed the fresh air after the close atmosphere of the ball-room. The busy industrious Morlacks were already a-foot. The distant isles to the west were still in something of grey obscurity of dawn; and as each dark crystal wave came rolling to my feet, I felt the strange fascination that the sea produces just before sunrise; but a luminous space increasing above the palace, shewed that sunrise was at hand, and I was tempted to prolong my walk to the end of the quay, and ascend the hill that overlooks the town; for, although in my masquerading dress, I excited no surprise in carnival time. Following a narrow road between two low walls, I at length found myself above the level of the roofs; and a resplendent rim of gold on the snowy peaks of Caprarius made me hasten my pace to an elevated rock above me. Spalato lay at my feet; the smoke of the early housewife's fagot, slowly rising in long grey spiral columns, adorned rather than polluted the air; and such strange mixtures of construction as the town presented, is, I believe, not to be seen on all the Adriatic. The capitals of the Peristylum were just visible in the midst of the mass of irregular red tiles and ruined towers. Above all rose the Campanile, column on column and order above order,

which is lost to the spectator in town, but here looks grand and majestic.

After so much gaiety and fatigue, I descended the hill to the palace, which was still silent, except in its ground-floor, where the mean coffee and dram shop invited the ragged Morlack to spend his farthing. As I viewed the august pile in its miserable decay, and thought of its master and maker, the words of the Arab poet came to my remembrance: "This is all that remains of the lord of men, whom the haughty kings feared, and the stubborn troops obeyed; who numbered a thousand thousand bridles on the neighing steeds, and whose wealth was beyond the science of numbers; but death removed him from the mansions of grandeur to the abode of contempt."

At twelve o'clock on the last evening, the carnival is supposed to be dead; but a very singular malady seemed to have seized the clock of the Casino, as if the carnival would not give up the ghost without a struggle. The minute-hand, several times silently approaching the fatal twelve, was seen mysteriously to rally, and the pulsations of the waltz to beat with redoubled animation; but Lent, the heir-at-law, at length impatient at the longevity of his predecessor, would wait no longer, and the carnival was buried in due form. The folding-doors at the extremity of the ball-room were seen to open, and out issued a procession—a coffin, winding-sheet, and tapers being paraded round the room to a solemn funeral dirge; and thus ended the saturnalia of Spalato for the season.

On a similar occasion, at Curzola, a gross practical joke was perpetrated on a boatman, who had given some offence by his rudeness. His boat was hired to carry a person near death to the care of a physician at Zara; and a little before midnight a litter was conveyed with great care to the boat, and instructions given not to disturb the person until morning. The trabacolo proceeded on the voyage; and next morning the captain went below with a salutation: "How are you? I hope you feel yourself passable," &c. No answer. "Per Bacco, è morto!"

(he is dead!) And approaching, and lifting up the sheet, he found a straw figure with an inscription on its breast: "The Carnival, near death at eleven o'clock, and dead outright at twelve."

As great distress existed in the mountain districts, from a failure of the crop during the previous year, the poor creatures flocked down to the town from the villages, where the provisions were consumed. Every day at two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour, the doors of the principal inhabitants are crowded with miserable famished figures waiting for the remnants of the servants' meals. The Bishop and clergy were most active; and charity sermons were preached in the cathedral by a Capuchin monk, which drew a large congregation and collection.

At the hour of eleven, the bell of the cathedral summoned the Spalatines to hear the priest, and I accompanied the Abbate to the gateway. In order to have a better hearing of the sermon, I ascended to a wooden gallery just under the Corinthian capitals of the temple, which support the solid dome; and while I was gazing on the basreliefs of the frieze, which represents chubby infants gambolling with lions, and leading war-chariots to battle, a buzz was heard, and a Capuchin friar, of about forty years of age, with mild, regular features, and dressed in the coarse brown habit of his order, with his cowl hanging over his back and a white rope round his waist, was seen ascending a marble pulpit, elevated above the pavement by tiny columns, of that light fantastic order which may be called Goto-Venetian; the little capitals having more of the intricate arts of a perriwig, than the simple nature of an acanthus. The church was now crammed full; and the sermon was preached in the usual style such as "Wealth and poverty are essential elements in our social state, and the gradations of society are necessary to the beauty of the whole edifice. Let not the rich exult, let not the poor repine; the only real wealth is virtue. (O thou holy and blessed Virgin Maria," continued the monk, joining his hands, and looking upwards, "may

thy intercessions procure us that wealth that passeth not away.) The mysterious, but doubtless deserved castigation of the Almighty has fallen on Dalmatia, and afflicted us with famine and poverty; and I here present myself to you, rich people, as the advocate of the poorer members of our human family. Open your ears and purses, you men of lands, houses, and strong boxes; remember that the interests of the poor are inseparable from those of the rich. Let the sufferings of the poor be ever present to your mind. When you daily see the rags hanging about the emaciated members, remember the cause, and think of the remedy. Remember that the charitable hand in the hour of need cures the diseases of a body to which he belongs; that the whole machinery of society goes easier for it; and that every obolo given is an investment that brings a rich return in this world, and a richer in the next.

“What emotion of the soul is nobler than the spontaneous effusion of charity? (O thou Charity, most sublime of human qualities; thou bright pearl in the crown of virtue!—inestimable margarita, do fill our hearts in this dread hour.) I shall be told that much of the unhappiness of the poor has been from their own disorders: true; but, nevertheless, let the balm of charity heal the wound. Open your stores, you rich; if you hesitate, look here” (pointing to a crucifix of wood that slanted three or four feet above the pulpit). “There was the greatest sacrifice; Christ shed his own blood to save sinners: what were all the sacrifices ever made compared to this! And you, poor, do not torment or annoy the rich with your solicitations. Having received the alms given you, rest content. Never despair, never neglect labour until the last moment. (And now, thou blessed Virgin, most holy Mary, abandon us not in the hour of need, and let our humble prayers and supplications ascend to the Almighty, &c.)”

The lottery and the accademia for the poor now became the talk of the town; and the first young ladies of Spalato came forward to sing, as only the families of the

members of the Casino were to be admitted. The management enrolled me in their list, and I felt some doubt about singing before 200 people; but on an occasion like this, every one must contribute his little, be it ever so little.

Accompanying Carrara to the Calle C., we stopped at the palace of Count C., after whose family the street is named. It had the noble dimensions and solidity of a Venetian palace; but being built in the eighteenth century, the want of the taste and elegance of the elder period was visible. But how such a good house should be built in a narrow street, about twelve feet wide, one could with difficulty comprehend, if it were not dictated by the heat of the climate, and as a preservation against the glare of the sun. When we got up stairs, we were shewn into a grand palatial hall, with one of those superb old Venetian mirrors, which really do more for the appearance of a drawing-room than any thing else (unfaded tapestry and *pietra commessa* always excepted); and off this was the study of the Count, who is a very able political economist, and gave me a great deal of valuable information on the condition of Dalmatia, which I need not repeat now, but which assisted me in making up my mind on many points that the reader will find discussed before I have done with him.

From the account he gave of the spendthrift and vindictive character of the peasant, the position of the landed proprietor in Dalmatia is any thing but enviable. There need be no misery in Dalmatia, even in bad years, if the cultivation of the mulberry were promoted, the soil and climate adapting themselves so admirably to that plant; and the Count gave me a description of an attempt to introduce it on his property with every prospect of success; but the peasantry soon set their faces against it, and the experiment ended by several hundred young trees being cut down or plucked up in one night.

The worthy Count now took me with him to the dwelling of his niece, who was prima donna assoluta of the dilettanti of Spalato, with whom it was arranged that I should sing a duet

at the accademia. There was some idea of having a complete performance of *Ernani*, but, for want of the accessories, it was found impossible. We then proceeded to the Calle dei Gesuiti, the houses of which are built in the thick Roman wall that looks to the landward side of the town; and the long, dark, and dismal vaulted passage of which look like the streets of an Eastern city. Here the Count knocked, and, on the door being opened, we were shewn up stairs into a drawing-room, which, instead of looking into the Calle dei Gesuiti, opened on a garden with the country beyond it. The tender green herbage of early spring was spread out before us, but the high peaks of Caprarius had still a pure white crown of snow. The family then appeared, to whom it is not necessary that I should introduce the reader. A Venetian education does not confer blue-stockings erudition; but in the generous emotions of justice and pity, in good sense and unaffected happy wit, whom shall we put before them?

The duet *Donna, chi sei* was pitched upon; and our first rehearsals were at the house of the accomplished Count Leonardo D., who has celebrated the annual jousting at Sign, in the mountains, by a graceful poem. Here I found, one evening, a large party assembled, the two drawing-rooms being thrown into one, at the end of which was the Maestro V., presiding at the pianoforte; and I saw, in miniature, the worrying that a musical director or theatrical manager is subject to. One found his part too high; another too low; a third wished to keep his piece, but needed certain notes pointed to avoid a shrillness; and there was no small degree of amusing jealousy, as to who should have the most effective pieces to sing. The Maestro being accustomed to deal with various tempers, was just like a minister at a levée, who grants nothing, yet sends the solicitors away in good humour. To one who objected to a piece, he replied, "You are mistaken in supposing that you will not be effective. It is a capo d'opera of ——" (naming a celebrated singer), "and your voice is of precisely the same

compass." A smile of content played upon the features of the person, who made no more objections; and V. gave me a wink, as much as to say, that objection is settled for ever.

The rehearsal was then proceeded with, and consisted mostly of pieces of Verdi; for the Italians take the last operas, as the mass of our readers in a circulating library take the last romances, of the season. No people are so unacquainted with the old established standards as those who go nightly to the opera in Italy or the Italianised provinces; to hear the productions of Cimarosa, Paer, Spontini, and many of the best of Rossini, one must go to the north of the Alps. Novelty, then, good or bad, is the first condition,—a condition fulfilled too frequently only in appearance; for how often can one say of these ephemera that die in Italy, and can't live out of it, "*Quel ch' è nuovo non è buono, e quel ch' è buono non è nuovo.*"

When the evening of the accademia came, I dressed myself, proceeded to the Casino, and, by the instructions of the conductor, went round to the billiard-room, which served as a sort of green-room, and in which the dilettanti were all assembled. One practised a cadenza, another hummed an air, a third mimicked the conductor, with a roll of music for a baton, and the loud buzz of the assembly awaiting the music came through to us as a signal that the room was full. But when my turn came for entering the brilliantly-illuminated hall, and I saw all those rows of benches with the mammas and the misses in their fine clothes, ready for criticism, and the gentlemen all thick packed behind them, I began to feel a little qualmish; but seeing the president standing at a doorway on my right, wearing a black skull-cap to keep off the air, and his white locks hanging down his temples and framing his good-humoured joyous visage, I took courage, and, in the character of Nabuchodonosor, shouted for my guards as loudly as my rusty barytone voice would allow me. So soon as my fair companion got to that grand

passage, "*Ah dell' ambita gloria*," I felt no more fear; the clear continuous volume of soprano voice which she poured forth, and the animation with which the whole was given, electrified the audience, and drew down thunders of applause. Next to the soprano, I most admired the contralto, a daughter of the comptroller of finance of the circle; and altogether, for the amateurs of a provincial capital, it was a surprising performance. Then came the tombola, or lottery; the proceeds of which were added to the other charities, and distributed to the poor.

Lent closed with the ceremonies of Holy Week in the temple-cathedral; its darkness illuminated with so many wax tapers, that the sculptures, intended by Diocletian's architect to be seen by twilight, looked rough and unshapen. One of the evening sermons I attended was not preached by the Capuchin monk, but by another priest. The pith of his sermon lay in a history of the parts of the body of Mary Magdalene; the eyes that had allured men looked on the cross, the long hair that had attracted their admiration dried our Saviour's feet, and so on, with nose, ears, hands, feet, &c.

From the dome crown of the temple the music had a grand effect; and after the service, going up the narrow winding back staircase to the choir, I congratulated the Maestro V. on the beauty of the choruses, and complimented him on his drilling; but he modestly declared that the sweet voices were owing to a large platter of anchovies, and eleven quartuccios of wine which had been discussed by the singers before commencing; deploring the unfortunate circumstance of a horn lying by. A mouse having formed a snug nest there, and founded a numerous family of mouselings in the hollow, fully accounted for the refusal of that instrument to give forth any sound until an action of summons and ejectment had taken place. While we were talking, a loud rustling and crackling noise was heard, as if the choir was about to tumble down. This was a beating of many sticks against each other, called "the flogging of Barabbas," and is a relic of the

mysteries of the middle ages. Various efforts have been made to abolish these symbolic acts, which are so contrary to our Protestant notions; but the populace is always discontented with their omission.

My intercourse with many persons here has shewn me that religious duties are with them not a mere series of blanks in the passport to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, which are to be filled according to a mechanical routine, but an all-pervading principle. With the poorer classes, however, there are the most incontestable proofs of the contrary; instances are known of a man murdering another on a fast-day, and loathing flesh as grossly sinful; and a procession, of which I was a witness, shewed me instances of penance which one never sees except in superstitious countries.

It was after sunset, on Good Friday, for during all the Holy Week there were daily services in the temple-cathedral, that I formed part of the crowd in the Piazza del Tempio. The sky was clear and star-stud; all the windows overlooking the Piazza were illuminated; ranges of men, clad in white, stood each with a thick wax torch in hand ready to move in procession; and the moon shining through the Corinthian colonnade, athwart the sphynx, glistened on the bayonets of the troops which were to form part of the procession. At length the Bishop, preceded by boys bearing censers, was seen to advance under a canopy borne by four *nobili*, or gentlemen, and descend the steps, after which the whole procession was put in motion. The most remarkable sight was that of the penitential sinners, who, dressed in black, masked, and barefooted, carried on their shoulders heavy wooden crosses, of such weight and thickness of beam as might have been used in the time of the Romans. All round the town went the procession, and returned to the same spot, some of the penitents, with their hands tied to the extremities of the heavy cross-beams, bending and groaning under their burdens; but all so veiled and masked, that no one could tell who or what they were.

The festivities and hospitalities of Easter enabled me to see more of the domestic manners of the nation. The Easter-lamb, roasted whole, is served with wild asparagus of a peculiarly strong and bitter flavour. The wines are all native Dalmatian; curious old family silver gear adorned the table; and toasts and anecdotes of days of yore and time-honoured Dalmatian heroes, all seasoned with native proverbs, had a strong national character which delighted me. I found a collection of these proverbs in a native magazine; and I presume a few may not be out of place.

"He that is prodigal of thanks is avaricious of gratitude."

"When the wolf is fatigued, even his tail is heavy."

"He that seeks to act gloriously must not act dexterously."

"When you steal another man's hen, tie your own by the leg."

"Every one praises the rose while it gives a pleasant odour."

"When misfortunes come, pause not to weep, but hasten to change."

"The heads fullest of brains are often the most liable to extravagance."

"Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes."

CHAPTER XVII.

LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES IN SPALATO.

The Abbate Carrara, now no more, was an accomplished classical scholar, and profoundly erudite on all that relates to Dalmatia, he was at the same time professor of theology in the Episcopal Seminary of Spalato. Animated by a

noble ambition, he had been most active in the excavation of the ruins of Spalato; and had been named Conservator of the Antiquities, and published a variety of works on the history and topography of Dalmatia. A crowd of jealous scribblers and pamphleteers attempted to write him down, and even some of the clergy, envious of his success out of his profession, disliked him; but he was one of those bold, enterprising characters that no opposition can frighten or labour deter. I had made his acquaintance, before leaving Vienna, at the house of the accomplished Baron Hugel, and, on arriving at Spalato, I felt great pleasure in renewing it. During above two months that I spent in Spalato, many of my evenings were passed at the *Gurno*, or Garret, a private literary club, where a few literati used to assemble, and discuss the books and styles of the day, but without malice.

Signor C., a limb of the law, who succeeded to a small estate a great many years ago, wisely gave up being advocate, and devoted his whole time to literature. He never wrote any poem himself, comic, epic, or pastoral; but he could not exist except in the society of such books as the censor of Zara allowed, and such critics and poetasters as Spalato can produce. Our place of meeting was the study of the worthy C., at the top of the house. He was in the enjoyment of a green old age, and had the heartiest and most good-natured laugh I ever heard. The perpetual secretary of the club was Signor M.; and one would suppose that a club which needed a secretary had transactions, but, to tell the truth, the only transaction I ever saw was the serving of coffee or the lighting of pipes; for this practice, so abhorred in England, is in general use in Damatia. Being also poet and improvisatore, however, the secretary was often in requisition. V., the Maestro di Cappella of the cathedral, a native of Padua, of sound musical attainments, with a pale countenance and extremely modest manners, was a most acute critic in the Italian school of music; and this gave a variety to the discussions and transactions that proved agreeable. One

or two others were free of the club, but these were the leaders.

It was on a dark cold night in February when Carrara called at my lodgings to introduce me to the Guvno. Spalato is much colder than Ragusa, and for several days the thermometer was, in the morning and evening, four degrees of Reaumur below zero. Protected by the narrow streets, we got to the gate of San Cypriano at the back of the town; and on passing a corner of the bastion, a keen Bora, mingled with sleet, made me wrap my cloak closely about me. Most of the fortifications on the sea-side were taken down by Marshal Marmont; but those on the land-side still remain, the large stones shewing that the ruins of the palace must have supplied the materials for construction. Just where a small suburb ended and the country began was a villa within a wall, the residence of the president; and being shewn up stairs to the top of the house, we found ourselves in the study of Signor C., a long room, with bookcases and a confusion of manuscripts and papers. Two shining brass lamps, about a foot high, lifted by a handle at the top, and supplied with olive oil, lighted the apartment; but the charm of a blazing hearth, which, in our own ruder clime, makes us as willing for winter as for summer, is here unknown, and all wore their cloaks and hats. From the heat of summer, all windows and doors are open to the drafts of wind, and, to prevent catching cold, almost all wear either a hat or cap within doors. In paying visits, except ladies be present, you are always begged to keep your hat on; and I have at least fifty times been obliged to say that I felt a hat disagreeable in a room.

The president gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and, after ordering coffee and pipes, told me that a fellow-citizen of mine was in the room, who was dressed in the Italian fashion; I looked from face to face, not knowing who it could be; when, leading me up to a bookcase, he shewed me an Italian translation of Robertson's works, and, breaking out into eulogy, called him the greatest.

master of historical narration in any language. "Every body," said he, "has been reading Cesare Cantu's Universal History, but I lost my fancy for him when I found that he slighted Robertson." I expected Gibbon to stand high as he deserved; for, to say nothing of his astounding variety of erudition, his grand, sonorous periods are akin to the musical 'ampullation of Italian prose; but found that his weak point,—the treatment of the countries between the Adriatic and the Black Sea,—was too palpable to a learned Dalmatian.¹

"But do not think the less of your great historian," said the president, with generous emphasis; "my objection is like that of a man looking on a wonderful panorama, who should cavil at the drawing of his own villa."

Our discourse fell on the great distress in the mountains. A house high up having been snowed in, and their provisions exhausted, three persons had died; and various schemes were fallen on for getting up a subscription. At length an *accademia* had been determined on, or concert by the members of the Casino, and we came to talk of music; on which V., with the pale face and modest manners, made some observations which led to a musical conversation, for the president was also a violinist. Rossini was considered to be *healthy*, with a boiling over of animal spirits,—like a Scott or a Paul Veronese, gushing with irresistible spontaneity; Bellini, fragile in mind and body, but with gossamer nerves of the most delicate texture; and in his conduct of a piece, with such a conception of grace and tenderness as never was excelled. The French music of Herold and others was objected to for want of that long period (*lungo periodo*) which characterises the Italian manner. But this is evidently all custom; for Beethoven has the most unaccountably strange transitions, but full of a magic beauty all their own. The president, as a violinist, knew and delighted in the quartetts of

¹ The Chronicles of Archbishop Daniel, and the works of Brankovich, Raitch, and others, were not in an accessible shape when Gibbon composed his history.

Mozart, and others of the German school; but when I spoke of *Il Don Giovanni* and *Robert le Diable*,—those tapestries, which unite the forms of Italian melody with the consummate weaver-craft of Germany,—I found no resonance to my enthusiasm.

But most interesting of all were the discussions on the lives and writings of the native authors. Zara has been for centuries the political capital of Dalmatia; because, being an island fortress, the possession of this city has been considered decisive of the rest of the kingdom; but Spalato is, and always has been, the moral capital of Dalmatia; and until 1829, the temple of Jupiter was the archiepiscopal cathedral of the Primate of this kingdom. In the cultivation of polite literature the Spalatine is much behind the Ragusan; but a certain robust vigour, congenial to the unruly character of the Morlack, and contrasting with the elegance of the Ragusan, is clearly discernible in the lives and writings of the eminent men of Dalmatia.

Of St. Jerome I say nothing, his biography being so well known to every student of Church history. The Herodotus of modern Dalmatia was the Archdeacon Thomas, who wrote, in the twelfth century, the first and fullest history and description of his country, and rectified the numerous errors of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Then came Marcus Marulus, the ancestor of our secretary, who was born in 1450, studied at Padua, lived in Spalato, and, with a European reputation, left more than twenty works, in the Italian, Illyrian, and Latin languages, on archæology, history, morals, and poetry. Carrara, in his *Uomini Illustri di Spalato*, calls him the second glory of Dalmatia, St. Jerome being the first. His principal work was a poem, called the *Davidiad*; and Ariosto, with the exaggeration of Italian imagination, subsequently called him “il divino Marulo;” but for myself, having no relish for Catholic dogmatic theology of the fifteenth century, with which all his works are strongly tinctured, I take his fame on credit. His temporal circumstances must have

been easy, and even opulent, to judge from his house, which has descended to our secretary by inheritance; but it is dilapidated and uninhabited.

The most eccentric genius in the literary history of Dalmatia was Mark Antonio de Dominis, whose life and death make a romantic drama. He was Archbishop of Spalato from 1602 to 1616; and in the plague of 1607 distinguished himself by a humanity and courage worthy of Carlo Borromeo. Full of original genius, he was the first to discover the colours of the iris; and Newton, in his Optics, admits him to have been the discoverer. Thus Marino Ghetaldi preceded Des Cartes in the application of algebra to geometry, and a Dalmatian in the optical discoveries claimed for him. But De Dominis was hot and violent in his temper; and the altar of the cathedral of Spalato is to this day a curious monument of his spiritual pride and mechanical genius: it shews the singular optical delusion of the tabernacle above the altar being held by two angels on the points of their fingers. Unable to understand how the points of the fingers of two statues could support so enormous a weight, it was explained to me, that the centre of gravity was, by a certain inclination, reposed in the bodies of the angels. And what circumstances had induced this elevation of the tabernacle? Being at war with his own chapter, they accused him of placing his episcopal chair several steps too high, being above the level of the tabernacle. De Dominis, in order to avoid yielding to his chapter by taking his chair down a step, raised the tabernacle above the altar, as it now stands.

His chapter subsequently accused him of heretical opinions, on which he went to Venice, and thence, secretly, to London; where the cathedral of St. Paul's presented the extraordinary spectacle of the Archbishop of Spalato renouncing the errors of Popery, and embracing the reformed faith. He then published in London his celebrated work, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*: but the results of his own doctrines in the puritanical sectaries, and probably

disappointment at not receiving a high dignity in the English Church, disgusted him; he therefore negotiated his return to Italy and re-entry into the Church of Rome, under the protection of Gregory XV., who was his personal friend; but on the death of this Pope, De Dominis was accused by the Inquisition of correspondence with the heretics, and being thrown into the castle of St. Angelo, perished there by poison in 1625.

Lucius of Trau, an excellent historian, and author of *De Regno Dalmatiæ et Croatiaë*, Amsterdam, 1668, then followed; and was succeeded by others, the last of whom was Cattalinich, who died during my residence at Spalato, to the universal regret of his countrymen. His work, in four volumes, is a history of Dalmatia from the earliest times down to 1815; and is the only modern book that pretends to the dignity and continuity of that style of composition.

It would appear that some practical acquaintance with public business is essential to a good historian. Macchiavelli as secretary, Sarpi as consultatore, and other Italian writers of this class, were much employed in political affairs. Gibbon learned his notions of war from militia soldiering, and had, besides, parliamentary and official experience. Robertson, in the position of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, seems, at first sight, to have had a less favourable chance of experience in political motives and springs of action; but during all the latter part of his career, he was the acknowledged leader of the moderate party in the assemblies and presbyteries of the Kirk, and had an opportunity of treating in miniature the same passions he would have had to deal with had he been the first minister of a great monarchy.

The opportunities of Cattalinich were as varied as his provincial opportunities allowed. Born in the memorable year 1769, at Castel Nuovo di Trau, and being destined for the clerical profession, he studied theology, first at Spalato, and then at Rome; but the prospects of advancement in that profession being very doubtful after the

French Revolution and the invasion of Italy, he turned from theology to law; and, in 1806, was made "giudice," or justice of the peace. Another change, however, took place three years afterwards in his destiny, and he entered on his military career, during which he was, in 1812, chef d'escadron of Napoleon's French-Illyrian cavalry; in 1813 he was in France with his regiment, and on the Austrian occupation in 1814, when Illyria and Dalmatia fell away from France, was advanced to the rank of major; but a few years afterwards he was pensioned, in consequence of a mental malady, and after a restoration of his reason, being in want of occupation, he undertook the history of his country, being a good classical and Illyrian scholar. But Cattalinich, although, upon the whole, trustworthy, is utterly unacquainted with the art of narration, and that sort of perspective, which, preserving a due proportion between the principal transactions and the background of the canvas, produces an attractive picture of each period. There they are,—kings, queens, and warriors, with their deeds and dates; but you discover no favourite of the historian; and no hero around whom he could have grouped the subordinate characters, wearing the moral costumes of each age. But I should be ungrateful, if I were to deny the general utility of the work, and even its interest to a native Dalmatian, who would find attraction in names, topics, and events, not likely to fix the attention of a stranger.

It was not long after my introduction to the Guvno, that, at the corner of a street in Spalato, I heard the words, "Poor Cattalinich dead!" The same evening, I heard at the club that his funeral was to be a national solemnity of interest; and I resolved to be a spectator.

"You are a member of the Guvno, and must be a mourner," said the President. "You are the only Englishman in Spalato, and you must represent the literature of your country at the grave of Cattalinich." In vain I protested that, if any of our critics heard of such a thing, I should be quizzed unmercifully; but the President having

put it to the vote, a minute to this effect was made by the secretary; and I had no escape.

On the morning of the funeral, a loud rap was heard at my room-door, with the words "*Otto botti*, 8 o'clock;" and our gaunt old Meg Merrilies-looking servant, who, from the first moment, had assumed a mastery over all my domestic affairs, opening the door, cried out, "Get up!" It was indeed high time to be on foot; and when I had dressed, I went to breakfast to the Café del Duomo, to the left of the steps leading up to the cathedral, which is frequented by the clergy, where I hear all the gossip, and many an instructive hint. The other café, on the Piazza dei Signori, is frequented by the officers, and is the more fashionable of the two; but the officers, although very good fellows, are here to-day and away to-morrow; I therefore prefer the clergy, for they know the country better than any other class. Scarce had I been seated, when one of the priests brought in a Morlack woman almost famishing and fainting with hunger, and ordered her a glass of sweet wine, while each gave her a kreutzer or two. "Immense misery this year," said the clergyman; "these poor people have sold all their beasts; the Lord knows where they are to get seed from for the next harvest, and the Turks have forbid the export of grain from Bosnia. *Carestia, cospetto di Dio, carestia.*"

"*Carestia, cospetto della Madonna,*" said I.

"Come, come, no irreverence," said the priest, taking off his broad-brimmed hat; "*cospetto della Madonna* (visage of the Madonna) is an expression not to be used."

"I confess myself in the wrong," said I; "for the Bible says, Swear not at all; but you yourself led the way with '*cospetto di Dio*' (visage of God). Come, fair play is a jewel, reverendissimo."

The priest abruptly took out his snuff-box to offer me a pinch: and as we changed the conversation to some other topic, I could not help thinking on the force of habit which should make the "visage of the Virgin" a greater oath than the "visage of God."

The Piazza began gradually to fill with company; and as our talk turned on literature, two windows on the opposite side of the square were pointed out to me, as those of a room inhabited by another of those strange geniuses at war with society, Ugo Foscolo, who, although born in Zante, studied in the episcopal seminary in Spalato, in 1787.

At length the coffin appeared, covered with a black velvet pall; the arms and chako were placed above the bier, and the chaplet of laurel and elegies, some printed and some written, were fastened by Carrara to the skirts of the pall, and marked the mixed character of soldier and historian. These symbols of modern southern life, frivolous though they appear to our northern phlegm; remind one of the departed grace of classic antiquity.

The procession now started, and was very brilliant, for all the officers were in full uniform; those of the Hungarian regiment with bright blue, trimmed somewhat too profusely with silver, and the band playing the melancholy air by which Ninetta is led to execution in the *Gazza Ladra*. When we got down to the quay, we found ourselves in the clear sunshine, with a fresh breeze blowing, and the water all in motion, each green wave with a silver crest. The Morlacks, in order to see the sight, and do honour to the national historian, were close ranged up along the quay, in their red caps and picturesque dresses. All the windows of the front of the palace, from tower to tower, were crowded with females; and as the hum of attention shot with almost electric rapidity through the forest of broken pilasters, I saw the shadow of the public life of Rome, the majesty of architecture, and the thrill of assembled humanity.

The cemetery was out on a point of land beyond the bay; and the way was long, and so windy, that our cloaks blew like pennons, and one after another of the odes was disengaged off the pall. When we got out to the cemetery, service was read, the volleys were fired, military honours were paid, and then ended the bodily career of Cattalinich.

Spring had now unfolded all her attractions. The snow had melted away from Caprarius, the gardens were covered with bloom and verdure, and the whole prospect of land and sea had acquired that warmth of tone, that brilliancy of colour, and perspicuity of the atmosphere, that belong only to the south. When I took my walks, with a north-west air that scarce deserved the name of wind, and gently stirred the tender leaves, I used to hum to myself some reminiscence of sweet Bellini, and, looking up into the profound azure of the heavens, felt a sort of beatitude, such as no poetry or painting ever produced in me.

The ruins of Salona and its charming gulf now engaged my attention. The remains of the once flourishing capital of the Dalmatia of the Romans, situated in the fairest portion of the whole land, transported me again in imagination to the hours I had passed at Tivoli, Pompeii, and all those delicious places which enable Italy to combine more instruction with pleasure than any other country. Even Egypt herself must yield the palm to Italy; for however wonderful her ancient monuments and Saracenic architecture, however singular her physical geography, and however strange the world of Cairo, of which Mr. Lane may be called the Columbus, Egypt is seen with surprise, Italy is dwelt in with delight.

On the destruction of Delminio by Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the second Dalmatian war, Salona became the chief city of the province; and its inhabitants enjoying the rights of Roman citizenship, its political and maritime importance as capital and chief naval station, not less than the amenity of its situation, rendered it the most desirable residence of the coast, and there the arts followed the arms of Rome as naturally as those of Venice in subsequent times found an echo in all the chief cities of Dalmatia. To Augustus and Tiberius, Salona was indebted for those roads which connected her with all the surrounding provinces, and to Diocletian for the culmination of her splendour. Constantine Porphyrogenitus, with his

fondness for sweeping assertion, states that the city was entirely renewed by him, and that its size was half that of Constantinople; we may therefore conclude that many of its edifices were rebuilt by Diocletian, and that it was one of the most populous of the Roman provincial capitals. Wealth, ease, and elegance, had their abode in this part of the Adriatic, which well earned the title of Dalmatia Felix; and though the city declined before its fall, and an irruption of Slaavic hordes took place in the fifth century, it lay out of the way of Attila and the other destroyers of Rome. But in the fatal year 639 it was taken and destroyed by the Avars, and Spalato and the islands became the refuge of the Salonitans.

When the arts revived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the zeal of exploration gradually extended itself to Dalmatia, and the amphitheatre and other edifices being discovered, Gian Giorgio Calergi made a plan of Salona by order of the Venetian senate in 1672; but it bore no resemblance to the reality. In 1821 the late Emperor Francis, who took a great interest in Dalmatia, ordered the excavation of Salona and Pola, after his visit to this kingdom; and laborious excavations were made in search of statues in many places, which were filled up again if they promised no result. This went on until Professor Carrara perceived that it was putting the cart before the horse, and that the only mode of getting at a satisfactory result was the actual excavation of the base of the circuit of the town, so that the gates as well as the true perimeter being laid bare, no room might be left for conjecture or speculation, but the task of a plan reduced to the simple labour of the geometer, while the gates that opened on the principal streets were the proper starting-places for further excavations. In spite of a great deal of opposition, he succeeded in getting some funds from the government; and the whole circuit of the town being now laid bare, what was taken for a gate turns out to be a space between two towers, and the true perimeter

and gates being ascertained, all further operations may be proceeded with satisfactorily.

On one of the beautiful mornings of spring, while awaiting a more advanced season for my mountain trip, I visited Salona, accompanied by Professor Carrara, who had been all along my obliging and instructive cicerone in Spalato. The distance is about three miles; and as the members of the club were afterwards to dine and spend the afternoon at Salona, we proceeded thither on foot, as the road is good, and the country delightful. After about half a mile of gentle ascent, we found ourselves on the backbone of the peninsula, and by a slow descent we gradually approached the upper end of the gulf, which is here attenuated to a narrow stripe of water, into which a river flows; and standing on a bridge not far from its entrance into the gulf, the broad meadows, with the flocks cropping the fresh luxuriant grass, conjoined with the abundant wood and water, made us forget the sterile and rocky character of Dalmatia, and remember the spring.

Omnia tunc florent, tunc est nova temporis ætas,
Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet,
Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos,
Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum,
Et tepidum volucris concentibus aera mulcent,
Ludit et in pratis luxuriatque pecus.

The river, clear and deep, passed rapidly under the arch on which we stood, and mingled its waters with the gulf a hundred yards below us; the wide expanse of which was seen stretching away to the west, the high hill above Spalato shutting it out from the Adriatic. As I leant my elbows on the parapet, and looked down into the dark pools of the river, with their eddies of fresh water, and the subaqueous pennons of verdant weed which trembled in the stream, I asked Carrara to spur my lagging memory with a classical reminiscence, and he at once gave the couplet of Lucan:

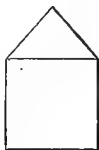
Qua maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salonas,
Et tepidum in molles zephyros excurrit Iader.

Crossing the bridge, we walked a few hundred yards along a road bordered with poplars and other trees, and entered the straggling modern village of Salona. The inn of the place, where we rested a brief quarter of an hour, and drank a cup of Salonitan wine, had quite the modern Roman air. In front of the door was a verandah of dried leaves, through which flakes of sunlight fell on a large marble senatorial-looking statue lying on its face, the back of which formed the bench, on which sat a maiden with a distaff, and a peasant with sandals, closely resembling those of the Roman citizen, whose reversed effigy recalled the ancient world to the mind of the traveller; while a miserable little daub of a figure firing at a covey of birds was the sign of the inn, "*Al famoso Cacciatore*," or the famous huntsman.

Fragments of sculpture were irregularly imbedded in the walls of most of the old houses; and I was much pleased to see that Carrara had induced the adoption of a more elegant collocation of those inserted in the new. For instance, symmetrical fragments were disposed on each side of a door, or formed the soles of a row of windows just like the pale bas-reliefs with which Mieris, Gerhard Douw, and other Dutch painters, used to bring out the hardy greens of vegetables or of drapery.

The ancient city rises gradually upwards to a considerable height, so that the northern wall is very much higher than the southern part of the city which skirts the river; and the sea and the city has something of the form of a truncated cone, the wider base to the eastward being an extension of the original city, which was connected by a large internal gate. We first proceeded to the north-east angle of the town, for the purpose of following the excavation of the walls. Here are the remains of the ancient gate leading by the *Via Gabiniana* to *Andetrium* or *Andertium*; and here we find all the accustomed solidity of Roman masonry. Continuing our circuit, we perceive that the city must have been defended with rectangular towers of unequal size, some with a front as narrow as

twelve feet, others forty or fifty, and one even ninety-eight feet. One may wonder how a battering *aries* could affect such a solid construction; but a corner-stone indented, and partly displaced, by an *aries*, shews that by extruding an important corner-stone the whole superincumbent masonry easily falls; hence the value attached to the "corner-stone," as we find in the Scriptures. The most of the Roman towers are not in their original quadrangular state, but pentagonal, a triangle being added to the rectangle, so as to present the rude embryo of the modern bastion, thus:



this addition being, from the inferiority of the masonry, evidently not Roman, but barbaric. The older construction is all of large square blocks of stone; one that I saw in a tower was not less than ten feet long. In the barbaric masonry, the shell is regularly built of small stones, and the interior filled up with unhewn stones and mortar.

One of the most interesting objects in the northern part of the city near the wall is the excavation of a bath, which shews that the modern oriental bath is essentially the same as that of the ancients. If I had not known that I was treading the ruins of Salona, I could have supposed myself to be standing in the remains of a Turkish or Arab bath; the reservoir in the centre had its lead pipe for the conveyance of hot water, in which the whole body could be plunged; the floor was of polished marble; the pillars that supported the roof of oriental alabaster; and in one of the lateral cabinets the mosaic was preserved as intact as when laid down.

Not far from the bath is the great gate which connected the old with the new town, excavated and laid bare down to the pavement; which latter, as at Pompeii, is marked with the parallel wheel-ruts; the flags being larger and much more dilapidated. This shews that Pompeii was covered when the cities of the empire were still prosperous, Salona when in decadence. The aqueduct that supplied the town with water passed over the gate; and a curious phenomenon is here visible. A leak in the channel of the aqueduct has in course of time formed a stalactite as thick as the trunk of an old oak.

The amphitheatre, in the form of an ellipse, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, is at the extreme north-west angle of the town, and is in good preservation; the entrance is paved with stones ten feet by four, and a diamond-formed stone grate still remains on a level with the arena, which afforded a view of the amphitheatre without danger of juxtaposition with the animals. It appears to have been climate that dictated to the ancients their extensive use of stone; the rude temperature accompanying the civilisation of the north of Europe appears to have brought iron into more extensive use. Nothing can be fitter for resisting heat than their solid walls; but the nice shutting of doors and windows, so essential to the north, was probably as unknown to the Romans as to the modern Dalmatians. In Spalato or Ragusa you see a house with masonry worthy of a handsome fortune, and not a latch on a door or window which would not be unworthy of a hovel in the north of Europe.

The vomitories and gradations still shew distinctly what the amphitheatre was; but the circumstance of the greater part of the wall being at the same time the wall of the town, may account for no particular architectural ornament in the elevation.

To the westward of Salona is a remnant of an immense construction, the origin or destination of which is quite unknown to the local antiquaries; a cyclopean wall of regular quadrilateral stones, each from eight to sixteen

feet in length. At first sight I imagined that it must have been the foundation of a temple; but as it extends five hundred and eighty paces in length, I soon saw the fallacy of this opinion.

On our return to the village we found the secretary and music-master, but no president, although the time of meeting had arrived; so we sauntered along the road towards the bridge, and saw the rotund form and good-humoured face of the worthy old man descending slowly to the bridge, with his broad-brimmed hat off, and wiping his brow with his handkerchief. This was the longest walk he had indulged in for some time. He had sat down to rest, a Morlack maiden had given him a glass of water, and we joked him on Venus making him forget his allegiance to Bacchus; so he gave us a Latin quotation, which I have forgotten (for he was an excellent classical scholar), and we retraced our steps to the upper chamber of the "Famous Fowler," where, with an ample repast, more than one amphora of good Salonitan wine was drunk, and the hours passed delightfully in society endeared to me by so many qualities of the head and heart.

A leisurely walk back to the town amid the shades of evening terminated my trip to Salona; and next day I went with fresh zest to the new museum of antiquities, for the most part dug out of the ruins I had seen, which is situated in Spalato, close to the Porta Ænea, or Gate of Brass. The collection of domestic utensils is varied and curious. The lamination of crystal vases, supposed to be a Venetian invention, is shewn to have been familiar to the Romans. Playing dice, closely resembling those now in use,

"Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus,"

distaves of ivory, and numerous other domestic utensils of the same character as those to be seen in the museum of Naples, are visible. Much of the sculpture is mediocre, shewing the decline or provincial rudeness of art, though

an Apollo and a Venus Victrix are worthy of a place in any European collection; but from some of the other fragments it is evident that a *camera oscena* will be needed in Spalato, as well as in Naples.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DALMATIAN HIGHLANDS.

At length the hour came when I was to quit Spalato, as mountain travelling was not only unlikely to be attended with inclement weather, but bore every promise of being agreeable. I had no intention of crossing the high inland chains of Bosnia, for which a more advanced season is requisite. Carrara and other kind friends accompanied me to Salona, where, after a simple repast at our old haunt of the "Famous Fowler," a few toasts were drunk to the hope of meeting again, and I took farewell of those kind friends with whom I had passed so many happy and instructive hours. It was on the corner tower of Salona that we exchanged our last adieu; and, as I looked back out of the carriage, with my eyes suffused with tears, I saw the little band, with their handkerchiefs tied to their sticks, waving me a prosperous journey.

Often, on standing on the hill above Spalato, I had cast my eyes across the gulf of Salona to the snowy heights of Caprarius, longing to plunge into the heart of the Highlands of Dalmatia, and penetrate to those fastnesses of antiquated manners, of which I had heard such curious accounts; and as the carriage slowly ascended the steep zig-zag road above Salona, the feeling that the hour of accomplishment was at hand reconciled me to the lively regret I felt at quitting Spalato and its kind inhabitants.

After a long and tedious ascent, a break in the chain was seen above me, and in the intervening space a castle, situated on a point of rock that commanded the pass over the mountain. This was Clissa, retained by the Turks from 1521, while the Venetians scarce dared to go out of Spalato, and considered of the greatest importance from its commanding position; but at length taken, in 1647, by the valour of Leonardo Foscolo, the Venetian general. The view from the platform that looks to the Adriatic is truly stupendous. Dalmatia Felix, with its groves and rills, is at the feet of the spectator; the spearhead-shaped peninsula of Spalato shoots between the placid gulf of Salona and the dancing Adriatic. A confusion of sea and land, jutting cape and indented bay, form the Archipelago that fills up all the space to the distant western horizon. The campanile of Spalato, tapering like a tiny needle, appeared a mere speck in the realised chart that expanded itself to my view, and reminded me of what an eye-sore it had been to the Turks for above 120 years.

This proud and valiant nation held in its iron grasp all the lands from the Caspian to the Adriatic, save and except a few narrow townships scattered along this coast of Dalmatia, accessible to Venetian galleys. Often, when the voice of the Muezzin of this fortress of Clissa calling to prayer sounded at even-tide, was it said that this haughty campanile would give forth the summons to the worship of their only God; and, with the Moslem world at their back, well might Spalato seem contemptible from this commanding height: but the wished-for hour never came; and in 1647, yielding to the valour of Foscolo, the garrison surrendered on condition of a free passage to Bosnia without their arms. A thousand souls, men, women, and children, saw this fair prospect for the last time; and scarce had they passed out of the gate between a double file of Venetian soldiers and infuriated Dalmatians, when the latter, shamefully disregarding the articles of capitulation, commenced an indiscriminate massacre of the un-

armed Turks. Foscolo, touched in the tenderest point of honour, flew to arms; but a half of those unhappy beings had already fallen a sacrifice. The rest got to Livno, where a family to this day takes the surname of Clissa Capitan.

After seeing the fortress, the Turkish character of which has disappeared in unpicturesque modern fortifications, I re-entered the carriage, and, turning my back on the coast, found myself rapidly traversing the plateau of Caprarius. The yellow gravel of an excellent smooth road formed a distinct line on a wide table-land of blue-grey porous rocks. I had left Salona basking in the mildness of approaching summer; here the chill, clear air, although exhilarating to the spirits, reminded me that I had thrown off my winter costume in too great a hurry. Not a tree was to be seen; and before me was the higher snowy rampart of the Prolog of Bosnia, but separated from me by the unseen and deeply depressed valley of the Cetigne, which formed a sort of colossal ha-ha to the Bosniac rampart. As I approached the edge of the table-land, and saw the beginning of the cultivation on the opposite side of the great valley, I repeatedly rose in the carriage, curious to see the aspect of inland Dalmatia. Of the coast I had seen to my heart's content; but in a district of a new character, I felt as if about to enter a new country altogether. It was, however, a much longer affair than I expected; for what seems near in mountain scenery, may be, after all, a long way off. Wrapt in my cloak, I read a chapter of the "Pickwick Papers;" and was almost angry with the fellow who drove me, for abstracting my attention from these *deliciæ literariæ*. Pointing to the valley of the Cetigne, which we now overlooked, I saw a blue lake, of oval shape, filling up a considerable part of the valley below me, formed by the river, which here spread out so as to form a lake, for the most part bordered by green pasture-lands. On the opposite side of the valley, at the distance of four or five miles, the Prolog, which separates Bosnia from Dal-

matia, rose majestically far above the level on which I stood; the snowy crest ranging far and wide, and pretty to look at, but undesirable for a nearer acquaintance at so early a season. A few miles down the valley the lake ceases, and the river is confined between approximating hills.

Sign, the town to which I was going, was at the upper part of the lake, situated on an irregular eminence, with cultivated fields and meadow-lands sloping down to the waters; and the horses, feeling the approach to their night's quarters, could scarce be restrained in the descent.

As we entered the town, the last rays of the sun were gilding the ruins of the castle on an abrupt rock that rose in the middle of the town, and, the labours of the day being ended, the work-people were returning to their homes. But the figure that most caught my attention was a man on his abdomen moving along the road like a reptile. The coachman told me that he had some years ago lost his way on the Prolog, and, being out two days and nights in the snow, his hands and feet had dropped off. The town, as we drove up its main street, had a mixed character. Good Italian houses were mingled with old Slaavic ones of rude construction; one of the best of the former being the inn, which was the café of the village, and had an unexpectedly prepossessing air of cleanliness. The walls were fresh painted, a new billiard-table stood in the middle of the floor, the bar had its neat ranges of liqueurs in their square-bodied and long-necked bottles, and my bedroom up stairs was the best I had had in Dalmatia, without any symptoms of picturesque semi-barbarism. The landlord, an elderly gentlemanly man in a green short jacket, pulled off a fur cap, and, addressing me in choice French, with an easy half-patronising deference, which I never expected to see in a Dalmatian Boniface, informed me that in his youth he had made a competency as contractor for the English fleet at Lissa (of course he never smuggled), and having bought a farm at his native Sign, he kept the café for his own amusement.

Bosnia, that *terra incognita*, had furnished a treasure trove of 4000 medals and Roman coins to a person who had no notion of their numismatic value; and the Podestà having, from his commercial relations, been enabled to purchase them, had arranged them so as to be easy of inspection. They were valuable, being mostly consular; some of a very remote date, others of silver, with the unsullied frost of fresh coinage. One, struck after the assassination of Cæsar, had a head circumscribed Marcus Brutus Imperator, and on the reverse a cap of liberty between two daggers, with the memorable words, "Ides of March." The symbols of the Roman consular families were full of variety; the handsome Apollo head of the Calpurnia family, the elephant ear of the Metella, the sea-horses of the Crepereia, and many others.

I then took an inspection of the town, and soon saw that the landlord and Podestà, with their Frank dress, were colonists in a strange country. Being market-day, the Piazza, an open space between the church and a convent-wall, at the end of a sort of bazaar of shops, was crowded with the true Morlacks from the neighbouring villages, who were all Christians, but all wore, as nearly as possible, the old Turkish costume of the last century, except the kaouk. Corresponding to the prints of the Turkish dress as they appeared in books in the beginning of this century, they looked exactly like the Turk as he used to be represented on the stage. They are in person a tall, rude, robust, and somewhat savage race of men; all armed, even in the market-place; some with pistols, others with dirks. These they are allowed to retain; as, in case of a war with Turkey, Dalmatia is much more exposed to Bosnia than Bosnia to Dalmatia, the latter being a higher and more rugged country. On their head is the fez, surrounded by the ample folds of a white-and-blue cotton turban; they are very fond of a red colour in their clothes; and all wear sandals with a sole of raw bull's-hide, but strapped on with cordage instead of goat-skin ties, as in old times.

The women wear shoes, and the men to this day consider shoes effeminate. In Dalmatia, in the last century, people used to say that every thing could be found in Venice, just as people say in England that every thing can be found in London; but a pleasant story is told of a Morlack declaring this to be a popular falsehood, for he had sought over all Venice, and could not find a pair of sandals, although they were for sale in the meanest village of his own country.

The rooted antipathy to change, which is the principal trait in the character of the Morlack, shews itself in nothing so much as the antipathy to the Frank costume. The civilisation of Venice varnished the coast, but remained only skin deep; and when a man threw off the native costume, he was considered as a sort of traitor to his nationality. Lovrich, a native of Sign, who wrote a refutation of the errors of the Abbate Fortis, gives a translation of a droll poem, expressing the lamentation of the Morlack for those of their chiefs who Italianised themselves—thus,

“There are certain Dalmatian Voyvodes,
Who, scarce arrived on the Italian shore,
Italianise themselves, and blush to be called Slaavs;
They cut their natural pig-tails and clap on a wig,
A hat replaces the turban.
They are in a hurry to shave their moustaches,
And cast aside their silks and scarlets;
They despise embroidery, fine boots, and silver buttons.
And then, O God! they clap on a coat
Which is slit in two behind.”¹

Such is their idea of the garb of civilised man. Some years ago the most contemptuous expression for a Frank was, *Lazmani rastrixem perkna*: “the man with the slit tail.”

Talking of buttons of gold and silver, these Bosniacs and Dalmatians are very fond of them. They are a sort of investment in case of need; and a man getting short

¹ Lovrich, p. 117.

of cash cuts a button off his coat, and sells it. This passion for buttons led to a curious circumstance during my visit to Dalmatia. A man in Bosnia left a silver cup mounted with precious stones to the Church, and the heirs, respecting his will, handed over the cup to the Greek Bishop of——, in Bosnia. Shortly afterwards, the nephew of the Bishop was seen with a new shining stock of silver buttons on his gala coat, upon which the flock demanded a sight of the silver cup, in order to convince themselves that it had not transmigrated to the coat of the nephew. But it appeared that the Bishop, unlike *Sylvester Daggerwood*, not having a soul above buttons; had melted the cup, keeping the jewels to himself, and giving his nephew the silver. The case was trying at Constantinople, but how it ended I know not.

Stalls of commodities were in rows along the convent-wall, and all characteristic of the people; fresh sandals, pyramids of flints for their pistols, rough copper bells for sheep and goats, besides other paraphernalia of a warlike and primitive people. Seeing a construction like a fountain with four spouts, I was amused to see corn instead of water flow out of one of them; and, going behind it, I ascended three or four steps, and found on the platform four semi-globular troughs, of different measures, scooped out of blocks of marble, which being filled, and a plug drawn out, the corn is all measured by a public officer, so as to prevent fraud. I remarked that most of the buyers and sellers were men somewhat advanced in years; but this is easily explained by the fact, that the families keep together after their sons are married, and a Stareschin, or Elder, is the manager of the family concerns. So that the social existence of the Morlacks is literally patriarchal.

Sign is a thriving place of above 2000 inhabitants, and subsists principally on the trade of the Bosniac caravans, those good new houses having been built since 1814. Seraievo and Travnik are the principal cities of Bosnia; the former the largest, with a population of 80,000 in-

habitants; the latter the capital, and the residence of the Pasha. As Ragusa is the port of Herzegovina, Spalato is the port of those two cities; and in 1578 the lazaretto of Spalato was built, to enable caravans to come down to the coast, and then sell the produce and buy the manufactures of Venice. But the terrible plague of 1814 put a stop to the caravans. The trade was restricted to the bazaar up in the Prolog, of which Sign is the nearest market-town. The manufactures of England are bought by the merchants of Bosnia in Trieste; and the Podestà and some others have a principal part of their income from the expedition of these goods in transit. But on the 21st November, 1844, the caravan was re-established direct to Spalato, guarded, of course, by health-officers; and the event was considered so important, that all the population, headed by the authorities, went out of the town several miles to meet it, with the most joyous demonstrations of welcome. This circumstance, however, by placing the merchant of Bosnia in communication with the coast, has filled the middle-men of Sign with apprehensions, although not much difference had been felt up to the time of my visit.

In the evening I had highly instructive chat with the Podestà, M. Bulian, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Morlack character. He told me that the great obstacle to improvement was their obstinate antipathy to change. The environs of Sign are rich pasture-lands badly drained; and, under the idea that the best agricultural system for such land was that of Holland, he got the best implements imported from that country, procured the best works on agriculture, and, being the largest landed proprietor of the place, set to work with his new system of drainage and culture, and, in a few years, added largely to the annual product of his estate. All the Morlacks around him saw the advantage with their eyes open, but not one imitated the example. They said, "We do as our forefathers have done from generation to generation, and we have no desire to depart from their usages."

The ground on which Sign is built rises gradually from the edge of the lake formed by the Cetigne, a short way off, to the foot of an abrupt rock, on which are the ruins of the Castle of Sign, and to which I ascended by a rugged path from behind. It was just such a feudal castle as one sees scattered all about this country, approached only on one side, where a deep cut under the landward wall separated it from the rest of the hill; while, from the breaks in the rampart that overhung the precipice, I looked down on the red spots on the crowns of the heads of the turbaned Morlacks below me.

If I were to recount the legends of all such castles in Dalmatia as are related by the local topographers and annalists, I should soon swell my volumes to an unwieldy bulk; but the siege of Sign is commemorated by the jousting I mentioned in my account of Spalato. These Turkish wars have knit the past history and political geography of Dalmatia so closely together, that it may be as well, for perspicuity's sake, to recall to the reader that, from 1521, when Soliman's troops conquered Dalmatia, to the war of 1644, the possessions of Venice were confined to the islands and a few towns on the coast. Then followed the liberation of the Narenta, Macarsca, and, most important of all, of Clissa, the key of the Highlands; the latter an event so considerable, that couriers were despatched from Venice to the principal Courts of Christendom with the intelligence. At length, in 1669, peace was patched up between the Sultan and the Republic, and a certain Nani being named by the Doge to draw a frontier-line in common with the Turkish commissioners, the space conceded to the Republic was marked by a boundary called *Linea Nani*, and is termed to this day, in the books of the land register, the Vecchio Acquisto, or Old Acquisition.

The defeat of the Turks at the second siege of Vienna in 1684, with the assistance of the gallant Sobieski, and the subsequent evacuation of Hungary, having had an immense moral effect on the Adriatic, we then find the Venetians

advancing with success into the heart of the Highlands; and Knin, Sign, and other important places having been taken by General Cornaro, a new line was drawn after the treaty of Carlovitz in 1696, by the Proveditor General Mocenigo, and the *Linea Mocenigo* embraces the so-called *Nuovo Acquisto*, or New Acquisition.

In the next war, which terminated with the treaty of Passarovitz in 1718, in which Eugene gained his splendid successes at Peterwardein and Belgrade, Venice came badly off; the Morea was lost to Turkey in 1715, and at the treaty she was insufficiently compensated by a narrow stripe of territory lying next to Herzegovina, of which Imoschi is the principal town, and which is called the *Acquisto Nuovissimo*, or Newest Acquisition.

The whole of the district I am describing is in the New Acquisition, and therefore was in Venetian possession since 1696, but was again in great danger. In the summer of 1715 the Turks burst like a torrent from the impregnable fastnesses of the Prolog, designing to repossess themselves of the New Acquisition, and the district of Sign was occupied with 40,000 men, and the castle invested. But the resistance made by a gallant scion of the house of Balbi and the garrison was successful. As at Saragossa, the priests, with the crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other, helped to repel the attack; one of these, by name Stephen, a Franciscan priest, was killed in the act of pointing a cannon. On the 14th of August the Turkish commander made his last furious assault, and grey crumbling masonry peeping up among the grass is pointed out as the spot where the partisans of the Crescent and the Cross met pike to pike and sabre to sabre; but towards three in the afternoon, Mohammed Pasha, despairing of success, withdrew his troops.

The country-people, seeing the large Turkish host depart, supposed that a miracle must have been wrought, otherwise how could a small garrison have resisted so successfully? and popular opinion ascribed the victory to the presence of an image in a church; but a violent

dispute in the Turkish camp between the Albanians and Bosniacs is supposed to have marred their co-operation.

The jousting which commemorates the event, and forms the subject of Count Leonardo Dudan's poem, takes place at the entrance of the town, and is sometimes attended by 10,000 people. Wooden stands are erected along each side of the career and hung with carpets, and trees and shrubs placed in the ground seem to form an avenue. The jousting opens with a procession, in which the arms and dresses are of the antique national fashion, after which the judges take their places on the scaffolds appointed for them. Each jouster, who must be a native of the district of Sign, has a heron's feather and a flower on his fez, a lance in his hand, and is attended by his squire. The ring to be pierced is formed thus:—



Advancing at full gallop, he attempts to ring the lance: the centre eye, if entered, counts three points; the barred space below, two points; and the unbarred space above, one point. Each jouster has three courses, the largest number of points gained conferring victory, for which he receives a hundred-florin prize, and treats the Morlacks with an entertainment afterwards.

From Sign I went to the baths of Verlicca, five hours higher up the valley of the Cetigne, which in the months of July and August are, from their mineral waters and cool picturesque situation, the popular Spa of those Spalatines and Ragusans whose circumstances allow them to go thither. The valley is from a mile to two miles wide,

and the character of the scenery entirely different from that with which I had hitherto associated Dalmatia in my mind. Instead of the olive, the aloe, and carob, were the saplings of the north, the white bud of the thorn, the verdant grassy slopes, and the clear Cetigne murmuring its winding way over the dark-brown pebbles, while the birds, in chorus, whistled a joyous welcome to the genial spring. Winter shewed himself no longer, except by the snowy cornice that topped the Prolog, which continued on my right to be the wall that separated me from Bosnia; and every now and then a Customs revenue officer, armed with a long gun, and asking my name, and the object of my journey, reminded me of my vicinity to the frontier.

The people, if better dressed than the peasantry of the north of Europe, were infinitely worse lodged and appointed. The agricultural utensils are of the rudest description; the houses are square cabins, with a framework of wooden beams, and built up with shapeless stones, joined by cement of cow-dung and ashes; most of them have a chimney; and in those I saw, the cattle and humanity were not intended to be under the same roof, as in Montenegro. The floor is the bare earth; the roofs are quite black with the smoke, and take on a jetty lustre that looks better than any abortive attempt at whitewashing. The furniture consists of a few low three-legged stools, beds of blankets without sheets, a large chest or two, a low round table, and earthen-ware dishes for food, with wooden spoons. Fire-insurance is unknown; and when a man's house is burned, all the country side has a pride in assisting him to rebuild it, his neighbours offer him hospitality till he be replaced, and on the completion of the house, all bring their offerings of utensils and provisions; so that a fire is seldom a loss.

Lovrich mentions the curious circumstance, that in the earlier half of the eighteenth century it was common to dwell in wooden huts that ran upon wheels, as shewing their descent from the ancient Scythians. Thus Horace:

“Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt et rigidi Getæ.”

This is possible; but I suspect that this mobility of chattels may have arisen from the apprehensions, vicissitudes, and uncertainties of the Turkish wars in the two previous centuries.

Verlicca has a pleasing situation, but is not half the size of Sign; and I put up at the boarding-house of the water-drinkers, there being no regular inn. A gravel road led out of the town, down a slope, to a dark wooded angle between two mountains; and in this nook, at the extremity of an alley of trees, was a wall, breast-high, forming a circular enclosure, within which were stone benches, and without, well-grown shady planes. Here were the principal people of the place, playing bowls.

I then proceeded to taste the water; and going out of the circle, descended a few stone steps to the wall, where three sources gushed out into a basin facing the landscape of broken ground, with undulating pastures and willows straggling by the side of the brook in which the waters were conveyed away. A sharp Morlack urchin, who had been picking up the bowls, held a tumbler to a source; and as he presented it, glistening and dropping like quicksilver, one might have imagined it to be a figure of Gerhard Douw in a landscape by Wynants. The water is largely impregnated with magnesia, but is almost tasteless.

Instead of returning to the town by the alley, we made a detour to the other side of the town, and, as we approached, perceived a large assemblage of male and female Morlacks, enjoying themselves with music and dancing. The dance, which the women performed in a circle, is called the Kolo; it is the national Illyrian amusement, and probably a legitimate descendant of the Pyrrhic dance. The sexes were not mingled; and the females taking each other's hands, made a slow perpetual round, rising and falling, without any other figure, their head-

dresses jingling with zwanzigers, quarter-dollars, and old Turkish pieces. The spring pasturage, and the large subscriptions and gifts, had materially alleviated the distress arising from the dearth; but whether from their being a great deal in the open air and exposed to the sun, or from the sufferings of the past winter, I did not see much female beauty.

The music they made was a slow, droning, humming chorus; and without the circle, and seated on a low piece of wall, was a man playing the gusly, or Illyrian violoncello. The sound is not unpleasing. Like oriental music, it appears at first hearing to the European to have no beauty in it; but custom soon reconciles the ear, and at length we prefer it to hearing no music at all. The airs usually played on the gusly are monotonous, because they are confined to the repetition of a few bars, but they have a profound plaintiveness that induces melancholy. Of all instruments, the violoncello is the most touching in solo, and the most resembling the human bass voice; so these airs being all in the minor key, the sounds have an effect on the human ear which resembles that of low wails and lamentations.

There being no company at that season at the waters, I now prepared to visit the wonderful caves of Dinara, and then cross over to the basin of the upper Kerka, the lowest fall of which I have already described. I therefore hired stout, well-shod pack-horses, and an active guide; and next morning early, leaving the high road on my left, I ascended to the visible source of the river; the high peak of the Dinara, another mountain of the Vellibitch, that separates Bosnia and Dalmatia, serving as a direction. In about a couple of hours we arrived at a circular plain, about a mile in diameter, where several streams that flowed through the meadow formed the Cetigne by their junction. Under a dark-coloured rock were deep blue basins, boiling up like a caldron; these were the visible sources of that Cetigne which a few months before I had seen entering the Adriatic at Almissa.

Above the rocks from which the sources issued rose the mass of Dinara, its ribs bare, and its peak square and precipitous. There is something invariably pleasing in a river-source; the virgin lymph in clearness and beauty, filtered by Nature herself, comes to the light in a fountain scooped out by the same hand, and as yet uncontaminated with the impurities of cities; the remoteness and solitude of its origin adds to the peculiar charm.

My guide now, applying his hands to his mouth, gave a loud holla, and four wild, uncouth-looking men were seen descending a bushy hillock from a cottage, holding torches of pines in their hands; leaving our horses, we went up a sterile waterless valley till we came to a hole in the rock not larger than would admit one person; and one of the Morlacks, of tall stature, doffing his greasy red cap, took out of it a flint and steel, and striking a light, he entered the cave, and, taking his hand, I followed. The others then lighted their pitch-pine torches until they blazed up, and following several turnings, windings, and descents, I perceived that I was in a natural hall, of which curious stalactites were the columns, with the fresh pendicles glistening and gleaming. The ground was black from the pine-torch smoke, which first fastened on the roof, and then dropped off again. The fantastic shapes the stalactites take are endless; and the successive chambers have all names from the resemblance of their rocks to various objects, one being the chamber of the Bull, another of the Tomb, and so on.

I was bewildered as I walked further and further, for the caverns are certainly many miles in extent. To these chambers, with a comparatively level ground, succeeds a chaos of up-heaved rocks and dark abysses, which compel the traveller to grasp firmly the arm of his guide, for assistance in progress and safety from danger, while the flicker of the pines is almost lost in the surrounding gloom. Not a sound is heard but the echo of our voices and the melancholy drop of the moisture that in darkness

has slowly reared those columns and fretted those crypts of nature.

These caves have never, I believe, been fully explored; and Lovrich says that he was informed, by persons who had attempted to go to their furthest extremity, that to go and to come would be a day's journey. In the midst of the cavern is a considerable river, which glides through these dark recesses, and is unquestionably the invisible source of the waters which form the Cetigne. As before remarked, the whole coast-chain abounds with those subterranean rivers, and the faculty of vision being useless to the fish that dwell in these gloomy recesses, nature leaves them unprovided with the organ; thus the eyeless Proteus of Illyria, found also in the caves of the United States, is one of the most remarkable curiosities of natural history.

I now retraced my steps, and again found myself in the welcome light of day; and mounting my horse, ascended to the broad barrier that separates the valley of the Cetigne from that of the Kerka, and which may be called the roof of a portion of those dark chambers to which I penetrated. The Dinara, 5669 Italian, or about 6000 English feet above the level of the sea, was on my right, and a continuation of the Caprarius on my left. There is no sharp ridge separating the two valleys, but a table-land almost devoid of vegetation; and as I looked up to the Dinara, which presents a face of 4000 feet of rock very little out of the perpendicular, the thought often struck me that a huge section had been rended from its front by some great convulsion of nature, and falling over the whole breadth of the valley, had provided a roof to the caves I had visited.

The sun had set before I left the fall; and journeying along a boggy road, often overflowed by the river, Knin at length presented itself, with the lights gleaming under a high isolated rocky fortress. The inn was miserable in the extreme: a dirty-looking landlord stood at a bar of liquors; and deal-tables and benches occupied the middle

of a dingy room on the ground floor with bare walls. The landlord was the barber of the place, and evidently had not shaved himself for a month, probably on the same principle that a working tailor is generally out at the elbows, or the apothecary a homœopathist in his own case. At one corner of the apartment a ladder was seen to lead up to a trap-door; and taking a dirty olive-oil lamp, the landlord led the way up stairs, which had a somewhat more promising aspect; and having ordered clean sheets, I slept soundly after so long and fatiguing a day; but next morning exchanged my quarters for a German lodging-house, where I found much more cleanliness and comfort.

Knin is marked on all the old maps in much larger letters than Sign, and formerly was the most important inland provincial town in Dalmatia, being the first place on the old road that entered Dalmatia from Croatia; and when the French held both kingdoms, Knin had always a considerable garrison, being considered by Marmont as an important strategical point. But from the moment that the new road was carried to Zara, direct over the precipices of the Vellibitch, above Obrovazzo, and steamers began to ply between Trieste and the towns of the coast, it has remained quite out of the way of the world, and is a mere shell of what it was, the principal families having all emigrated.

Next morning the weather was as fine as on the previous day; and I proceeded along the main street of the town to the house of Dr. P——, to whom I had been recommended as a person of great local experience, having lived so many years at Knin. I found him to be a most intelligent and obliging man, and regretting that the best years of his life had been spent out of the world in a place like Knin, with no resources. He plied me with questions about England,—which I always have found an unerring symptom of profitable and pleasurable acquaintance; and his conversation, although invariably that of a gentleman and a man of education, was indicative

of the seclusion of Knin. He was firmly and conscientiously persuaded that the advantage of the new direct road over the Vellibitch did not repay the cost of the undertaking. He shewed a good taste for music; and opening his piano-forte, indulged in an operatic excursion, which shewed that the music and taste of Knin was like every thing else about the place, a generation old at least. He had heard nothing of *Nabuco* or *Ernani*; but truly I was not displeased to renew acquaintance with the earlier operas of Rossini; and as the careless inimitable beauties came thick and three fold with the unconscious prodigality of genius, my mind reverted to the memorable years 1812 and 1813, in which *L'Inganno Felice* and *Tancredi* revealed a new creative genius.

The town, which we now sauntered through, exhibits signs of decay, and its situation is at the very foot of the castle-rock, and intervening between it and the river Kerka. Herons abound as much on this upper part of the Kerka as pelicans do at the Narenta. Calling at the house of a gentleman in the place, we found a beautiful newly killed heron lying on the table. Of all plumes, that of this bird is certainly the most beautiful, from its fineness, whiteness, and elasticity, and in old times used to be an essential ornament of the head-dress of the Bans and Zhupans of Croatia and Dalmatia.

We then ascended by steep viaducts to the Castle overhead, from which we had a general view of town and country: the chain of the Vellibitch bounded the prospect to the north-east, and this part of it was the point where the frontiers of transalpine Bosnia, and Croatia, and cisalpine Dalmatia, all meet together. At the foot of the mountain, the fall of the Kerka, which I had seen on the previous evening, was distinctly visible: and the perpetual motion of its white sheet of foam looked in the miniature of distance like those curious little imitations of mill-streams in German clocks.

Going round to a bastion that hung over the river, just where it quitted the town, we found the surgeon of

the garrison digging for his amusement among a few beds of flowers and vegetables, and from time to time tossing the weeds over the parapet. It was fearfully dizzy to look down; and the two doctors entering into conversation, I learned that in autumn the hospital is full of patients, owing to the fevers arising from the river overflowing its banks and heat following; but, as at the Narenta, there was much less misery among the common people than elsewhere. In winter the climate of Knin is much colder than is usual in Dalmatia, for the town itself, on the bank of the river, is, although so near the Adriatic, 900 feet above the level of that sea, and, moreover, quite close to the Vellibitch, so that a winter never passes without snow, and frost continues for sometimes three weeks at a time together.

Not far from Knin is Dernis, where I saw more extensive ruins of the Turkish occupation of Dalmatia than any where else; it is situated on a high bank, overlooking a level, fertile, well-cultivated plain, and appears at a distance like a straggling Turkish town, every house with its walled garden. A mosque had the minaret torn down; and a campanile being reared in its place, it had become the parish church; and the key being procured, I entered it, and saw a change that had an odd effect. An altar-piece and crucifix veiled the mihrab or holy niche of the mosque, and *Allah Hy* had given place to *Ave Maria*. The honey-comb and stalactite ornaments in the corners still remained; and I was amused at seeing that they had struck the fancy of the last house-painter that had decorated the church; for, no doubt ignorant of the original character of the ornaments, he had carried an imitation of them all round the church.

The present Dernis is only a large village, but the Turkish town must have been a place of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. As I walked onwards, a konak was unroofed, grass growing on its pavement, and the castle that terminated the hill was a heap of ruins. One solitary minaret, without its mosque, rising on the brow of the

hill, had such a melancholy monumental air, that I experienced a transient feeling of pity for the colonists of the Crescent, intruders though they were. What a dread hour, when the rapine of their fathers was visited on the unoffending descendants; when the settlement of a century and a half must be abandoned; when the mother and her tender babe must seek a new home, and eyes dim with age and tears take a last lingering look of the abode of youth and happiness!

CHAPTER XIX.

MORAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE MORLACK.

The Morlack himself is the greatest curiosity in the whole land: he is inured to a hardy life from infancy, the new-born child being allowed to be in its swaddling clothes and to cry or be quiet at discretion, while the mother attends to the household offices regardless of the infantine humours which are a source of such disquiet to the civilised matrons of the towns. There is no set time of weaning, the milk being continued to the next pregnancy; and if none succeed, the child may suck for several years. As the children grow up, they are allowed to gambol on the floor of the hut, and to find their legs and learn to walk by themselves; in short, the Morlack principle is to allow the man to grow as the beast of the forest, strong, healthy, and savage, averse from every labour, and untamed by any discipline. The consequence is, that in the statistical tables of crime in the Austrian monarchy, the Morlack occupies the lowest position; and in the courts of law at Zara there are three hundred cases a year of damage and injury done through vindictiveness alone, where the perpetrator derives no personal advantage from his crime. But his daring gallantry is incontestable; and

his rough breeding, a hereditary military spirit handed down to him from the Turkish wars, the high opinion Napoleon had of his Illyrian regiments, and many other circumstances, lead me to believe that the Morlack is the best soldier and the worst citizen in the Austrian empire.

Their food is simple, consisting of milk, in the various preparations of which they shew some art; bread, not of the oven, but flat cakes baked on a smooth stone; and a meal-porridge, with butter, for which, on fast-days, they substitute oil or chopped garlic. Like the peasantry of France and Italy, they make an immoderate use of garlic; but the frogs, which are eaten by the Venetians and Lombards, are an object of horror to the Morlack. When a festival comes round, pigs and poultry are roasted, or a sheep killed; and they eat to repletion, and drink brandy to inebriation. The Morlack is generally in misery from his dissipations of income; but if a Saint's-day come round, although he has scarce bread to eat, a feast must be provided with the profusion and extravagance of the East, rather than the reasonable hospitality of Europe. On an average, no family has more than a few florins ready money; and to provide for the Saint's-day, grain or sheep are carried to Sebenico, which is the port of this district, to procure the means; followed by unavoidable misery. Those who have no agricultural produce, borrow money at usurious interest, and when unable to pay, keep sending propitiatory gifts to the creditors to keep off the evil day; thus their substance diminishes, and the debt remains intact.

There is still much of the distinctive peculiarity of the southern Slaav in the Morlack: he is, in fact, the Servian of the Adriatic, but far inferior to the Servian proper. While the latter burns for modern civilisation and advancement, the Morlack has still a rooted antipathy to modern European usages. The vengeance of blood is rare, yet does not appear to be entirely extirpated; runaway marriages in the old Servian manner sometimes take place, though with the previous consent of the parents of

the bridegroom, in order to secure the bride a peaceable existence. But the position of women among the Morlacks corresponds somewhat to that of their sisters in Servia; the husbands being indisposed to concede a European position to the wife.

There is very little romance in the courtship. Inquiries are made as to the disposition of the maiden, on the principle of their own proverb, "Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes;" inquiries even go to an amusing length, such as the household qualities of the mother, even to the question of the soundness of her bodily constitution, and the quantity of milk she could give to her own children. When the male and his friends are satisfied with the maiden, the parents of the latter also satisfy themselves of the position of the lover, and then the father of the girl gives an entertainment, at which the maiden acts as waitress; and when each guest has drunk three times, the head of the friends of the suitor offers her a glass of wine, and her acceptance is a sign that her parents consent. The suitor then pops the question by giving her an apple with a gold zechin stuck in it; which, if she accepts and presents to her father, corresponds to the tender affirmation of the courtship of civilised Europe. A great hubbub and confusion attends the bride to the church, all the people being in gala costume; and after the benediction, they return to the house of the spouse; when the father-in-law comes out to receive the daughter-in-law, bringing with him a child of the house to kiss, and even a neighbour's child to fulfil the ceremony, if there be none in the house. The rest of the day is spent in feasting; and on the following morning at day-break, the bridal companions present themselves at the nuptial couch, and offer the newly-married couple a refreshment of hot meal-porridge with wine.

Superstition is the natural companion of ignorance, and we find the Morlack full of portentous signs and astrological inferences; the most ordinary customs of

cattle and domestic animals are supposed to have some reference to the accidents of meteorology. From the croaking of a frog, or the position of cattle and sheep, are drawn prognostics of rain; and the successful weather-prophet is supposed to owe his gift, not to experience and observation, but to higher inspiration. Hail is supposed to be scattered by witches who dwell in the dark clouds; and thunder is the rolling of the wheels of Elijah's chariot while he is taking an airing in heaven. Famine, which often desolates the country, is supposed to be a giant, sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, that roams through the world.

If astrology be cultivated, the same cannot be said of astronomy, for their science consists in the belief that there were formerly no less than three suns; two of them were swallowed by a great serpent, and only one has remained. Even now, the Dalmatian summer is not very cool, but it must have been then more warm than comfortable; and what would become of us if the fire-eater should take a fancy to the sun that remains!

They are great believers in the influences of good and bad geniuses—a relic of old Slaavic mythology; and so late as the last century, the priests were often called on to exorcise devils which had lodged themselves in men. Lovrich gives a droll case of a Morlack who was seized with diabolical contortions, and believed to be possessed of a devil. A friar began to exorcise him, and, with the assistance of all the saints, to expel the devil; but the man having merely eaten and drunk to excess, the demon disappeared by a sudden fit of sickness; and the priest, forgetting his cloth, gave way to a violent fit of anger, while the Morlack, relieved of his demon, rose up and walked away home. Another superstition is the belief in sorcery; but it must be admitted that it is losing ground. In some remote houses the tail of a wolf or a cow is still used as a protection against enchantment, and is probably a relic of the Roman custom of the wolf's head fixed on doors for the same purpose. Even the echo is

supposed to be a mocking spirit, and is not considered a human voice.

In every district or pretura there is a government surgeon, generally a licentiate of Padua; but it is often not easy to persuade the people to take medicine; and in the remote villages, they are still strongly prejudiced in favour of their own drugs, of which the chief is a purgative of brandy with a little gunpowder mixed with it. Even mole's fæces figure in the strange catalogue of their simples. But their great forte is bone-setting, in which mechanical tact appears to be so much more important than mere science. Instances have been known of persons suffering excruciating pain from slipped limbs, which, having defied the skill of licensed surgeons, have been subsequently replaced by the mere handicraft of an uninstructed Morlack.¹

Many schools have been opened by the present government, which have done good, but are very far from presenting any thing like a really satisfactory result on the progress of the population, and I suspect that generations

¹ I have been much edified in my acquaintance with Dalmatia by the perusal of a very able manuscript by Dr. Menes, Proto Medicus at Zara, the principal part of which are the medicostatistical returns.

The population of Dalmatia in 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, was 310,267; in 1843, 400,777; and in 1847, 428,000; the increase being every year progressive, except 1819 and 1829, the breaks being in consequence of the contagious fevers following the bad nourishment of the previous years, wine and oil having both failed. The best proof of the excellence of the climate is the fact, that the average of deaths is only one in forty-eight individuals; and calculating from 1830 to 1840, the dominions of the ills that flesh is heir to in Dalmatia are divided as follows:

One human being in 51 lost his life by ordinary disease.

"	"	1157	"	endemic	"
"	"	1102	"	epidemic	"
"	"	10,428	"	small-pox.	
"	"	52,147	"	suicide.	
"	"	182,000	"	hydrophobia.	
"	"	7449	"	murder.	
"	"	3411	"	accidents.	

Thus the climate of maritime Illyria, the scene of the delicious Twelfth Night, is not so unhealthy as the names of Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch would lead us to suppose.

may elapse before the Morlack is civilised. The great obstacles to education and improvement seem to be, not only an obstinate antipathy on the part of the people themselves to change, but the political circumstances of the country, arising from their vicinity to Bosnia. This prevents the government from disarming the population. No measure would tend so effectually to the civilisation of the people as a general disarming; but with all Bosnia and Herzegovina nominally and not really subject to the Porte, and all armed, I must confess that a general disarming in Dalmatia' would be rather a perilous measure. Another great obstacle to *civilisation*, in the most literal acceptation of the word, is the dispersion of the population in remote groups of houses, too small to have a schoolmaster. This rudeness and uncouthness of the Morlack is only to be combated in one way, and that is, by imprinting a mercantile character on the population, as far as can be done by enactment.

Let the Morlack, therefore, retain his arms and his rude military organisation, but let there be a total abolition of the Customs' duties in Dalmatia, and the prosperity of all the little towns on the coast would be the infallible result of such a measure. It would bring a greater fusion of the two populations, and consequently greater facilities for education. Many points of resemblance to the Servian suggest themselves, from community of language, race, and even manners; but in one circumstance the comparison is untenable. The Servian patriarch, from his great territorial wealth, has the easy means of sending his son to a Hungarian or Austrian university, or at least to his own gymnasium; but the miserable Morlack, scooping a wretched mountain soil, is from hand to mouth. It is, therefore, free-trade alone which can make Dalmatia prosper.

The Heyducks, or brigands, of whom Lovrich in the last century gave such a formidable account, have quite disappeared from Dalmatia; these were gentlemen of the road of a superior description, who prided themselves on

doing their business in a genteeler manner than the common thief: like Robin Hood's men, they robbed the rich, and let the poor man pass. They considered a rich Bosniac Moslem to be fair game, and infested the two frontiers; but were most formidable on the Turkish side. The race, however, has been long extinct: though a few real miserable robbers occasionally skulk about, and are called *Malviventi*, or people of an ill life. These consist of Morlacks who have fled from justice, or deserters. As they never sleep twice in one place, and as the country is thinly peopled, and every Morlack offers such hospitality as he possesses to all strangers, known or unknown, they can vegetate in this way for weeks and months together, but are always caught at last. Several instances have been known of such people taking advantage of the vicinity of the Turkish frontier, and turning Moslems; but it is curious to observe, that in many instances the bad treatment they experience, or remorse of conscience, impels them to return, although with the certainty of being again in the hands of civil or military justice; while in other cases the same propensities to crime which have made them fly from Dalmatia drive them into it again.

A great many are of the Greek rite; and for many years the so-called United Greek Church, corresponding to the Greek Catholics of the Levant, who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but retain their own liturgy, and much of their own discipline, made great progress. Most of the United Greeks became in the second generation pure Romanists; but this proselytism has been much on the wane for some years. Riots of the Greeks took place, and in several instances blood was shed; till the government prudently admonished the Catholic clergy to let alone the work of proselytism.

If I were to judge of the Catholic clergy by the specimens I have known best, such as the Bishop of Ragusa, the Abbate Carrara, and Professor Kalugera, I should rate them very high; but a large proportion of the rural clergy are badly fitted to advance the moral and

intellectual culture of the people, from the want of inducement in the salaries to embrace the career of a parish priest in remote uncivilised districts. A well-instructed body of clergymen would do much to civilise them; but with a salary of perhaps 20*l.* a-year, the priest seeks by all indirect methods to raise his living by fees. He will not confess a man till he brings him a burden of faggots; thus mixing what Romanists consider the most sacred things with the meanest temporal considerations. I was spending a few days with a gentleman at his country seat, and, without mentioning names, in came the parish priest to pay his visit, and began to exercise his curiosity on me, and asked me if Lord Byron was still alive, and whether the Protestants believed in hell. I answered that they believed all the doctrines of the Christian Scriptures; and that if he knew what the Christian Scriptures contained, he knew the sum total of the belief of the Protestants. Our host then said to him, "How can you ask such a question as that?" to which he replied with the greatest possible simplicity, "How should I know? They disbelieve many essentials."

CHAPTER XX.

ZARA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

My journey from Knin to Zara presented no topic of interest; and it was in the end of April, on the eleventh day after leaving Spalato, that I again came in sight of the capital. I was traversing the same dreary road as that by which I had first set out on my travels to Sebenico. The land around me was stony, and the broad and high walls of loose stones shewed that the cultivator had more trouble in getting his fields clear of them than in procuring material for his fences. Before me, at the

distance of a few miles, and a few hundred feet below the level I was traversing, was the canal of Zara, a sound of the sea separated from the main Adriatic by two long parallel narrow stripes of islands; and although the environs of the city are far from being attractive, yet the villas and gardens dotted on both sides of the Sound, and the capital itself (originally a peninsula, and now an artificial island), rising out of the bright blue waters, and fenced all round with bastions and curtains, surmounted by alleys of trees, were a welcome sight after the monotonous glare of the rocky soil around me. At length the road brought me to the edge of the Sound itself; and as I heard the gentle ripple of the waters, and saw the tremor of the bright noon-day sun on the Adriatic, I felt all the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with an old friend in his most cheerful humour.

Traversing the outworks, I found myself at the so-called gate of Terra Firma; but the country car I had hired from Bencovatz, after dismissing my mountain horses, was blocked up for full five minutes from the throng of peasants with their carts and cars; for the town of Zara can contain no more than the six or seven thousand inhabitants within the walls, and as the rayon of the fortification must also be clear, the real population strictly belonging to the capital is scattered in the villages of the Sound to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand. The only gate to the land is this Porta di Terra Firma, which overlooks the draw-bridge that spans an artificial cut, rendering the oval peninsula of Zara an island; so that, like mice and rats, the people of Zara always go out and in at the same hole. But truly such a hole as any city in the world might be proud of. The Porta di Terra Firma is another work of Sammicheli, that looks as if the genius or patriotism of the architect intended those of the Republic to last as long as humanity has a lease of time. It was built by Gian Girolamo Sammicheli in 1543, after a design of his uncle, Michele, of a sort of Doric architecture. Robust and ponderous, without

even a suspicion of clumsiness, it is admirably suited to the character of a fortified town.

Passing through its resounding vault, I entered the town, and put up at the *Tre Mori*, *Calle dei Tintori*, the only decent hotel in *Zara*. A sign of three Moors' heads dangled from a bar of iron over the door; and going through a passage on the ground-floor, I found myself in a square court-yard, with a few lofty trees, the houses built round it being very high; for the *Zaratines*, restrained by the fortifications from spreading the town outwards, build their houses a story higher than elsewhere in *Dalmatia*. A long outside stair within the court led up to the door on the first floor; on the right was the dining saloon, and on the left the kitchen, in which stood the landlord, who was also cook, with a very red, *Bardolph* countenance, and clad all in white. He had a carving knife in his right hand, and swearing a whole round of oaths at the waiter, who stood shrugging his shoulders and casting his eyes up to the door-lintel in resignation. No sooner did the couple see a stranger, than the landlord stopped short, and threw down the knife; both coming forward, the landlord all smiles, and the waiter stupified.

"This is a small Venice," said I, as we ascended the stairs to my room.

"A very small Venice indeed, sir," said the landlord; "a Venice without *St. Marco* and the *Palazzo Ducale*." The room I was shewn into was newly stencilled, it had no carpet, and at the head of the bed was a crucifix and some holy pictures. In our northern clime, front windows are usually luminous, and back ones dark; here in *Zara*, the back window looked on the tops of the trees waving lightly in the *maestral*, with the clear sky beyond them, but the front window looked into the narrow *Calle dei Tintori*, eight feet wide, the bright crimson plaster of the opposite house partly pealed off, and an elegant balcony, with a fanciful balustrade of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, looking more shaky than safe to stand upon.

After changing my dress, I proceeded on my visiting. But before I introduce the reader to the people, let me say something of the town itself. Zara is a small oval island, one end of which touches the land, and, in fact, it was originally a peninsula, till rendered an island. Three main streets traverse it lengthways, and the others at right angles; all very narrow, and most of them impracticable for carriages; but being lined with well-filled shops, and a good foot-pavement of flags stretching across from house to house, walking in the town is very pleasant, especially in hot weather (for in May the thermometer was for some days at 80° in the shade), in consequence of the narrowness and coolness of the streets, and the absence of the noise and inconvenience of carriages.

Not far from the gate of Terra Firma is the principal public square, the Piazza dei Signori, smaller in size than that of Spalato, but far more neat and elegant. On one side is a Loggia, of the school of Sammicheli, constructed in 1565. It is simpler than the Loggia of Lesina, but its proportions are perfect. I spent six weeks in Zara, and there was scarce a day in which I could resist the seduction of standing in the middle of the Piazza, and deriving pleasure from the contemplation of its lineaments, and feeling that, if they were reproduced on a larger scale in some frequented European capital, the edifice would become one of the most renowned in the world. On the opposite side of the square is the guard-house, constructed three years before, in 1562, with a pyramidal elevation and niches for statues, producing an effect so abominable, that one might almost take it for the abortion of some English architect of the reign of George the Second.

The Piazza itself being paved with flags, and impervious to carriages, is a favourite lounge of the upper classes, and is therefore well named the Piazza dei Signori. When I passed through Zara in autumn, all the doors and windows were shut, and the inmates wrapped in their ample blue mantles. In May, all wore white trousers,

from the early and excessive heat; the doors and windows of the shops and cafés in the streets gave way to curtains, agitated with the maestral, which blows refreshingly from the north-west; a high screen of blue cloth drawn across the Piazza excluded the glare of the sun that played fiercely on the flags; and ice became in general demand.

Here, in the Casino, you find the prim, clean-shaven Austrian officer, reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; or the young native noble, wearing moustachios, grave in manners, and literary and philosophical in his tastes, is poring over the *Journal des Débats*; while down stairs is Count Carpe Diem, a genteel figure of the old school, with incomparably easy and attractive manners. Light-hearted as a school-boy, he remembers, with a sigh, how much gayer the carnivals used to be forty years ago; he misses no play; and has just been enlivening his faculties with a long morning at dominos; he is now skimming through the *Gazzetta* of Venice, making his remarks aloud, while the wealthy maraschino-maker beside him is alternately immersed in the *Austrian Lloyd's Journal*, or plunged in a brown study on the last rise of sugars in Trieste.

But a far more animated scene is that presented by the Piazza Marina, a few streets off. Here are monuments shewing Zara to have been a place of importance long before the banner of St. Mark floated from her battlements. We are here just within the high rampart, which forms one side of an irregular square, filled with a motley crew of peasants, fishermen, and sailors, shouting in the ardour of brandy or bargaining, or perhaps of both. An elegant archway pierces the rampart, through which one sees the harbour, crowded with coasting vessels. This is the Porta Marina. The arch is genuine Roman; and the modern Zaratine still uses the same issue to his trabacolo from Venice or Trieste, as the Roman used for his galleys when Jadera was the capital of Liburnia. The foundation of Jadera or Zara is said to go back to ten centuries before Christ; but it is beyond our purpose to travel so far back. It is enough to know that it was a flourishing

Roman colony, and, besides this gate, has other remains of the Roman town. In the Lower Empire, Zara was called Diodora; and close to the gate is a very curious relic of the period of the Greek emperors—the Church of San Grisogono, of the ninth century, which is the oldest church now extant in Zara, and, on that account, historically interesting; but constructed in the very lowest depth of the architectural corruption of the Lower Empire, the pillars twisted like screws, and the body of the church barbarous in its sculptures, without a single reminiscence of the classic frieze, or a single foreboding of the coming elegance of the Gothic period.

Passing under the archway, I found myself outside the boulevard or rampart, and standing on a quay crowded with sailors and porters, with broad shoulders, brawny legs, and sun-burnt faces. Here one sees the harbour to be formed by the narrow nook between the artificial island and the mainland; and looking a few hundred yards across the water, one sees the outworks on the mainland, the stony-fig and almond gardens rising beyond them, and, in the extreme distance, the high range of the Vellibitch, with the very highest peaks now denuded of snow. The harbour itself is shallow, and vessels of above three hundred tons cannot enter, but must lie on the other side of the town in the open sound; yet there is a surprising number of small coasting vessels; and could Austria only adopt a different system of Customs, their number might be considerably increased. The principal trade of Zara is the import of manufactures from Trieste, and the export of maraschino, anchovies, almonds, and other productions peculiar to the district. Returning to pass under the archway, I found that the gate was Roman only when viewed from the interior of the boulevard, and that the outward façade was Venetian, with an inscription commemorating the renowned battle of Lepanto in 1571.

At the other side of the town is the market-place, or Piazza delle Erbe, of quite a different character from the Piazza Marina. Instead of looking to the narrow harbour

and the broad open sound of Zara, with the narrow island of Ugliano a few miles off. The Piazza delle Erbe is the favourite resort of the country people; instead of a tempting display of gloves and cravats, or female finery, as in the environs of the Piazza dei Signori, you have here the cheap shop of the common people, the general store of the countryman, the coil of new ropes, the pile of macaroni, and the needful of a rural household. The quarter is the humblest in Zara, both in houses and population; but in the middle of the square rises a lofty antique column of marble, the solitary remains of a Roman temple, which, to judge by its existing proportions, must have far exceeded in extent and magnificence any edifice now remaining in Zara. Opinion is divided as to whether it was dedicated to Juno Augusta, or Diana—probably the former.

Here you seldom see a man of the middle class; but there goes a well-dressed, substantial-looking woman, wearing no bonnet, but her black glossy locks glistening in the sun. This is a *padrona di casa*, or housewife, who has been making her market; and is followed by a brown Morlack girl as her servant, with the vegetables she has been cheapening with that Albanian herb-woman from the village of Erizzo. Close by is the noisy dramshop, out of which reels a peasant of the Contado of Zara, the most malicious and disorderly of all the peasantry of Dalmatia, joining the vicious dissipation of the town to the savage obstinacy and revenge of the mountain Morlack. With his inveterate drunkenness and improvidence, he is always a beggar; and, as in some deluded parts of Ireland, the improving landlord is regarded as his enemy. In the hour of distress every circumstance of soil, climate, or social condition, gets the credit of being the cause; except the real root of all evil, his utter neglect of industry and economy.

Between the Porta Marina and the Piazza delle Erbe I have just described, is the cathedral; of Lombard architecture, as the term is understood in Tuscany, built in

the years immediately following the conquest of Constantinople in 1202, by the French and Venetian Crusaders. A tradition exists that a Roman temple stood on the spot, and that it was consecrated as a Christian church; the first authentic account of the previous edifice being given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the beginning of the tenth century, who praises the columns, the marble pavements, and the pictures, which were considered ancient in his time. By what accident it was ruined does not appear; the present edifice is built of a very excellent quality of freestone, of close texture and tawny mellow colour, uninjured by the six centuries that have elapsed since its construction. Above the great gates are stone figures of saints and kings in alto-relievo, of the size of life, minutely and elaborately chiselled, but the composition in the most barbarous taste, as grotesque as old German wood-work, without its quaint vitality. At the other end of the church is the campanile, begun in 1496, of a florid Lombard Gothic style, and causing our regret that it had not been carried aloft to its full height; for Zara is deficient in a few domes or campaniles to bristle over the roofs and fortifications.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Anastasia, a pious female who lived in the third century. Her parents, Prætestatus and Fausta, had the position of Roman citizens; and Grisogono imbued her with Christianity, notwithstanding the opposition of her husband, who was an Olympic idolator. In the celebrated persecution in the time of Diocletian, she was one of those who was accused before Florus, prefect of Illyricum, and after imprisonment, was burned alive on the island of Palmaria. Thus much is considered authentic; but after a leap to the ninth century, we find the Emperor Nicephorus making a present of her ashes to the city of Zara. The protection of St. Peter is forthwith declined, and the cathedral is supposed to possess the identical ashes of the funeral pile of the island of Palmaria.

On the 5th of January, 1669, a serious riot took place. After the benediction, it was usual to let fly a dove in the church, to express the descent of the Holy Ghost at the baptism of Christ; but a prelate, who appears to have thought that the cause of religion was in no way advanced by such clap-traps, caused the flight of the pigeon to be omitted; when such a tumult and hissing occurred, that the practice was resumed, and continued to an advanced period in the eighteenth century.

The disadvantage of Zara as a residence, in consequence of being shut in by fortifications, is much alleviated by the circumstance of the rampart being made an agreeable promenade, high over the town within and the water without, in many places planted with alleys of trees, and at one angle of the bastions, near the gate of Terra Firma, having a small but most agreeable garden. The immediate environs of Zara being sterile and uninteresting, it is evident that the town took its origin from the port, which was large enough for Roman galleys, and has maintained its title to be the capital from its insular security. The present fortifications are Venetian, of the sixteenth century, by Sammiccheli's nephew; and nothing remains of the old defences, where Marino Faliero earned his laurels (1346), but a pentagonal tower ninety feet high, which flanked the old gate of Terra Firma, and, in consequence of an extended horn-work erected beyond it, is now fairly within the town.

The environs being so sterile, I greatly preferred the walk round the fortifications to going out in the dusty roads of the Terra Firma, from the variety of scene not less than the fine gravel walking. To the shade and solitude of the garden succeeds the bustle of the harbour, and a wide view across the territory of Zara. Looking over the inward parapet to the town, one sees the narrow streets crowded with people; and in a retired nook, a façade of a Roman temple, almost perfect, which is the entrance to the barracks. As we proceed onward, about the hour of two P.M., we meet half the town taking a

constitutional walk before dinner; at the further end of the oval or egg-formed town, we find stone benches; and having left the view of the harbour behind us, we seat ourselves, and look along the sound, bordered by the mainland and the islands, with a narrow rim of villas and gardens at their feet. Returning by the other side of the town, the promenade has a view of the sound that runs to the southwards, the placid waters of which are a mirror to the sun; but the reflection of its rays on the parapet being rather inconvenient, I retrace my steps by the shady side of the rampart; or, descending one of the staircases to the level of the town, find my way to the Three Moors' Heads, through the narrowest and darkest lanes I can find.¹

What a contrast between the eastern and the western shores of the Adriatic, which are separated by so short a distance, that on a clear day the peak of Gran Sasso d'Italia, the highest of the Apennines, may be seen from some of the out-lying islands of Dalmatia! On the other side, no ports of any consequence, except Ancona and Brindisi; on this side the ports are innumerable. Yonder, few or no islands; here, a whole archipelago. The islands of Zara form a distinct group, stretching from Sebenico to the Gulf of Quarnero, and have the peculiarity of being two parallel ridges of high ground, here and there broken by inlets and passages, but still preserving the character of two chains of mountains, parallel to each other and the coast; the water between the mainland and the first chain of islands being called the Canale di

¹ Although domestic architecture in Zara is Venetian, it is not so easy to define the ecclesiastical style. Both San Grisogono and the Cathedral belong to that style of round architecture which was in vogue in Italy between the Ravennese of the sixth century and the introduction of the pointed style from the north of the Alps; and if I might be allowed to coin an expression, I would call it *Barbaric Romanesque*, a style of which our own Saxon is the rudest translation, and the Cathedral of Pisa the highest and most beautiful form, and of which the round early Lombard, with its clerestory and wheel-of-fortune windows, is only a variety.

Zara, and the sound intervening between the two parallel chains of islands being called the Canale di Mezzo.

One festival-day I went with a large party of friends on a trip to Ugliano, the island opposite Zara, and filled up the interval to dinner-time with sauntering about the fields and conversing with the people. It is impossible not to be sensible of the enormous difference which the insular security during the Turkish wars has made. If I had not heard the sounds of the same language, I should have thought them a different people. All the fields are fenced; and venerable trees, at pleasant spots, cast their wide and welcome shades to invite a moment of repose. The islander is provident, from a hereditary consciousness that all he saves he can keep. The Morlack, driven to desperation in the Turkish wars, knew not what an hour might bring forth. For more than two centuries subject to rapine and injustice, he begot habits of disorder that have never been eradicated. "To-day let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die," is a sentiment that has survived the wars a century and a half.

The fishing of tunny and anchovies is a great resource to the islanders of the Sound; and a very curious lawsuit was at that time pending before the tribunals, which was the topic of much conversation. A great shoal of tunny, worth 400*l.*, was discovered by the fishermen of Cale, pursued into the Creek of Sestrugn, and there enclosed and taken; on which the commune of Sestrugn claimed a large portion of the haul as belonging to their territory. The fishermen of Cale said, "No; the shoal was discovered on the open Adriatic, and pursued into your bay and taken with our nets, otherwise nothing at all would have been captured." The case being unforeseen by the civil code, and no precedents having occurred in the present generation, great curiosity hung on the result; but how it ended I have not heard.

One of the villas had been lent to our party for the pic-nic; and after a most social day, we re-embarked. There being no moon, it was quite dark; but the water

being smooth, and our party being about a dozen in number, one chorus after another kept time to the splash of the oars, until we again landed at the boat-jetty of the gate of Terra Firma.

Count Borelli having given me a hospitable invitation to accompany him for a few days to his estates, I had an opportunity of seeing something of country life in the Contado of Zara, and of visiting one of the most celebrated castles of Dalmatia, in the vicinity of which an old Turkish caravanserai and mosque have been changed into his country residence. We made two easy stages of it; first, to a villa a few hours off, and next day to the castle. The route to the first lay along the shore of the sound of Zara going southwards; the water on our right as smooth as if it formed part of an Italian lake, and fenced in from the outer Adriatic by the double chain of islands. The first village we passed on our left, a quarter of an hour from the gate of Terra Firma, it not Dalmatian but Albanian, and is called Borgo Erizzo. At the beginning of the last century, Vincenzo Zmajevich, who had been formerly Catholic Archbishop of Antivari, received a colony of Catholic Albanians who were flying from Moslem rule; and at his instance Nicolo Erizzo, proveditor-general, established them here in 1726, where they have a few kitchen-gardens that help to supply the town. Their houses are just constructed as those in Albania; they still speak the Albanian language; and although within a short walk of Zara, which is as neat a little capital as any in Europe, they preserve to this day the filth and barbarism of the mother province.

For some distance after leaving Zara, the Terra Firma on our left was barren; but as we advanced, the downs were gradually covered with that luxuriance of shrubbery which I had seen at Curzola; the villages were thickly scattered on both shores of the Sound; and the further we removed from the capital, the more smiling and cheerful became the prospect. The Terra Firma which we traversed sloped gradually from the waters; but the

chain of islands preserved the character of a range of high hills, with a very narrow base between their ribs and the waters of the Sound. On our left were occasional remains of Trajan's aqueduct, from the Kerka to Zara; and so superhuman did a chain of arches fifty miles in length appear to the early Croat invaders, that they called it the Vilenska Zeed, or Wall of the Vilas,—the elves or spirits of old Slaavic mythology,—which name it retains to this day.

As the shades of evening approached, the scene grew softer and softer. The western sun had sunk behind the islands, leaving a luminous halo on the ridges of the hills of Pasman, which vaguely reflected itself on the tranquil Sound. All was gentleness and beauty; even the waters of the Sound rose and fell in a low measured cadence, that soothingly harmonised with the tone of the scene.

As we came in sight of San Filippo, the coachman could scarcely restrain his horses; and seven was striking on the village-clock as I gave my hand to the Countess, and we entered a summer villa facing the Sound, which, with its white painted columns and green blinds, looked so very smart, as to put the other houses of the village sadly out of countenance. There were no pleasure-grounds, properly so called; but all within doors shewed freshness, nicety, and comfort, as far as it is understood in an Italian climate. The only object being, apparently, a good position projecting on the Sound (a Roman traditional custom, and not a bad one), when we got up stairs, the view from the window of the drawing-room, opening like three sides of a lantern, up and down the Sound, was better than any that could have been found in the seclusion of a park; and when we returned from supper, we stood at the windows amusing ourselves with the tunny boats moving slowly along, the seductive torches glaring in the blackness of night, and the dark figure of the harpooner with his trident uplifted ready to strike the deluded fish.

The carriage was left at San Filippo; and next day we started for Vrana in a jaunting-car drawn by three

strong horses; for we now left the Sound behind us, and by a rough country road crossed over inland. The good soil extended a very short way from the shore; and here I saw some tender olive-twigs growing from their trunks, which had been cut off a couple of feet from the ground. It appears that, some years before, certain *mal viventi*, or outlawed Morlacks, had demanded twenty dollars of the cultivator; and being refused, had cut down his olives. This is by no means a rare occurrence; and notwithstanding some good traits in the character of the Morlack, his vindictiveness and disposition to agrarian outrage bear too unhappy a resemblance to what we daily read of in Ireland. After mounting a moderate acclivity, we crossed a low broad bridge of barren stony land; then descending again, saw the Lake of Vrana; and six or eight miles off, at the other end of the waters, the ruined castle and modern residence, forming a few yellow specks in the wide expanse of green grass and blue lake; in fact, the scene looked more like a new polder in old Zealand, or on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, than a scene in Dalmatia. It was of the richest land imaginable, but in want of drainage; the snowy-white plumes of the heron glistened in the long green grass, and the fowler or falconer had endless sport; but it was lamentable to see such a valuable soil lost for want of capital to drain it. The property was, altogether, fifty-eight miles in circumference, and was granted to the ancestors of the Count for services rendered to the Venetian government; but the shallow lake covering such an extent of ground, the net revenue was under 1000*l.* sterling a year; or, taking the proportion of the value of commodities, not more than 2000*l.* a year in England. The worst of the matter was, that through some error of taking the levels, a canal cut to the Sound, with a view of draining off the water, was, through this blunder, rendered the means of letting in a larger quantity of salt water. It is evident that, in such a case as this, by shutting the canal next the lake, and treating it as a Dutch polder, a single powerful steam-

engine would soon empty it, and decuple the income of the estate.

After making a wide detour by the lake, we approached Vrana; and on a gentle eminence was the old extensive castle, which had been blown up, masses of cohering wall six or eight feet thick being tumbled down into the fosse; and at a short distance below it, the modern residence, a large straggling building surrounded with trees and outhouses. The jaunting-car was driven into the courtyard through a pointed archway; and on looking around, it was evident that the edifice had been originally either a khan or a convent of Derviches, built by Moslem piety; and some disproportionate large stones in the wall shewed that the masons must have appropriated the fragments of some Roman edifice to their purpose. The mosque itself was in ruins; but side-cells of the cloister, whether used by Derviches or travellers, had become the household offices; and in the midst of the court was an abundant fountain of water, now long divorced from the ablutions of prayer. Opposite the archway by which we entered was an iron gate; and beyond it, the garden, in deep shady luxuriance, which, with the well-constructed but now dilapidated arcades, had a strange sequestered quaintness, that, if depicted by the masterhand that threw off Tully Veolen, would have made a striking opening to a romance of Dalmatian life.

Ascending the staircase, I perceived the windows to be more modern, with stone flags placed across from one side to the other, and with horizontal loop-holes, so as to allow the parties within to defend the house with musketry in case of need; for in the last century a Turkish visit was by no means an impossible event. The hall on the first floor had good but old-fashioned Venetian furniture; and prominent on the wall was a framed and printed copy of the grant for services rendered to the Republic, and beside it a bird's-eye survey of the property, with the inscription, "*Pianta ossia disegno delle pertinenze di Urana, ricercate e concesse in fevdo*

nobile e gentil col titolo di Conte al fidel Francesco Borelli," &c.

The Count shewed me to my apartment, telling me that it had the reputation of being haunted by hobgoblins, and that there was not a Morlack in Vrana who would pass a night there, as the devil had appeared several times in a red dress; but that the King of Saxony had, a short time before, occupied it, on a visit to Vrana, and had been in no way troubled. I looked round the haunted chamber, but could perceive nothing peculiar; no arras trembled, no painted portrait stepped out of its frame or altered its expression of countenance; but looking about, I perceived a dark cabinet between the walls of the front and back rooms, which opened with a door disguised as that of a cupboard; and, examining it more closely, I perceived at once that it was the hiding-hole without which no Oriental house is constructed. I was amused with observing that its original designation was unknown to the Count, some generations of piping peace having brought it into oblivion and desuetude; and I have no doubt that some true tale of hiding was the origin of the fable of the haunting.

Our party consisted of, besides the Count and Countess, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, in the dress of the old school, with cocked-hat, knee-breeches and buckles; and the chief civil engineer, on a tour of inspection of roads and bridges,—a remarkably intelligent man, who had been an officer of the line in his younger days, and fought at Leipsic; but having a turn for mathematics, had shewn great activity in the Vellibitch road, and became the engineer of the circle of Zara. We conversed of railways and many other things; and it is evident that there is no chance of Dalmatia having them for years to come, from the thin population, the enormous fissures and cracks to be bridged, and the rivalry of the sea in cheapness, the kingdom being so long and narrow. The Count, whose favourite study was political economy, was well acquainted, not only with the modern authors on

that science, but with the original Neapolitan school of the seventeenth century. The Countess was a most accomplished person, with a voice and style such as many a *prima donna* would envy; and the delightful freemasonry that exists among musical dilettanti, when their lines do not jostle, gave a charming variety to the conversation. But most of all we delighted to dwell on the great and beautiful literature of old Italy; Dante and Petrarca; and the rousing thunder or Lydian measures in which the overture of modern song was composed. Even their prose writers demanded our admiration. Annibale Caro, the prince of letter-writers; Giorgio Vasari, the Boswell of art, whose book we read with such avidity, although apt to laugh at the author; and so on through the long list to Cesare Cantu, whose *Universal History* I see adopted as a standard in every good library in Dalmatia.

Next day, the engineer having started for Bencovatz at daybreak, we devoted the forenoon to excursions. Westwards were the meadows, sloping down the lake; but in the opposite direction was a narrow valley, shut in by rocks, through which came the stream that watered Vrana, and thither we ascended in the morning, just before the heat of the day began. After a pleasant walk, we came to the end of the valley, where we found a tunnel cut in the rock, through which the stream entered the open ground; and on our flanking the hill above it, we saw a sloping fissure, twenty or thirty feet wide, down which we scrambled to a large natural hall, at one side of which clear river-water issued from a dark opening into a large trough of rock below, and then passed through the tunnel into the open valley. From the heat and light of day, we suddenly found ourselves in coolness and gloom; the sunlight glistened from above through the shrubs that surrounded the fissure, and was reflected downwards to the dark green creeping plants that, in graceful festoons, overhung the sombre crystal pool. A graceful recumbent water-nymph, with features obliterated by Turkish violence, or the irresistible hand of time and

humidity, was cut out of the rock; and, coupled with the fact of the large stones in the mansion, made me more than ever think that a Roman city must have existed in the neighbourhood: a point, however, which my restriction to the middle-age and modern relations of Dalmatia, prevented me from investigating. Close to the nymph was a high-sterned Venetian galley rudely engraven, with the date 19. Marzo, 1477; recording, no doubt, the visit of the crew of some argosy, before the valley had received its Turkish masters; nay, more than one of the party might, in his younger years, have seen in the Hippodrome the last occupant of the throne of Constantine.

Next day we visited a village. A good part of the marshy meadow had been trenched all round; it then formed a square enclosed space, and not only kept the dwellings dry, but was a certain defence against intrusion of any sort. The houses and the peasantry were just what I had seen elsewhere. The Count was an improving landlord, as far as the ground already cleared; but he told me the same tale of the obstinate resistance of the Morlack to lay aside his slovenly improvident habits, his readiness to revenge, and his slowness to adopt the most palpable improvements in agriculture. We then saw a young almond-plantation, on drier ground, the tree of which, with the dense small bright green foliage, is one of the pleasantest to the eye; and the quality of the Zara almond is said to be equal to any in the Mediterranean. The route by which I returned to Zara being the same as that by which I had come, offered no fresh cause for observation.

I see, that Count Borelli has been named by the Emperor (1860) consulting member of the enlarged Council of the Empire for Dalmatia. A more enlightened political economist is not to be found in the whole Kingdom of Dalmatia.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOCIETY OF ZARA AND ITS REVOLUTIONS.

I paid a visit to the Governor, to thank him for the handsome reception and instructive information which his letters had procured me; and shortly afterwards I received an invitation to dine with him and his amiable lady at the vice-regal palace, formerly the residence of the Proveditor-General. It is a very large and extremely inelegant edifice, but in the best situation in the town. On one side is a small open space, with an antique column of the same size as at the Piazza delle Erbe, and on the other side is the public garden, crowned with a mount and Belvedere, in which the cactus and laurel rise from verdant turf, and where we have what is nowhere else visible in Zara, that subdued beauty which we may call *amenity*. The guard, belonging to a Hungarian regiment, with white coats and sky-blue pantaloons, were at the entrance to the palace (which formed a quadrangle, one half devoted to the Chancery, the other to the residence of the Governor); and after getting through several ante-rooms of extensive dimensions, with inlaid wooden floors, but with very little furniture, I was ushered into the drawing-room of his Excellency, fitted up in modern style.

The Governor of Dalmatia, Feld-Marechal Lieutenant Turrsky, was a frank, fiery old soldier, who had made his first acquaintance with these provinces in the stirring times that preceded the general peace, and asked me particularly after the fate and fortunes of sundry English officers he had known at Lissa. I had sometimes heard the choice of a military man for a governor of Dalmatia criticised, as if a civilian were preferable; but, as far as I have been able to see, without justice. The example of England in her colonies shews that military men are well suited for the government of exceptional countries; since the command of an army or a regiment is one of the best schools for the acquisition of that practical acquaintance

with human nature which is the most important part of all government. For the technicalities of law a lawyer is indispensable; for the details of finance a man of cyphers; but for a general view of the whole of the administration of a province composed of an unruly population, lying close to the most unruly province of the Ottoman empire, an experienced military man is certainly one of the best choices.

The state apartments, which adjoin this modern drawing-room, are large. The grand Consiglio has no Doges, but portraits of the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand in their coronation-robcs; a long table covered with a green cloth occupied the centre. "Here," said the Governor, "the weal and woe of Dalmatia are deliberated upon." The Council consists of eight individuals, one of whom is Baron Ghetaldi, a great grand-nephew of the renowned Marino Ghetaldi; and when I subsequently made his acquaintance, I did not scruple to tell him the pleasure it gave me to find the representative of so great a genius, after the lapse of two centuries, sitting in the high places of Illyricum. As the conversation grew animated, I found in the Governor, what I had often remarked in successful men, a variety of talents and experiences; and, what I least expected in an old soldier, a great taste for middle-age history, one of the results of which he shewed me after dinner. This was a collection of manuscript volumes containing—as far as the library of Vienna could afford the materials—the ancestors, male and female, of the House of Austria; the labour, with its comments, of several years' leisure. Being traced through females and males, the variety of blood was truly curious. To say nothing of the Henri Quatres and Charles the Fifths, there were the Mary Stuarts, the Lucrezia Borgias, and the Catherine de Medicis; and then their ancestors again, Hamiltons, Anguses, Lennoxes, Atholes, Estes, Scaligeri, Viscontis, and Gonzagas.

We sat down to dinner at two o'clock, and dispersed after coffee at five, thus leaving the evening clear for

promenade, visits, or the theatre. Each nation in Zara preserves its peculiar customs; the Germans shewing attention to a stranger by these mid-day dinners, the natives by small conversazioni and musical parties.

Zara being a place of legal appeals and political business, there is less of art and literature than at Spalato and Ragusa; but the mixture of both renders it quite as interesting to a traveller who occupies himself with the modern relations. At the head of the first was Chief Justice Borghetti, a profound jurist, and a man of a remarkable range of information in politics and general literature; who lived in a singularly constructed house, a Venetian palace of Palladian architecture, but in a shabby street, little more than six or eight feet wide, and consequently dark, with the fine façade perfectly useless. He informed me that he had lately seen a manuscript copy of the laws of Stephen Dushan, the Servian Emperor, in the hands of a Dalmatian peasant,—a great bibliographic curiosity. The appeals of all Dalmatia being carried to Zara, the limbs of the law are rather numerous in proportion to the population, and the principal advocates soon get rich. The pleadings being not *viva voce*, but in writing, the avvocato is more an attorney than an advocate, as we understand it.

I find an extract from my private journal as follows: "10th June. To-day went by appointment to Count Begna, who was to take me to the great advocate." Count Begna belongs to one of the few surviving Hungarian families in Dalmatia, but, of course, is completely Italianised; his house, instead of being locked up in a narrow street, is approached through a large garden in the very middle of the town, where so little room is to spare; and the trees and statues seen through the iron grated door have a pleasant but most unusual effect on the passengers. The lawyer lives not far off, and every thing wore the air of prosperous business, clerks writing, clients waiting turn, &c. After the first generalities, the Legale expressed great alarm at any prospect of changing the appeal court

to Trieste, or the capital to Spalato, and the arguments pro and con were briefly discussed. Spalato is the natural capital of Dalmatia, from its being more in the middle of the kingdom, from having a good port, and from being at the termination of the great commercial road into Bosnia; and lastly, from the general amenity of the environs. On the other hand, the Zaratines assert, that the value of house-property in this town would experience a great depreciation from the change, and the handsome new houses recently built would prove ruinous speculations; that if it is not in the centre of Dalmatia, it is nearer Trieste than Vienna; and lastly, that it is a fortified town, and secured from immediate danger. Having surrendered to the Allies in 1813, the fortress of Zara was held in light esteem in Vienna, and an order was made for spending no more money on the works; but an engineer officer, named Shilling, was of a different opinion, and agitated the subject so much and so frequently, that he was found troublesome, and told he would be pensioned if he persevered in the matter. The pertinacious officer said nothing, but continuing his studies in private, at length fell upon a note from Napoleon to Marmont, placing great stress on Zara; and the case being again taken into consideration, the fortifications are to be kept up. The general opinion of military men is, that it is not easily defensible if attacked by both sea and land; but the fall of Zara has so great a moral effect on the population of the province, as to leave no alternative between total destruction of the fortifications, or rendering them of the first efficiency. I had often discussed this matter with the Spalatines; but they obviated this objection by mentioning that Spalato, being situated on a peninsula, could be rendered secure by traversing lines from the Gulf of Salona to the outer Adriatic. In short, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

Slaavic literature is not so much cultivated in Zara as elsewhere in Dalmatia. One literary periodical, the "*Zora Dalmatinska*," although ably conducted, scarcely vegetates

on this Latin soil. The superior classes have the Italian and German periodicals, and the educated Morlacks are few in number. The editor, one of my most pleasant and useful acquaintances, was Professor of Midwifery in the Lyceum, and a native of Spalato. He lived in the corner house of the Piazza dei Signori, and had espoused a scion of the house of the Cornaro family of Venice. He disapproved of the Bohemian spelling that had been adopted by Gaj and the learned Illyrians in Croatia; and in his Zora he is guided in the spelling by the Ragusans, and by an Illyrian copy of the Gospels, in his own library, in Gothic characters, printed at Venice by Bernardino Spalatino, as the title-page says, in 1495—thus an incunabulum. We used occasionally to spend the evening at the house of a Bohemian officer of the garrison, also of great erudition, who had married a highly informed Milanese lady. But his enthusiastic Slaavism entertained me; for instance, he made out that Slaavic was the original language in which God spoke to the world. In vain I urged that it must have been Arabic, the language of Abraham, as *Adam* must mean “man.” He maintained that it was *Odam*, “Oh, come,” &c.

Zara cannot, like Ragusa, boast of a long line of men of science and literature. The historian Davila (whose book is described by Clarendon to have been Hampden’s favourite study) was for some time military governor of the town. In his biographical memoirs it is said, that after 1620, he, being then in the Venetian military service, went to Zara, taking his wife and children with him. There is extant a letter to his nephew, Pier Antonio Davila, asking him to provide an able tutor for his children, who were at that time under the care of the Archdeacon of the cathedral—“a sufficient man,” said he, “but much occupied with his own clerical functions.” Of the native Zaratine literati none have a European, and only one an Italian, reputation,—Giandomen’co Stratico, a writer born in 1732, died 1799. He wrote poetry, criticism, and theology; and was a hot opponent of the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth century. He was, in 1760, at the personal instance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, made

professor of Greek literature and biblical criticism in the University at Sienna, and rose to be Bishop of Istria.

The amusements in Zara are, the promenade in the public garden, where the band plays on Sundays and holidays. Here the fair sex shew off their finery, and ices and lemonades are discussed. The ordinary public amusement is the theatre; in winter an operatic company, and in summer a comedy. Most of the pieces given during my stay were translations from French vaudevilles; that incomparable school, which, without the pretensions of high comedy or high tragedy, contents itself with holding the mirror up to nature—French nature, to be sure, which is a hot-house or conservatory; but no fault of the mirror, which is fidelity itself. I confess I did not enjoy them here; for only French light comedians understand that business now-a-days; but when a good comedy of Goldoni was played, it invariably proved satisfactory.

The principal manufactory in Zara is that of maraschino—the liqueur made from the marasca, or black cherry, which is grown mostly in the neighbourhood of Almissa, between Spalato and Macarsca. Bordeaux is not more famous for its wines than Zara for its liqueurs, and in the manufacture of them they surpass all other places. I visited these distilleries one day, and found them to have nearly all the same appearance: a low ground-floor, opening on a little back garden; large coppers of the liqueur closely covered, so as to exclude air; the shelves filled with various-coloured rosolj; the Portogallo, or orange, clear as amber; and the delicious Garofalo, or clove, the prince of liqueurs. Spanish wax was boiling in a pot over a brazier, and the corked bottles, being reversed, are dipped in it, and sealed with the name of the firm. The fruit is picked and skinned in June and July. Drioli and some of the houses pretend to have secrets for mixing the proportions, which are transmitted to the women of the family from generation to generation; but, in truth, it is like the secret of the protean Jean Maria Farina, of Cologne, the true secret being the possession of adequate capital and

a current sale. The best maraschino is that of Drioli, Luxardo, and Kreglianovich. The maraschino of the first of these is reckoned by the native Dalmatians as the best of all, but it is dear. Luxardo makes good maraschino, and has a large sale; the maraschino of Kreglianovich is very good in quality, and moderate in price, but not strong enough for the English and Russian taste; for while the Sicilians prefer weak and sweet maraschino, a more powerful liqueur is requisite for the English, Dutch, and Russian. There are, altogether, about a dozen distilleries in the town; and several of the proprietors have made handsome fortunes.

In Spalato we have classical antiquity; in Ragusa, classical Slaavism; in the Highlands, romantic Slaavism; but Zara, having been the seat of the proveditor-general of Dalmatia for four centuries preceding the fall of the republic, became of all the cities of the coast the most thoroughly impregnated with the Venetian element. When Epidaurus and Salona were destroyed, and the middle-age kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia covered all the country, the Slaavic element remained foreign to Zara, and it invariably preserved its character of Roman Dalmatia. Zara has been under Roman, Constantinopolitan, Crusading-Latin, Hungarian, Venetian, French, and Austrian rule; but the key of Dalmatia was never under Slaavic institutions, although surrounded by them. ¹

In the time of the Romans, Jadera, as Zara was called, was the capital of Liburnia, and famed for the vigour and number of its maritime population; a natural consequence of the hydrographical configuration of this part of the Adriatic, scattered amid creeks and bays. And looking over a collection of strange prints from ancient pictures relating to Zara, I found what appeared at first sight to be a steamer laden with oxen; but this was simply a ship

¹ That is to say, unless the aboriginal inhabitants of Dalmatia were Slaavs, which Gaj and many erudite men maintain, in opposition to the theory that the language of the antique Dalmatians was a parent of the modern Albanian.

with paddle-wheels, worked by their performing a perpetual circle on the deck. The remains of antiquity lead us to conclude that it was an elegant provincial capital, with at least one temple of large and elegant proportions, one of the columns being still standing on the Piazza delle Erbe, and the other in the Piazza San Simeone; but the most perfect relic of ancient Jadera is the façade of the present barracks, which, with the exception of one column, is uninjured, and supposed to be the temple of Diana. It is just what one expects in a Roman provincial capital, elegance shewing itself on a small scale; the doorway being in the most florid style of ornament, but all the rest of the façade of the severest simplicity.

On the fall of the Empire of the West, Zara became a sort of republic, using the Latin language, but under the feeble protection of the Greek emperors; and so late as the year 986, in the reign of the Emperor Basil, we find Majus Prior of Zara styling himself Pro-consul of Dalmatia. The peninsular situation of the town, which has preserved to it a sort of metropolitan pre-eminence from the time of the Romans to our own age, has also rendered it a perpetual object of contest, and the sieges it has sustained have been so numerous as almost to confuse the reader in the perusal of Kreglianovich, who is the best authority on the history of Zara. After the fall of the Slaavic kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia, Coloman, king of Hungary, besieged and took Zara, in 1105, and from that time to 1499, when Zara became definitively Venetian, the struggle between the great republic and the kings of Hungary for its possession was unceasing. The study of the Zaratines was, always to preserve their independence through the reciprocal jealousy of these two nations; but, having pretensions to maritime power themselves, they leant to the Hungarian rather than the Venetian interest, and the stronger the Venetian power became, the more jealous and apprehensive were they of the great republic. The trade of Zara with the Levant was extensive; and, during my stay there, I was shewn the mari-

time and commercial code of the municipality, dating from the twelfth century, the details of which bear evidence of the necessities of the trade having compelled the erection of a tribunal expressly for maritime and commercial matters.

The two most celebrated sieges were those of 1202 and 1346. In the first of these, Dandolo, on his way to the Latin conquest of Constantinople, made himself master of the city for the Venetian republic. The French had, in 1202, arrived in numbers at Venice, to embark on the crusade undertaken by the Venetians, and the latter insisted on beginning with driving the Hungarians from Zara. The French demurred to attacking a Christian king for objects purely Venetian; but the capture of Zara being made a *sine qua non* by Venice, who disposed, or rather held, the whole means of transport, it was agreed to; and, on the 10th of November, 1202, the Zaratines and Hungarians were astonished at beholding the whole sound covered with Venetian galleys, and manned with an imposing array of the flower of the chivalry of Europe. Next day Dandolo broke the chain that stretched across the harbour, and Zara, being invested on all sides, in five days capitulated. The autumn being well advanced, the crusaders resolved to remain there all the winter; but no sooner did the Pope hear of the siege than the thunders of the Vatican were about to be fulminated on those who diverted the armies of Christendom from crusading purposes; when, to mitigate Papal wrath, Dandolo and the Latins, including Montferrat, and Baldwin, earl of Flanders, caused the rebuilding of the cathedral on the site of the dilapidated Roman temple. Such is the origin of the present cathedral. But no sooner was Dandolo well involved in the establishment of the Latin emperors of Constantinople, than the Zaratines again received their virtual independence and nominal subjection to Hungary.

The other celebrated siege of the city was that of 1346, when Marino Faliero made prize of it for the republic in the teeth of a large Hungarian army, who lost

7000 killed on the occasion: but the Zaratines were far from being contented to submit; and one of the most curious coins in the collection of Count Borelli is a silver piece, with seven hydra heads, representing seven rebellions, which the Venetians, in the wantonness of power, wished to substitute for the impress of the old arms of Zara, which were a knight armed *cap-à-pied*.

Zara was in the meridian of its middle-age splendour about the year 1403, when the crown of Hungary was disputed by Sigismund, then king in possession, and Ladislaus, king of Naples, claimant as son of Charles of Durazzo, and supported by a powerful party of Hungarian magnates. He arrived on the 9th of July in the harbour of Zara, with a fleet of ships, with many knights, with abundant provisions, and last, not least, with an apostolic legate to support the temporal with the spiritual power. Two days afterwards, a deputation of Hungarian magnates and bishops entered by the gate of Terra Firma, and, on the 2d of August, in the church of San Grisogono, he was crowned king of Hungary, in presence of two Austrian archdukes, and a concourse of Hungarian, Bosniac, Neapolitan, and Dalmatian nobility. A distribution of titles followed, one of which was Duke of Spalato, to Hervoje, a powerful warrior of the period.

But the royal aspirant was unable to stand his ground in Hungary; and, nothing remaining to him in 1409 but the mere city of Zara, and some other minor places, he sold all his possessions in Dalmatia to Venice for one hundred thousand ducats, and went back to Naples. On the 30th of July, four Venetian proveditors came to take final possession, accompanied by a large body of troops as a garrison. No sooner, however, did the Neapolitan garrison get notice to quit, than they resolved to kill the goose to get at the golden eggs at once; and commencing a general sack of the city, accompanied with bloodshed, on the approach of the four proveditors, seized the principal inhabitants and took them on board their own Neapolitan galleys, expecting to extract further sums as

their ransom. But the Venetians, who had now arrived, threatened to sink every galley if the prisoners were not set on shore; upon which the Neapolitans, being reluctantly obliged to comply, departed for their own coast.

Next day the proveditors, making their public entry into Zara, were received by the citizens and the confraternities bearing their banners, the procession headed by the Archbishop; and in memory of the occasion, the 31st of July ever afterwards was a festival, accompanied by the strange license, that on that day, and for a week previously, no debtor could be arrested, and those in hiding were allowed the liberty of the town without molestation. This matter settled, twelve citizens of Zara were deputed to go to Venice to offer their homage to the head of the republic, and on the 5th of September they were received by the Doge Steno, in solemn audience, in the hall of the Maggior Consiglio of the Ducal Palace. There it was agreed to bury all past animosities, and from being the most obstinately opposed to Venice, Zara became, in course of time, in the expression of their own addresses, most attached (*attaccatissima*) to the great republic.

Zara then became a flourishing commercial city until the year 1461, when the Terra Firma being overrun by the Turks, and the country laid waste with fire and sword, the olives were cut down and the villages abandoned in the course of the eleven incursions successively made by them. Despair and apprehension succeeded, and from 1521 it almost appeared that the settlement of the Turks in Dalmatia was to be perpetual; but the capture of Zara, often attempted by them, was never achieved.

A few extracts from the chronicles of the period shew what Zara was in the sixteenth century. Giambattista Giustiniano, on a tour of inspection through Dalmatia in 1552, writes thus:

“The circuit of Zara is a mile and a quarter, and the position of the town is naturally very strong, being on three sides surrounded by the sea, so as to be almost impregnable. At the mouth of the harbour a boom runs

across two thirds of it, and the other third is secured by a chain, which is guarded night and day, and opened and shut as occasion requires. The population is most devoted to the interests of the (Venetian) Signoria, and the noble families are seventeen in number (the names follow, only one of which, Gliubavatz, is Slaavic). These nobles live most cordially together, and form a council of seventy persons (sic), who live, speak, and dress in the Italian manner, which probably comes from the frequenting of strangers, Venetian nobles, proveditors, captains, sopracomiti, and others. The people all speak the lingua Franca, but have Slaavic usages; they do not sit in the Council of Nobles, but have a chapter in which they discuss their interests, and this has some revenue; but most of them live by traffic and manual occupations. The population of the town is 6536 souls, of which 1389 are militia, for defensive purposes."

Nothing could exceed the anxiety of the Zaratines during the great naval struggle between the Venetians and the Turks in 1571, when the fleet destined to conquer at Lepanto put in at Zara on its way from Venice thither. In the *Rammentatore* of the ingenious Ferrari Cupilli, are the following extracts from the journals of eye-witnesses:

"Giralomo Zane, Captain-General of the Venetian armada, arrived at Zara on the 13th April, and remained to the 12th June; but being unable to maintain so many people, he started for Corfu, Zara having suffered so severely; for the Turks were making continual incursions in the Contado, carrying off cattle, cutting down corn, and destroying and burning; so that people scarce dared to go out of the town without running the risk of an ambuscade. The cavalry often made sorties from the town, accompanied by sufficient infantry, but difficulty of subsistence always compelled them to return. It is true that bread, biscuit, and other provisions came in large quantity from Apulia, the March (of Ancona), and Venice; but from the town being crammed full of people, and the

insufficient nourishment, an epidemic disease broke out, and, on the 12th June, Zane and his seventy galleys set off for Corfu, where he arrived on the 21st."

The renowned battle of Lepanto took place on the 7th October following, Pietro Bortolazzi, who commanded the Zara galleys, having nobly distinguished himself; but bravest of all the Dalmatian galleys were the seven of Trau, which lost the greater part of their crew in the thickest of the fight. The most intense anxiety prevailed as to the result of the war. Dalmatia having suffered more severely than any other country, the Adriatic was infested with Barbary and Turkish pirates; and the towns of the coast were full of families, who, instead of lands broad and wide, possessed mere parchment titles. Every city had done its utmost to fit out galleys, and every sail looming in the southern sound was an event to bring the whole town in a buzz of speculation to the landing-place.

At length, on the 16th, several large galleys were descried from the Torre di Bovo d'Antona; as they approached Zara, the walls were covered with anxious groups; and on the joyful news being at length authenticated, the joy was inexpressible; it seemed the turning of the terrible tide,—the first symptom of the receding of the waters of an overwhelming deluge; the inhabitants embraced each other with tears of joy in the open streets, and the roar of 109 pieces of artillery kept time to the ding-dong of every bell in the town. During the three days, processions and diversions took place, and the victory was commemorated by the inscription on the Porta San Grisogono which we have already alluded to.

The reader already knows how the new and the newest acquisitions were added to Dalmatia. The treaty of Passarowitz, in 1718, having at length freed the land from Turkish rule, the Proveditor-General was henceforth more a man of pomp and pleasure than a stout warrior; he usually belonged to one of the first families of Venice, and the proveditorship, which lasted three years, was

generally considered a resource for those grandees who needed to recruit their domestic finances. The forms of a Vice-Ducal Court were kept up, and he lived in much splendour, sitting on a throne in both church and palace. The income of the three years was from 80,000 to 100,000 gold zechins, and the half was usually considered sufficient for his expenses.

Zara being his residence as long as the republic lasted, the vicinity to Venice, and the foreigners who from time to time settled in it, made it a sort of suburb of the capital, and gave it a polish of manners and a taste for the arts which might be placed beside that of Ragusa; but the extreme jealousy of the Venetian government, which prevented conversation on political affairs, or the agitation of plans for the amelioration of the people, was not equally favourable to the intellectual development of the Zaratines. There was considerable elegance in private life and in domestic architecture, the Palazzo Fenzi and some others being worthy of the environs of the Rialto; but the framework of society had all that superfluity of the privileged classes, which was a characteristic of the 18th century. This crowd of *far niente* priests and nobles did absolutely nothing for the education and the elevation of the people; not from jealousy or design, but simply from that love of ease and pleasure which marked the last century all over Europe. In the midst of their gaities, the French Revolution and the invasion of Venice came like a clap of thunder on the Zaratines, and opened up an entirely new phase in the history of the town.

Andrea Querini, the last of the proveditors, having invited Austria to occupy Dalmatia, Zara was garrisoned by the Imperialists from 1797 to 1806; when, by virtue of the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, it became a French fortress, and, from various causes, experienced a decline of prosperity. The abolition of the law of entail was probably no disadvantage to Dalmatia at large, but the principal properties were then divided, and the aris-

tocracy fell into decay. This was called the *svincolo*, or unbinding, and the properties being once dispersed, the aristocracy has never recovered its former position. Zara had no longer its *Proveditor* or Governor-General. Marmont's headquarters being generally at Spalato, clearly a better and more advantageous position for Dalmatia in general, but not to the profit of Zara; and last, not least, the continental system of Napoleon was a great disadvantage, for if trade was not prevented altogether, it was attended with all the evils and inconveniences of contrabandism.

At length the eventful year 1813 arrived. Napoleon, unwisely rejecting the terms of mediation proposed by Austria, went to Leipsic to be ruined, and an Austrian force of Croats descending from the *Vellibitch*, laid siege to Zara by land, while two English frigates blockaded it by sea; and landing some artillery taken from Fort Nicolo of Sebenico, threw up batteries on the side of *Terra Firma*. This, Cattalinich asserts, is the only occasion on which British troops operated on the mainland of Dalmatia. In spite of the natural strength of Zara, the gallantry of the besiegers and the discontents of the garrison (principally composed also of Croats) brought about a capitulation; and the cause of Napoleon verging on the desperate, the other places on the coast quickly surrendered. The solitary tower of the *Narenta* was, as we have already said, the last place that submitted to Austria.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CROAT MILITARY FRONTIER.

My original intention was to have confined myself to the Austrian ports on the Adriatic, and to have embarked by the steamer from Zara to the islands of the gulf of Quar-

nero, and thence to Fiume; but in Zara I was advised that the land journey would enable me, with a moderate additional sacrifice of time, to see the Highlands of Croatia, one of the most romantic regions in Europe, and entirely unknown to most readers. The Governor of Dalmatia, on my making known my intention, with spontaneous kindness offered me letters to the officers of the districts I was about to visit, which is entirely in the military frontier. He had been, in his younger days, a colonel of the Ogulin regiment, and still took a strong personal interest in the welfare of the land and the people.

As the region in question is elevated, it was not advisable to attempt the journey before the month of June. May was ending in a glow of heat; and an aide-de-camp of the Governor and an officer of the garrison having got a few days' leave of absence, we made up a pleasant party to Gospich, the nearest regimental district on the other side of the Vellibitch.

On the 24th of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to the palace, and took leave of the kind circle from which I had received so many attentions. The diligence having called for us, we rattled out of the Porta di Terra Firma, and found ourselves on the high-road to Obrovazzo, the ground quite parched up with the premature heats, and even the dust preferable to closed windows.

This was the same road as that by which I had first come to Zara; we arrived in time for a late supper at Obrovazzo; and shortly after re-entering the carriage, I fell asleep, awoke in the morning as the horses were dragging the carriage up the last zigzags of this wonderful road, and soon found myself at that very pillar where, six months before, I had made my first acquaintance with Dalmatia. Seldom had six months of my life passed so instructively and amusingly; and if I have not succeeded in infusing into the reader an interest in its peculiarities, the shortcoming lies with the writer, and certainly not with the land that he visited.

Here, when I passed in winter, I saw nothing but snow and icicles, and welcomed Dalmatia, with its mild southern air, in the gloomy month of November; now, equally pleasing were my sensations on leaving the atmosphere of the fig, the olive, and the bare, parched rocks, and finding myself in the land of wide-spreading forests and open brakes of firm verdant turf, sloping down to the plains of Licca, on which the early dew glistened in the rising sun.

While the horses were changing, we went into the post-house; and, entering into conversation with the post-master, he gave us a sad account of the condition of the plains of Licca, to which we were now descending; the crops of the previous year having failed, they had consumed in many places even their seed-corn and potatoes. The post-house and village being a few yards to the east of the pillar, is, consequently, in Croatia, and not in Dalmatia; the language of the people is still Illyrian, the very same language I heard through all Dalmatia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, and on the heights of Montenegro; but the varnish of civilisation here ceased to be Italian, and here I heard the first German again. While we were chatting, I perceived a carbine hanging from the wall which had not an Austrian cut, and looking closer, found it to be a memento of the French empire, being marked, "Manufacture Impériale de Charleville."

How different might the destinies of the French nation and language have been, had Napoleon, instead of burying a million of men in Spain and Russia, turned his power to the basins of the Save and the Danube! Lower Bosnia, Slavonia, the Banat, and Servia, communicating with the ex-territories of Venice through Croatia, might have received a horde of military settlers, that would have given a French impress to Illyria. By offering temptations to Austria in some other quarter, the thing could have been done by force or fraud more easily than a conquest of Spain or Russia. It must often have rolled through the brain of this wholesale kingdom-monger. Fortunately for

humanity, affairs took another turn; for had there been in him a will to it, doubtless there would have been a way. The holding of provinces so inconveniently situated for France as those on the other side of the Adriatic, and the number of Croatians sent to France to receive a French military education, and some of whom I met in these provinces, seemed to indicate that, if the military power of Russia had been broken (for every body knew that conquest with a view to occupation was impossible), the basin of the Save would in all probability have been the next sphere of his boundless ambition.

The pillar at the pass being about 3400 feet English above the gulf of Morlackia which laves the feet of the mountain, and the plain of Licca, to which I was now descending inland, being 1700 feet above the level of the sea, the descent was about the half of the previous ascent from Dalmatia. As we rolled downwards, the verdant North, smiling in her summer attire, welcomed us with all the attractions of her own style of beauty. I no longer recognised the Croatia of November; the birds whistled their softest notes; the air was fragrant with the mountain flora, and mild with the early summer; the bee buzzed in the open sunshine; the sound of unseen rushing waters echoed through the deep shades; and a few patches of snow, seen in the rocky recesses of the Vellibitch, and caught at glimpses from the open parts of the road, were all that remained of grim winter. The night and morning seemed a week; so totally different in character is the Dalmatian from the Croatian side of the Vellibitch.

Croatia has been, as a kingdom, associated with Hungary since 1190; and the provincial or constitutional part of it, which lies to the northward, is divided into counties, and sends members to the Diet; but this division I am now entering upon, intervening between the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe and the Adriatic, is governed by a military administration which took its origin in the wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and, developed as an offensive and defensive system during

the long struggles with the Porte, subsists to this day. There is no landed aristocracy in the country; the King of Hungary is the only landlord; the peasantry pay no rent, and scarcely any taxes, but in lieu thereof maintain a military force in proportion to each family. A house with three sons furnishes a soldier; five sons, two soldiers; and so on; nourished by the family, but receiving uniform, arms, and accoutrements from the government. The active service is from twenty to twenty-three years of age; they are then enrolled in the reserve, and the district is divided geographically into regiments instead of counties; so that it is one vast camp, every soldier being a peasant, and every peasant a soldier.

On arriving at the plain of Licca, the road proceeds parallel with the Vellibitch; but this chain, instead of being on my right, as it had been from Ragusa to Zara, was henceforth on my left, and intervened between me and the Adriatic. The plain itself, being pasture intermingled with plantation, is green and pleasant to the eye; but the soil is poor, and does not furnish provisions enough for the inhabitants. As we passed along, I saw that all the work in the fields was done by people in the ordinary costume of Croatia, which is a sort of cross-breed between the semi-oriental costume of the Dalmatians and that of the Hungarians; but the officers, who, besides drilling the men, are land-bailiffs and book-keepers, wore invariably an undress costume of dark-green faced with yellow. The villages have some resemblance to those of Servia, being formed of straggling houses, the kitchen-gardens and yard all fenced round with high wooden palings, so as to protect whatever stock they have from wolves in winter, which are very daring in this part of the country; but Gospich, the head-quarters of the regiment, at which we arrived in the forenoon, has quite the appearance of a small German town, with a church and pointed spire, and continuous houses forming some streets. None of the houses were in the Italian or Dalmatian style, with doorways flanked with twisted pillars and surmounted

by coats of arms cut in stone; no shining floors of pounded marble and cement; but the inn where we put up had its low-roofed dining-room, its stencilled walls, and its wood floors, in which a corpulent officer was taking a long pull at a foaming glass tankard of beer, and then, having lighted a meerschaum pipe with a portable phosphoric apparatus, resigned himself to the delights of a Dutch elysium.

Colonel Reichenbach, who commanded the Licca regiment, of which Gospich is the head-quarters, was absent at Graszatz that day, to devise the means of getting all the lands' sown, and deficiencies supplied from Bosnia; for while Dalmatia and Croatia were afflicted with a failure of corn-crops and the potato rot, Bosnia was blessed with great abundance, and, had it not been for the resources of this fruitful province, their straits must have been much greater. One of the officers did the honours of Gospich, a Bohemian of highly polished manners. The social resources of Gospich were indeed few. The lieutenant, however, had a piano in his rooms, and a library of the German muses and literature. Schiller and Uhland, Beethoven and Weber, filled up the gaps in the diversions of Gospich. I expressed agreeable surprise on seeing the piano. "What!" said he; "could I be a Bohemian, and not have a feeling for song and music?" and, opening the instrument, a pleasant musical excursion succeeded to the conversation on my trip thither. What an accomplished people these Bohemians are! Besides being well acquainted with their own professions, civil or military, your Bohemian has often half-a-dozen other acquirements, which would make him an accomplished man in the west of Europe—thinking at the same time very little of the matter. There are frequent instances of Bohemians knowing three or four languages, and playing four or five instruments, and yet being very far from unusual Bohemians. Altogether, they seem to be one of the ablest races of the Austrian monarchy; a probable result of the mixture of blood, by which the defects of the German and Slaavic character are reciprocally corrected.

Gospich is situated in the midst of the plain of Licca, which is about thirty miles long, and six or eight broad, and takes its name from the river which waters the plain. This river, running through the middle of the town, plunges into a subterranean hollow; and, passing through the dark unfathomed caves of the Vellibitch, re-appears on the other side, near St. George, to flow in tranquillity into the Adriatic; a peculiarity in many of the rivers on this coast, which the Slaavic bards compare to the entrance to the ocean of eternity, through the valley of the shadow of death. Most of the plain is in pasture, with very little corn or other crops; but close to the town is a large forest of oaks, the open glades of which are the favourite promenade of the officers and their families.

On the next Sunday I had an opportunity of seeing the men of Gospich in their uniforms at church. They are a race having the thews and sinews of giants, and the physical courage of heroes; one of the last deaths in the regiment was that of a veteran seven feet high, and eighty-six years of age. They are not only brave, but most affectionate in all their immediate domestic relations. When they are ordered on service, either abroad, or to some other part of the monarchy, it is impossible to form the men in regular marching order, as the whole village, men, women, and children, go with the company a day's journey, and then take leave with loud wails and tears. Their return after an absence offers a contrast equally joyous and violent. Like the Morlack, they are excessively headstrong and difficult to manage; but there being no landlords, and all the land being apportioned to the actual cultivators, there are no agrarian outrages, as in Dalmatia; murders among themselves, however, from revenge, are by no means rare occurrences. The majority are Catholics, but are excessively superstitious; and priestcraft flourishes to an extent that even an enlightened Catholic must disapprove. A circumstance occurred in the course of my tour through Croatia, which seems strange in the nineteenth century. The long drought had created apprehen-

sions of a second failure of crops, and the priest of a church had been strongly solicited to allow a procession for rain; but he refused resolutely, saying that it was a punishment for sins: at length, seeing the barometer fall, he forthwith ordered the procession; and lo, a miracle! although not a cloud was visible at the procession, the sky was overcast on the same day, and down came the rain in torrents; hence processions are as highly esteemed as ever.

After church-service, I met the principal officers at dinner, at the house of the Colonel, who had returned from his tour, and who assured me that the hardest-worked colonel in the line, in time of peace, was an idler compared to what he had been, with the responsibility of a regiment of seventy-six thousand souls in the midst of a severe dearth. He stated that the purely military part of his duty was, from practice, comparatively easy; but, as the whole of the economical government of the regimental district lay upon him, it was a series of struggles and exertions which tasked the body and mind to the utmost strain.

Most of the other officers were native Croats, and had something of the homeliness of the yeoman in their style, in consequence of not having the same advantages in seeing the world as the officers of the line; but they are kind-hearted, honest men, and, possessing the essential qualities of thorough knowledge of their duties, they improve on acquaintance. The officer of the line, who is a bird of passage, is a more attractive companion; but there is no point of local relation on which the officer of the frontier is not generally able to inform the traveller to his heart's content. Instead of the great world, they live in a little world of their own; but that they know perfectly. Being, from their profession, ultra-loyal to the government, and incapable of a subversive act or thought, they discussed with me, during the week I passed in Gospić, the advantages and defects of their system with the greatest freedom; and I propose to give these political results of my tour.

The day of the officer of the frontier begins at four or five o'clock in the morning; and, from one duty to another, he is occupied till mid-day, when he dines; he finishes his business again at six or seven, and in the evening plays whist or tarocco, for small points, till supper-time. Comparatively few of the officers are married, from the obligation to lay in caution-money, as a set-off for a pension, in case of decease; so that a military dandy who lives only for parade, theatres, and society, would find it a monotonous existence; but those who relish agriculture and field-sports, who desire a fixed sphere of usefulness to their fellow-men, and have a thirst for labour (which habit makes as insatiable as any other passion), have ample means of gratifying their wishes in the military frontier.

In the evening the band played on the little green plat between the church and the house of the Colonel, not with the tone of the grand bands of the line, but in a manner to please and satisfy any ear not painfully fastidious. The pieces were either the airs of the last operas of Verdi, or the last waltzes of Strauss; and I was agreeably surprised to have a smack of our own country, in an air from Balfe's *Falstaff*. Just before leaving Vienna to commence my tour, I had been an auditor of the applause with which Mr. Balfe and his operas had been received on the scene of the greatest masters, and was amused by a bull; which almost betrayed a Milesian descent. In the stall behind me sat a gentleman, who, before the overture of *Zigeunerinn* (Bohemian Girl), said to his neighbour: "This is the only Englishman whose music is good; and this Englishman it not an Englishman, but an Irishman."

When the weekly diligence passed, I took advantage of it; and starting at two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived the same evening at Ottochatz, at about ten o'clock, the road being mostly from one plain to another. The inn was newly opened; and I was shewn into a large hall, dimly lighted with a couple of thin tallow candles, which made darkness visible; the table-service was fresh, but

every thing somewhat raw. Next morning, looking out of my window, I saw that Ottochatz was more pleasantly situated than Gospich. Before me stretched an esplanade covered with green turf, in the midst of which is a sort of Tivoli temple for a military band; all around were new regimental offices, as fresh and neat as paint could make them. Mingled with alleys of trees, and encircled at a moderate distance by an amphitheatre of hills, Ottochatz looked like a watering-place in a petty principality of Germany. A few full-grown trees shaded my window, and under them were the peasants of the regiment occupied in the business of market-day; but instead of the semi-Turkish costume of the Dalmatian of Licca, here begins the broad-brimmed peasant's hat of Hungary. In Tyrol, the peaked hat of the sixteenth century has remained in the same shape since the days of Rudolf II. In Swabia, the peasants preserve unchanged to this day the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century, with the cocked hat. The Hungarian peasant's hat, like that of the Quaker, dates from the seventeenth century.

I then went to present my letter to Colonel Mastrowich, who commanded the regiment of Ottochatz; and was shewn into a study with a Turkish divan, windows of stained glass, and all the symptoms of the abode of an *arbiter elegantiarum*. When the Colonel made his appearance, I was surprised to find on so rough a service as this, an officer who, by his distinguished air and manners, at once stamped himself as a man that had lived in courts and the great world; but quite the reverse of frivolous is Colonel Mastrowich. A Dalmatian by birth, he had begun his career as an aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene Beauharnais in Italy; and, endowed with restless activity, had planned and executed all those improvements which had given Ottochatz so advanced an aspect. As he had lived fifteen years in Vienna, I asked him if he did not feel this an exile; but he assured me that there was no life that suited him so well as that of a colonel of a regiment on the frontier, who has a position of great independence,

with heavy duties; but, at the same time, has a power of following all impulse to improvement much greater than that of any colonel, or even general in the line.

Next day being the festival of Corpus Domini, the regiment was on full parade. Five altars were erected on the esplanade, and adorned with pine branches stuck in the ground. The troops presented a fine appearance, and one must have looked very narrowly to distinguish them from those of the line. After the service was a procession round to the several altars; the Colonel with his officers, and then the ladies of the colony, headed by the Frau Oberstinn, or Lady Coloneless, all in their regular order, the wives of the officers in places corresponding to the rank of their husbands; then the reserve battalions in undress, and their females last of all.

Nothing could exceed the kind ingenuity with which the Colonel and his amiable lady sought to render varied and agreeable the few days I passed at Ottochatz. Baron Jellachich, since deceased, was of the party. He was of small stature, with an eye of fire, denoting high intelligence and iron energy; but withal, so frank and modest, as to recall Cardinal de Retz' characteristic of the great Marquis of Montrose, who reminded him of the heroes of antiquity.

Baron Jellachich was born on the 16th Oct., 1801, in the fortress of Peterwordein, and was the son of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Jellachich, who took so affecting a leave of the Illyrian regiments when this part of Croatia was handed over to Napoleon's kingdom of Illyria in 1806, after the battle of Austerlitz. With tears in his eyes, he said, that "he was persuaded that the Almighty reserved better days for Croatia." What would he have said, had he lived to see his son the principal agent in the regeneration of the Illyrian nation; one of the most glorious events in the annals of the east of Europe? Young Jellachich was educated in the Teresianum of Vienna, entered the Austrian army at eighteen years of age, and in 1831, when only a Captain, his talents were made known to

Marshal Radetzky, at the great manœuvres at Verona, when a camp was formed of 60,000 men there. After being for some time adjutant to Count Lilienberg, Governor of Dalmatia, he was, in 1842, made Colonel of the regiment of Glina, to the north-west of Ottochatz; but had soon afterwards a very unpleasant adventure, which made much noise at the time.

The Bosniacs, or, strictly speaking, Turkish Croats, in his neighbourhood, had at various times crossed into the Austrian territory, and committed robbery; but the Aga of the district had given no satisfaction. On the next occasion of insult or depredation, the Baron knowing that a complaint to Vienna, followed by one to Constantinople, and back to Bosnia, would end in smoke, he, on his own responsibility, gave the alarm on the frontier, stormed the village, burnt the Aga's house, and, after many killed on both sides, retired. The Baron admitted to me that this was rather an undiplomatic proceeding; but maintained that it was the only sort of argument those people were capable of appreciating.

Promoted successively to the ranks of major-general and field-marshal lieutenant, and having the military command-in-chief, as well as the civil office of Ban, he was the pillar of the Illyrian party in Hungary during the troubles. But we will say no more on this subject at this part of our narrative.

It is in the terrors caused by the arms of Solyman, and the first siege of Vienna, that we are to look for the organisation of the military frontier, which, so far from being a modern institution, is, in fact, the only feudal one which has survived the unfeudalisation of all Europe. The holding of lands on military tenure is, since the erection of standing armies, a legal fiction: in the regions we have traversed it is not obsolete or fictitious, but a reality. When all Hungary was under Turkish dominion, it was in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, that the system was established, in 1578, by a statute dated Bruck, and hence called by the well-known name of the Brucker-

Libell; those very provinces in which Charlemagne had placed marquisses margraves, *alias* counts of the march or border, were, seven centuries later, organised by the House of Austria to protect the holy Roman Empire from the last and greatest Asiatic irruption; and the first system was, as nearly as possible, a counterpart of that of the Spahis on the other side of the Turkish frontier.

These corps, when mobilised, rendered the greatest services during the wars that preceded the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century; but, although daring in the presence of the enemy, they were very difficult to manage in peace; after the treaty of Carlovitz (1699), when Austria wished to introduce a system of taxation, Count Coronini, the imperial commissioner, was murdered in the church of Licca, and all the civil functionaries fled for a time out of the land; and subsequently Trenck's Pandours were regarded in bravery and barbarous ferocity like the Cossacks of our days: but before the end of the eighteenth century the whole frontier was brought into a state of the greatest discipline and efficiency, equal to that of any troops of the line. The campaign of 1809 handed over this part of the military frontier to Napoleon; but their sympathies were not so easily transferred. With tears in their eyes they took leave of their commander, Marshal Jellachich, the father of the gentleman I have mentioned; and after the Moscow campaign, Croatia was one of the first provinces to return to Austria.

The institution of the military frontier is, Communism excepted, on all hands allowed to be an admirable one, keeping a rude population in an orderly condition, and furnishing the state with excellent soldiers. By signals from hill to hill, the whole population, from Dalmatia to Moldavia, can be alarmed in a few hours, and at each head-quarters an effective force placed at the disposition of the commanding officer.

At the beginning of the system, and for many generations, each farm had its family, which furnished a soldier or soldiers

to the state, according to the number of sons, in lieu of ground-rent and taxation; but in process of generations, the original single family spread out into several branches, of which the patriarch or oldest was the head and ruler, as well as holder of the land; and when the family or cluster of families grew numerous, the patriarch was often a tyrant, or, by some defect in the head or heart, incapable of managing his descendants or collaterals to their satisfaction. These evils grew to such a head, that in the beginning of this century the necessity of a reform was evident; and at length, in the year 1807, the present organisation was adopted; all persons of intelligence having been invited freely to offer their opinions, to propose plans, and to suggest remedies for abuses. Upwards of two hundred persons availed themselves of this privilege; and the result, in which the Archdukes Charles and Louis had the principal part, appears to have given general satisfaction. The main feature of it was, that the steward or manager was elected by the family—involving a change from the patriarchal household to one of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Forty years have now elapsed since the introduction of the new system; but the rose springs from the thorn, and the thorn from the rose; and while the judicial and military administration of the territory is excellent, the social system is totally destructive of harmony. The simple family of the last century, occupying a house and farm, is now often become a community, amounting to twenty, thirty, or forty individuals, the relationship between whom, through the lapse of several generations, is almost nominal. The younger and more active labourers have become further and further removed from each other in relationship and in sympathy; and this has developed all the evils of Communism.

Ninety-nine officers out of a hundred think that Communism ought to be abolished; but the greatest caution ought to be used in dealing carelessly with the other parts of an institution that is of such value to the state

The young soldiers at present work alternately at home and on military service, from twenty to twenty-three years of age; and the communities, from their number, have no difficulty in furnishing soldiers, who are fed by the house, and not by the state; but if the lands were re-divided, a small family would, in many instances, find a difficulty in either sparing him from field-labour, or nourishing him out of the house. A field battalion, raised by conscription, including the whole population of a certain age, to be subsequently embodied in the reserve, would, by general opinion, render the frontier as a military institution much more perfect; but it could not be accomplished in small families without some pay and rations from the state. Here, then, lies the difficulty: the breaking up of Communism, and sub-division into families, would increase the aggregate wealth from the fresh impulse to labour; but in small families, occupying a small piece of ground, it could not be carried out without a supply of money; and whence is the money to come from, without altering the relations of the frontier to the financial department?

In order to give a satisfactory solution, I must draw the reader's attention to the physical geography of the whole military frontier. The highland part of Croatia is, as the reader knows, although picturesque to the eye, poor and unproductive; but following the Turkish frontier eastwards, we get into the valley of the Save, all along which nature has been bountiful of rich soil. As much, and even more, may be said of the Banat; for the sea, which, at a not very remote geological period, covered all Hungary, being drained by the rending of the rocks at the Iron Gates, the Banat of Temesvar is the alluvial sediment of the washings of the upper basin of the Danube. Thus the political uniformity of the military frontier system has produced the greatest inequality in the economical condition of the borderer. The severe cordon service of the dry frontier falls on six Croatian regiments, who are economically less able to bear it than the men of Slavonia

and the Banat, who have the Save and the Danube for a natural cordon.

It is clear, therefore, that a reform ought to create two distinct systems, suited to the physical geography of each district. In the rich regiments, the character of the soldier, although not dispensed with, ought to be subordinate to that of the peasant, who might be allowed a more free scope for his labour, and subject to a moderate extra contribution; while in the mountainous districts an opposite course might be pursued. In short, nature points out in the most unmistakeable manner that the territorial division of labour, which makes the Dalmatian a sailor, demands that the hardy borderer of the poor and unproductive Croatian regiments should be more of a soldier than a peasant, and the industrious German of the Banat more of a peasant than of a soldier.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BACK-WOODS OF CROATIA.

The Vellibitch overlooks the Adriatic; and parallel to it, but farther inland, is another chain, having various designations, which overlooks the valley of the Unna, a river which intersects the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe. Gospich and Ottochatz are situated on plains between these two ranges of mountains; but as all the waters of these places filter their subterraneous way through the Vellibitch, I was, in Ottochatz, still in the basin of the Adriatic; but on the other side of the Plissevat, as the second or inland parallel chain is called, we find the Unna flowing to the Save, and consequently to the Danube. The highlands I was about to cross had therefore an interest for the most stupid traveller, their ridges being the limit between the basins of the Black and the Adriatic Seas.

Colonel Mastrowich having, with the greatest kindness, requested a lieutenant of the regiment to accompany me to the cordon on the Turkish frontier (from which I could visit Bihacs, a picturesque Turkish town in the valley of the Unna), we started in a car of the country, at once struck eastwards into the mountains, and, rapidly ascending, arrived in three hours at Verovice, where, as there was no inn, we were welcomed by the captain of this district, whom we found in his office in all the intricacies of his duty. He led the way to his house, which was very prettily situated between a range of mountains; most of the houses straggling, and, as in Servia, built of wood, and each with its small yard of agricultural stock, embosomed in trees, and a wooden paling surrounding the whole establishment. The house of an officer in the country (for Verovice is country compared with Ottochatz) is usually of one story, whitewashed outside, the furniture within of walnut-wood, and every thing in a style of military cleanliness and complete absence of superfluity; except the officer be married, and then one sees the little knick-knacks, and the attempt to get up a sort of drawing-room, even in this sequestered part of Europe.

The captain made his appearance with the key of his office dangling from his hand, having closed the labours of the day: he had no society whatever in the place, and to see a brother-officer must ride an hour or two; so he regularly read every word of the Augsburg Gazette; and his conversation reminded me of a remote country clergyman in England or Scotland, somewhat rusty, but tempered with a kindly humour or earnestness, which made its way at once to the heart. As the evening advanced, I found Verovice to be sensibly cooler than Ottochatz, and was fain to sit with my cloak wrapped around me. I was assured that in winter, twelve and fifteen degrees (Reaumur) of cold is usual, from the vicinity of Bosnia, which appears to be the coldest region in Europe of the same latitude. At an early hour the worthy captain shewed me to my room; for we were to start for the lakes by peep of dawn.

A long melancholy cry of a bird echoing through the woods awoke me as the grey uncertain light was penetrating into my little room; and presently in came the captain, with kind inquiries, and the intelligence of a fine day about to dawn: so, after a hasty cup of coffee and a pipe, the lieutenant and myself started in the car for the lakes. Our road was one of rapid winding ascent through a delightful varied country; at a moderate distance on each side were hills covered with pine-forests, interspersed with pasture-lands in the hollows. Although in the month of June, I felt severe cold at this time of the morning; but the sun had scarce risen before the temperature became agreeable. Soon the hills joined together narrower and narrower, until the pasture ceased, and we found ourselves in the deep gloom of a thick forest. We did not meet a living creature; for, except a few wood-cutters' huts, there are no villages in this part of Croatia: but after some hours of ascent and descent, the sound of a saw-mill was heard, and we came upon one with a hamlet beside it, all miserably poor, as there is no good soil here. We then quitted the car, and sent it round by the road towards the Unna, while we, attended by a guide, might walk and boat it across the country. Further on, the forest opened, and we suddenly came upon the principal lake of Plissevat; and having taken two men with us from the hamlet, we found in a nook two primitive boats or canoes, formed of two sections of the thick trunk of a tree scooped out in the middle, in the bottom of which each of us seated ourselves, and were rowed along to the other end of the lake, a distance of about three miles. The borders of it were abrupt, and entirely wooded down to the very water's edge, and so entirely sequestered, that not a house, a road, or a human being was visible; in short, such complete solitude, as to produce a sensation of pleasing novelty. It was now forenoon, with its warm sunshine, and the waters were so clear, that in some places I could see a bottom of at least five and twenty feet; a dark animal, which I took to be a bear, was seen among

the trees; but on hearing the splash of the oars on the water, immediately absconded into the farther recesses of the thicket. At the other extremity of the lake we landed, and found a slope covered with wild strawberries, through which a river issued from the lake, and continuing for a quarter of an hour, broke abruptly off in a precipice, over which the river dashed in one unbroken sheet to a second lake, round which the hills were riven asunder in all the irregular beauty left by the war of the four elements, when the boundaries of each were undefined, and the long peace of the fair world we live in was as yet unsettled by the hand of Omnipotence.

After a walk of six or eight miles through the woods, continually ascending, and often meeting with forest-trees of great size, we regained the road, and, waiting for the car, now remounted. In the course of the afternoon we arrived at the ridge between the two basins, and soon looked down on the wide valley of the Unna, stretching a breadth of six or eight miles, and marked longitudinally by two distinct lines; to the eastward, the river serpentine through the plain—westwards, and nearer me, the cordon or frontier line, ditched and staked off with high palings, and connected at intervals with lookout houses, so as to form a line as traceable to the eye as the river itself. But a Chinese, placed by enchantment on the spot from which I overlooked the valley, must at once have concluded that two systems diametrically opposite to each other influenced the different sides of the cordon. Here the land was all subdivided and particoloured in fields; on the other side he might see just as much culture as to make the general neglect more visible.

It is truly strange that in some districts of Europe not far from the valley of the Unna, men should be so densely packed together, and here the land should not be utilised to the extent of one-fourth of its fair susceptibilities. Surely the government of the Porte commits a serious error in not encouraging a free emigration from the crowded parts of Europe to the fertile regions of

her vast dominions. The arts and sciences, instead of thinly varnishing the capital, would gradually pervade and strengthen the empire; while the very diversity of nations, with their respective languages and religions, would be the surest guarantee against efforts to endanger her supremacy.

The road wound down between the hills to the level of the plain, both the dwellings and persons of the population shewing an existence under happier material conditions than those of the uplands. A few miles ahead of us was Zavalje, the Austrian station, situated on a plateau that jutted out from the foot of the mountain, where we arrived at four o'clock. It was just as if nature herself had intended it to be a fortified camp; for although level, and large enough to accommodate 50,000 men, it was raised every where forty or fifty feet above the valley; and opposite it, down in an island in the middle of the river, about a couple of miles off, was the Turkish town of Bihacs, with its minarets and middle-age fortifications rising out of the surrounding gardens; a position, from the width, natural wealth, and beauty of the valley, worthy of a great and populous capital.

The house of the major to whom our letter was addressed was somewhat in the style of a villa, surrounded by a small park; some former commandant, a generation or two ago, having amused himself by creating a shady grove and walks; and as the whole range of the valley, up and down, for a dozen miles, is seen under the trees, the position is a most agreeable one. A day's journey from here is another park, or wood, but certainly not in the English taste, having been planted by Marshal Loudon in the order of one of his battles—regiments of oaks and pines on perennial parade. Zavalje has no regular fortifications, but a redoubt; and the regiment, in case of need, is alarmed by a rocket, which communicates with a peak of one of the hills above.

The major, a most intelligent officer, then took me to look at the bazaar of exchange, or Rastell, as it is called

—a quarter of a mile off, for the Austrian frontier does not go up to the Unna; and here I found far more mercantile activity than at Metcovich. A large octagonal building, capable of defence, was the dwelling of the various quarantine officers; and we visited the wife of the inspector, a native of Vienna, who sighed for a little more amusement than the Turkish frontier afforded. No strains of Strauss, or humours of Nestroy, to enliven the dulness of a long winter; a walk in the same garden, and a view of the same pretty valley of the Unna, was the *toujours perdrix* of Zavalje. Behind this building was the square courtyard of the lazaretto; and under a roof, or verandah, was the barrier of the bazaar, a few feet high; on the other side of which was a crowd of Moslems, in small white turbans of a Barbary fashion, and quite unlike the ample folds of the Asiatic. They were weighing and exporting grain. The advantage of these bazaars is moral as well as material. Nothing can exceed the fanaticism and hatred of the two populations on the opposite sides of the frontier; and if it were not for the ever-recurring necessity of communication, and of mutual dependence, it would certainly be difficult for the two Governments to restrain them from more frequent collisions.

On our return, we met the other officers of the station; but the excessive fatigue of the day had so overpowered me, that I retired early, and recruited myself by a sound night's sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ZENGG THE CAPITAL OF THE USKOKS.

I now prepared to quit the Croatian Highlands, and cross the Vellibitch for the third and last time. The great and fertile valley of the Save and its tributaries communicates with the Adriatic by two roads, the Maria Louisa Strasse, which connects Carlstadt with Fiume; and the

old Josephiner Strasse, which connects inland Croatia with the port of Zengg, or Segna,—the only place of any consequence between Fiume and Zara, which appears to be so little known, that I was unable to find a single book of travels, in any language, on this part of Europe. It was to Zengg, or Segna, that I now proceeded; and having hired a small carriage, I fell into the Josephiner Strasse, at a hamlet called Xutaloqua (pronounced *Zhootaloqua*), about mid-day; rapidly ascended the eastern slope of the Vellibitch, to the head of the pass; and on emerging from the passage of the summit, which was deeply cut in the rock, again found myself overlooking the sea. The road is narrower, and the descent more precipitous, than the one by which I crossed to and from Dalmatia; a wide plain spreads out at the top of the pass; and I said to a man on the road, that I thought this table-land must be delightfully cool in the month of July. "*Glühend heiss*" (glowing hot), said he. Ottochatz is much cooler, although so much lower; here the air comes up from the bare, heated rocks next the sea; down in Ottochatz it is cooled by the masses of forest it passes over. Advancing to the brow of the precipice was a wide view of the Adriatic and Archipelago, similar in character, but different in detail, from the pass of the post-road above Zara. Zengg, at the foot of the hill, was scarcely visible; the space between the sea and the foot of the mountain being so narrow. The islands opposite were Veglia and Cherso, and beyond them, the mountains of Istria; these islands no longer belonging to Dalmatia, but to the gulf of Quarnaro. I have often overlooked verdant plains from bare rocky heights; but it certainly was a novelty, to stand on a table-land, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, where all was verdure and foliage, and look down upon such an expanse of barren islands, which, but for the empurpled robe wherewith distance invested them, would have been far from attractive to the vision.

In consequence of the climate here being moister than at Dalmatia, the forest does not stop at the top of the

mountain, but extends a considerable way down the hill. Half way to Zengg is a fountain of black marble, with an inscription to Francis the First, and the water so cold, although in the month of June, that I could scarcely bear to plunge my hand in the trough. Close to it I perceived a villa and garden; and on inquiry found that it was that of Major Knesich of the Austrian engineers, who has had the direction of the public works in this part of Austria for twenty years. A recent excavation of some garden-ground shewed that a mass of human bones, several yards deep, had been lately exhumed. When the Turks, in the sixteenth century, gradually got possession of all these countries inland, Clissa, above Spalato, was the first place of refuge of the Christian fugitives, called in Illyrian, Uskok; and on Clissa being taken by the Turks, Zengg (Italian, Segna) thenceforth became the stronghold of those resolute spirits who refused to submit to Turkish authority. But liberty grew to license; independence became piracy; those who escaped from the tyranny of the Turks of those days were, in course of time, the tyrants of the Adriatic; and favoured by the Emperor, as a thorn in the side of the Turks, they at length became so troublesome to the Venetians and their trade, as to cause a long and bloody war between the Republic and the Emperor, and Zengg became a robber-republic and a sort of Algiers of the Adriatic. The Turks repeatedly attempted to make themselves master of Zengg; and on this very spot, in 1654, they were totally defeated by the Uskoks, with the loss, as it is pretended, of three thousand slain; hence the assemblage of dead men's bones.

As I descended the last slopes of the mountain, Zengg appeared in sight, and is certainly the most miserable abode on the Adriatic; so that I suspect one must go to the parched rocks of Arabia for a parallel. It is on a narrow slip of land at the foot of the mountain; and the precipitous coast, as far as the eye can reach, north and south, is utterly and painfully sterile. In the middle of the town, on a small irregular public place, the jaunting-

car drew up at the inn, kept by a German; I was shewn to a passable room, adorned with prints of St. George and the Dragon, and the renowned Madame Todi, the great prima donna of the last century; and supper was served to me in a large ball-room, with lights rendering darkness truly visible.

Next morning, I presented my letters to Major Knesich, who had the kindness to shew me the place. We went first to the harbour; and here I again found myself in the peculiar air of a port. Feluccas and their sails were seen in the offing; an Austrian brig-of-war lay at the extremity of the mole that ran out into the sea; barrel-hoops and squeezed lemons floated in the filthy water; and the reflected sun-light trembled on the black pitchy stern of a sloop at the quay. The range of houses, shops, and government-stores, facing the sea, are principally in a commonplace German style; for Zengg, being Croat, never formed a part of Venetian Dalmatia, and is totally devoid of Venetian embellishment. But although almost as dreary as Suez itself, it is a bustling, thriving, prosperous place. What a contrast to Bihacs, with its green pastures, its bounteous soil, fragrant flowers, and sturdy oaks of centuries' growth; but the town itself in ruin and desolation! Zengg, being a free port, furnishes salt and wine to the military frontier, receives in return grain, hides, and staves, and sends at least ten or twelve millions of the latter, principally to Oporto and Marseilles, which thence, after being well soaked with the wines of the Douro and the Rhone, spread over all the world.

In the interior of the town, the only edifice worthy of remark is the ruinous palace of the Dukes of Deux Ponts, who, after the termination of the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, resided here. It ultimately became a royal Hungarian borough, by patent of Matthias Corvinas, in 1480; and in the two succeeding centuries acquired its bad notoriety on the Adriatic; but since the re-conquest of Hungary by Austria in 1784, Zengg has ceased to be of the slightest historical and political importance. It is

now a free community, like Semlin and other trading places in the military frontier; that is to say, under military superior government, but the inhabitants lying under no universal conscription, as in the regimental districts. I was surprised to find no Italian element here among the common people; and a still more curious circumstance is, that the descendants of many Italian and German settlers, although preserving their national names, are unacquainted with either languages, and speak and think only Illyrian. The superior magistrate treats shipping affairs in Italian; judicial in German, as in the military frontier; and civic-economical affairs in Croat.

Zengg is the see of a Bishop, whose diocese includes Fiume and the highlands of Croatia. On being presented by the Major, he engaged us to dine next day. At the appointed hour, the prelate, who has the politest manners imaginable, received us in his summer-dress of black satin, faced with scarlet; and leading the way to his billiard-room, proceeded to try my skill; but it was soon evident that I had no chance with him in the practice of *canon law*. The Bishop was said to be exemplary in his own life, and very strict with his clergy, more especially at Fiume, as, being a large town, it has more temptations than the rural districts.

In course of conversation, I learned that the Bora, or north wind, blows occasionally with such violence as to sweep vessels in the port out to sea, overturn the heaving carriages, and render all locomotion impossible, for the strongest men are unable to walk from one end of the quay to the other while the Bora blows with violence. It is the custom of the principal inhabitants, on New-year's Day, to pay their respects to the Bishop; and although the episcopal palace is not more than two or three minutes' walk out of the Fiume gate, yet, on the 1st of January, 1847, not a soul dared to go near him, in consequence of the power of the Bora. It is presumed that the action of the sun on Africa causing powerful currents of cold air to blow from the north, the current

drawn from France passes by the wide gate or entrance into the Mediterranean formed by Languedoc and Provence, flanked on the one side by the Alps, and on the other by the Pyrenees, and that this breadth of passage prevents excessive violence; but the current that comes down the Adriatic is drawn from the countries to the northward, and, compressed with great violence between a few passages of the Vellibitch, acquires that irresistible force which is unknown elsewhere. The port of Zengg is a very bad one, being exposed to the southerly winds, which the government is attempting to remedy by a mole in course of construction; but, altogether, I saw no place on my tour so ill-favoured by nature in every possible way either for commerce or agriculture; and its existence is solely owing to the necessity of some outlet for the sylvan district behind it.

On the same evening I joined with a gentleman going to Fiume in the hire of a carriage thither along the coast-road, which is as execrable as any one in Hungary. Nothing could be better than the roads crossing the Vellibitch; but this one, being very little frequented, and passing through a district almost devoid of population, was positively dangerous. One bare headland after another projected into the sea, and at each three or four miles was an *interval* in the most literal acceptance of the word—a small ravine, with a few stunted vines and olives, and a couple of houses. Sometimes the road rose high above the beach, protected from a precipice by a parapet; at other times we were on the sea-shore; and a high ladder, fixed deeply like a ship's mast among stones, and projecting over the water, was intended for fishing. A man went up to the top, and, watching when the fish came, spread out the net fringed with stones, which, rapidly sinking to the bottom, enclosed the fish; while the net hauled out held the fish as in a purse with the strings drawn.

As we approach Novi, six hours from Zengg, the mountain springs asunder; and the cleft being too wide for a high bridge, the road is led down by a series of

precipitate gyrations, our carriage wheels being tied, and we dismounting, in case of accidents. It was dark when we arrived at Novi, the inn of which is a real feudal castle, with crenellated towers and battlements; and had it been the scene of the well-known adventure of a true Don Quixote posterity would not have laughed at him as a madman. After so fatiguing a journey, we were in anticipation of a pleasant night's rest, but found a party of travellers that had taken the few beds to spare; even a shake-down in the parlour or tap-room was out of the question, for it was already occupied by a band of Italian strollers, with hurdy-gurdies and white mice, resting from the labour of turning their little mill, not to mention a baboon, which sent forth a most unfragrant odour. So we had no resource but to make the best of our way to the carriage again, and recommenced a disagreeable journey in the worst, nay most unreasonable, humour imaginable. But sleep brought oblivion of the darkness and unconsciousness of the jolting; and next morning, awaking at sunrise, the morning air of mid June was truly refreshing. Soon after, we arrived at Porto Re; a capacious and land-locked port, the largest ships of the line being able to anchor close to the quays. It was intended for an arsenal of the first class, by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, in the beginning of the last century; but on account of the violence of the Bora, it has been abandoned as a station of the Austrian navy, for Pola in Istria. The houses are built in the Frenchified German style of that period; and the whole place has an air of *ci-devant* royalty and abandoned grandeur.

A middle-age castle, with round towers and moats, stands isolated on a slight eminence overlooking the port, and was one of the numerous residences of the Frangipan or Francopan family, who possessed in fee the whole of the territory I have recently described, from Licca to the environs of Fiume, as well as several islands opposite. Claiming a descent from one of the greatest families of Rome, with or without justice I know not, they enjoyed

up to nearly the close of the seventeenth century a position little short of that of royalty; but entering into a conspiracy against the Emperor Leopold, the head of the house was decapitated in 1671, in the environs of Vienna. One of the corner towers is shewn as the one in which the wife of Nadasdy overheard the deliberations of the conspirators, and, having fled, shut herself up in a castle at some distance; but an emissary of the conspirators having gained admittance on pretence of delivering her a letter, she was stabbed to the heart while engaged in its perusal. The present destination of the castle of Porto Re is that of a leper hospital; a form of this disease being common in this part of Croatia, and, like the curious malady in the hair at Cracow, supposed to have risen from personal uncleanness.

All the way from Zengg hither I found myself opposite the same island of Veglia, which was in the most gloomy periods of the Turkish war a possession entirely devoted to the Frangipan dynasty; and a most singular circumstance still recalls these relations. After the execution of Frangipan, the people of Veglia wore mourning; and the black habit having become perpetual and customary up to the present time, yellow is now the colour symbolical of mourning.

Passing Buccari (a small town shut in the further corner of the large bay on which Porto Re is situated, and, like it, subject to severe blasts of Bora), the road ascended among vineyards, and emerging on the ridge, the sea view, no longer hemmed in by the island of Veglia, revealed to us the broad open gulf of Quarnaro, beyond which Istria, hitherto seen in the dimmest distance, rose from the water's edge, thickly dotted with villages. Near the head of the gulf, Fiume itself was the centre of the picture, and expanding along the shore, and rising from the water so as to cover the brow of the hill, was, as far as mere beauty of situation is concerned, worthy of the first maritime position in the rising and hopeful kingdom of Hungary.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIUME AND TRIESTE.

Our journey had been a slow and tedious one; but the carriage at length deposited me at the hotel of the "King of Hungary," in the centre of the town; the windows of one side of the house opening on the gulf of Quarnaro, and on the other on newly built streets. As I surveyed the fresh new furniture of my room, I felt the return to a more civilised existence. Days as barren of adventure as of discomfort; tea and toast, *Galignani's Messenger*, and frizzled waiter; for Novi, with its castellated inn and white mice, was the last of romantic misery that I saw in my tour.

After arrival, our obliging Vice-Consul, Mr. Hill, had the kindness to shew me what was to be seen at Fiume. The town has two distinct aspects: the Citta Vecchia, on the hill, is quite old, and has a mean look; the new town is built along the sea-side, and looks quite German, as if it were a suburb of Vienna; the houses being well built, but monotonous, and devoid of any edifice worthy of admiration. The two casinos, the one of the nobles and military, the other of the merchants, are internally well fitted up, particularly the latter, which has been more recently built and more sumptuously furnished than the other. At the so-called Fiumara, where a river enters the gulf, the masts of the ships, the alleys of full-grown trees, and the fresh new houses facing the quay, remind the traveller of Rotterdam; but following the water-side inland, he finds, instead of a flat country and the Treck-skuyt, a gloomy wooded gorge; the precipices on each side filling up two-thirds of the perpendicular, and barely leaving room for the river, which turns a variety of mills, the principal being a large papermaking establishment of an English company, the most extensive of the kind in the Austrian empire; a short narrow canal procuring a fall of thirty feet of water. High over head is

another castle of the Frangipans, who were the Marquises or Carabas of this country; for in many places I have asked, "Whose ruined castle is that?" and have always been answered, "Frangipan." This castle at present belongs to the gallant and able Marshal Count Nugent. But a very small portion of it is inhabited; and in a sort of modern temple is a museum of antiquities, consisting of sculpture, brought mostly from the kingdom of Naples, but repaired and put together in the most painfully unskilful manner.

Fiume is a dot on the Adriatic; but my thoughts expand to the limits of that ancient and glorious kingdom, the dormant wealth of which is daily subject to awakening impulses. In equidistance from the pole to the equator, Hungary possesses in a fertile soil the first element of prosperity; for all Europe may be searched through without finding an alluvium superior to that which covers the Banat, and yields golden harvests with the slightest toil. All round her northern frontier, in a great semicircle, the Carpathians protect from the chilling blasts of Poland those gentle eminences on which is grown the luscious Tokay and other vines of nearly equal worth, if not of equal note. The most voluminous water-way of Europe rolls through her very heart; and in the mineral, not less than the vegetable kingdom, Hungary takes a rank of the first European importance. Amid all these bounties, Nature has been niggard in one important particular: a cheap, easy, and convenient access to the sea is still a desideratum to the Hungarian.

Fiume, the only considerable port of the kingdom of Hungary, has all the advantages of situation that belong to places situated on the head of seas or gulfs that go far into the land, and all the disadvantages of those places which are cut off from their resources by high mountains. The advantages of such places as Odessa and Marseilles, that communicate with the country behind them by, comparatively speaking, level means, are immense; and this disproportion is likely to be still more increased by the

substitution of railways for ordinary roads. The business of Venice is to be the warehouse of the countries to the west of the head of the Adriatic; that of Fiume, to bring the products from the eastward: but, while all the valley of the Po lies open to the Venetian, and communications by land and water offer every facility, the valleys of the Save and the Danube are cut off by the continuation of the Alps. The Save flows in the wrong direction for Fiume; and while the products of Wallachia and Bulgaria are borne easily and cheaply down to Galatz and Braila, the wheat of the Banat cannot compete in price with that of the Danubian ports, in consequence of those natural barriers which are interposed between Hungary and the sea.

It was to abate this disadvantage that the Maria Louisa road was constructed, under the auspices of the Austrian military authorities—a truly noble work; but, being now in the hands of a private company, that looks rather to its own dividend than to the public benefit, the tolls are necessarily high; and this, added to the great uncertainty of the navigation of the Save and the Culpa, has for an unavoidable consequence that Fiume, instead of pretending to compete with Galatz and Braila as a European granary, is almost entirely restricted to the local resources of ship-building, for which the neighbouring mountains afford the most excellent wood. During the great corn-crisis of 1846-7, while the merchants of Odessa made large fortunes, those of Fiume exhausted the available stock in a few cargoes. One English house ordered a quantity of corn from the Banat; but during the summer the water of the river navigation was deficient; and no sooner did the rains of autumn swell the stream, than the further progress of the boats containing the corn was again retarded. Scarce had the river returned to its medium state, when winter set in; while the boats were frozen in the Save, the rats, attracted in shoals, consumed and damaged the corn; and the cargo arrived in England in this state some time after prices had fallen. This authentic case speaks volumes on the evils produced by the want of

proper communications in Hungary. But while the disadvantage of the river-navigation is delay and uncertainty, that of the land-carriage by the road of Maria Louisa is expense. It is, therefore, a matter of anxious desire for the Fiumani that by a railway a better communication might be opened up with the interior of Hungary. But the difficulties are very great; the expense of cutting through the chain of Julian Alps would be enormous; and a railway from Sisseck, the point at which the Culpa flows into the Save, carried up the valley to near Laibach, so as to intersect the Trieste and Vienna line, would be cheap and advantageous to Hungary and Trieste, but most injurious to Fiume. The plan of Count Stephen Secheniy, the practical direction of whose patriotism forms a refreshing contrast to the bombast in which the ultra-Magyar party indulge, as detailed in a pamphlet, was a railway from Fiume to Pesth, with two great branches; one to the right, by Fünf-Kirchen to Mohacs on the Danube, and another to the left, towards Edenburg and Presburg. In every case a great expense and delay must be incurred.

The principal present resource of Fiume is ship-building, for which the splendid forests of the Julian Alps afford the greatest facilities; not to mention the low price of labour, and the excellence of the workmen, the caulkers being equal to those of Messina. About twenty-five vessels of long course were building at the time of my visit, several of them being ordered for the ports of the Black Sea; the timber of Croatia being so much more durable than that of southern Russia. One day, Mr. P——, the principal anchor-smith of the place, took me to one of the ship-building creeks of the neighbourhood. Our road was bordered with the gardens of the wealthy Fiumani; but as we approached, nothing was to be seen of the crowded squalor and unpleasant odours so often combined with a ship-building neighbourhood in many ports. In a retired creek, surrounded with shrubbery that came down to the water's edge, the high hull resounded with the clink of hammer

and the clack of mallet; while lofty plane-trees shaded the wood-yard, under which a clear cold crystal spring of water gushed from the neighbouring rock to the pebbled beach; so that I could scarce conceive a more delightful spot for manual labour. The master was a rough, jolly, sailor-looking man; and on my remarking the agreeable situation, he said, "Agreeable enough in summer, for we are cool; but in winter, when the bora blows, you would think that stiff ship, high and dry on land, in danger of shipwreck on the coast of Veglia, over the water there."

Ever since 1471, Fiume has belonged to the house of Habsburgh; and in 1530 received, from Charles V., municipal institutions, consisting of a greater and smaller council of patricians, the former of fifty, the latter of twenty-five persons. In 1776, Maria Theresa incorporated this section of the coast of the Adriatic with the kingdom Hungary; but during the French Empire, Fiume formed a part of the French province of Illyria; and before 1849, being a part of constitutional Hungary (not of the military frontier), it sent two members to the Diet.

The population of the town speaks indifferently Italian and Slaavic; the latter in the Croat, and partly in the Istrian, *alias* Carniolan, dialect.

After a residence of a week at Fiume, I started from thence in the diligence for Trieste, the road bisecting the neck of the peninsula of Istria; and in twelve hours was deposited in the post-office of that city. The traveller here feels himself no longer in a provincial atmosphere, but in one of the great centres of political action and commercial transaction. A broad quay, paved with large solid flags, enables the vessels in port to load and unload, with the utmost convenience, at the counting-houses and warehouses of the owners. Of all the ports I have seen, Trieste is the cleanest; there is no muddy river, there is no accumulation of filth; for the current from Dalmatia and Istria sweeps all the water round to Friuli. All the quays are of recent and solid construction. The busiest quarter has been entirely rebuilt; and one must plunge

into the back-streets of the town to find a house of the last century, so rapidly and suddenly has Trieste risen up to be one of the first emporia on the Mediterranean. There are few of the newly-built towns on the continent that can vie with Trieste in the substantial solidity and comfort of the private dwellings. What noble staircases, with their massive columns of polished granite rising above each other up to the fifth floor!

Trieste has very little of antiquarian or artistic interest for the traveller, except a crumbling relic of a Roman arch in the old town; but the movement is striking, as contrasted with the quiet old places I had visited in other parts of the Adriatic. In Ragusa, we have the caducity of age; but Trieste is the youth, in a state of hope, of vigour, and with a destiny which is yet to be evolved. The streets are crowded with well-dressed, well-conditioned men, the rotundity of whose proportions indicate a dark den of wares in town, and a neat snug box and hanging-gardens in the environs. Then the young generation have, at first sight, a dandified air; but one soon sees the over-dressing and the over-doing of the fashion of the day; and the go-a-head precipitation with which they move through the streets, denotes at once the men whose business is not to waste time and money elegantly, but to turn both to the best advantage. No where, either on the Adriatic or in the Austrian Empire, is there a greater or more interesting variety of population than in Trieste; the Valais, in Switzerland, is the point where the Italian, the German, and the Swiss races all touch each other; and if I were asked for the tangent of Italian, German, and Slaavic, I would point to Trieste. Down at the port, the strong contrasts of glaring sunshine and deep shadow, athwart which one sees, at the end of the street, the intense azure of the Adriatic; the currents of air, redolent of Bologna sausage and garlic, or strange spices; and the almost universal use of the language of "*Sì*"—proclaim our vicinity to Italy. At the back of the town, just under the green uplands dotted with white villas, the dress and

appearance of the people remind one of the vicinity to the lands broad and wide that stretch from the Alps to the Baltic. The old-fashioned rural German inn is there; not the Rhine-land barrack hotel, but just as one sees it in the heart of Upper Austria, the court-yard filled with every sort of rural vehicle; the Hausknecht and Stallknecht, in their long boots and blue aprons, speaking the broad dialect of the south-eastern provinces, a kind of Yorkshire to the classic language of the Schillers and Herders. Those Carniolan peasants, male and female, that throng the market-place, and people all the villages on those hills around, are Slaavs or Winds, and speak the same dialect as is heard in Istria, Carinthia, and lower Styria, which is different from Illyrian, although resembling it. Their temperament is melancholy, compared with the German and Italian; but they are rather shy and diffident, than uncharitable and ungenerous; and doubtless some misunderstanding of the language gave rise to Goldsmith's lines:

"Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

The Tergesteum, or Exchange, in Trieste, is the centre of business, as well as the resort of the stranger and lounge; the Rialto of the east of the Adriatic, where merchants most do congregate. An immense new edifice, undistinguished by any remarkable external architecture, is situated on a triangular public place, near the port; internally, we find two wide spacious arcades, intersecting each other in the form of a Latin cross, which, covered with glass, is protected from rain and lighted from above. Here, at one o'clock, you meet every commercial man in Trieste. What a loud hum of many steps and many voices! Those dark-complexioned men with mustachios, full of gesticulation, are Greeks striking a bargain; for this nation is in great force in Trieste, and exercises a great influence. The German of the north is seen, with his round face, his blue eyes, and fair hair; and the Italian,

with his regular features, glossy black hair, and pale complexion. Nor are the darker hues awanting; for a band of Arab sailors is seen entering, who look with surprise at a Frank bazaar.

Trieste is a free port, with a population of 80,000 souls; it has lately aspired to contest with Marseilles the passage to India. It is the principal port of the Austrian empire; and, in the event of the adoption of the free-trade principle by that power, would become one of the most important cities of the world with reference to our mercantile interests. I presume there can be little doubt that, in the course of another generation, Egypt will cease to be the overland route for passengers from England to India, although it may secure the transit of goods. So soon as either Galatz, or any of the ports on the Black Sea, are connected by railway with Germany, the Tigris and the Persian Gulf must engage attention as a direct and preferable route for passengers; and when Turkey gets railways, as get them she must before a generation elapses, we shall doubtless see a railway connexion between the basin of the Tigris and the ports of the Black Sea. But, in the mean time, the Egyptian is the practised and practicable route; and there is no reason why Marseilles should not have competitors; for it is by a fair open competition between Marseilles and Trieste, that the Indian public is likely to be best served in the mean time. No sea can lie better for the Indian line than the Adriatic; since a straight line drawn from Alexandria to London would pass through the Gulf of Trieste; while, in a military point of view, the route by the Adriatic in time of war with France—which, I hope, is a remote contingency—is preferable to that by Genoa, which is too near Toulon and the French ports, while the mouth of the Adriatic is protected by Corfu—an island at present somewhat out of the way, but a most valuable possession. And even in pacific times, I think that the Triestine, or Venetian, is the more attractive route, from the variety of interesting cities that lie on the way of the traveller—

Styria and Vienna, Milan and Switzerland, Tyrol and Munich, *ad libitum*. But so much has been already said to the public on these matters, that it would be tedious to discuss at further length the much-debated subject.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ORIENTAL ART IN VENICE.

Of all the islands of the Adriatic, none are ever so interesting as those of her *quondam* Queen; but what could I say, either in the way of personal narrative or of information, that would add to the common stock of knowledge on this interesting city? The Italian character and relations of Venice are all but thoroughly exhausted by the artist, the antiquary, and the topographer; but the traces of those connexions with the East that founded and fostered her fortunes up to a period long after the discovery of the passage by the Cape, open a wide and attractive field of inquiry, which I hope to see taken up by some competent individual who possesses the leisure to enter into the subject more satisfactorily than can be expected from a chapter in a book of travels. Twelve years had elapsed since I resided in Venice; and having during the previous winter examined the master-pieces of Saracenic architecture in Cairo, with Macrisi for my guide and instructor, I could scarce resist the temptation of re-visiting Venice for a few days, where old and rejected studies came back upon me with all their force, enhanced, as they were, by the recollection of Arab arts and Arab manners, which tinted with new and charming colours even the most insignificant objects.

From the remotest times recorded in history, the ports of the great Indian continent were the depôts of the spices which grew spontaneously on the islands to the

eastward; and the Ganges, the Indus, and the Oxus, the rivers by which they found their way to the heart of Asia. Another portion of this costly merchandise was transported to Europe by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Hence the so-called spices of Arabia were conveyed to Europe by galleys which touched at the coasts of that great peninsula on their passage from the eastward.

“Every year, about the time of the summer solstice, a fleet of a hundred and twenty vessels sailed from Myos Hormos, a port of Egypt on the Red Sea. By the periodical assistance of the monsoons, they traversed the ocean in about forty days. The coast of Malabar, or the island of Ceylon, was the usual term of their navigation; and it was in those markets that the merchants from the more remote countries of Asia expected their arrival. The return of the fleet of Egypt was fixed to the months of December or January; and as soon as their rich cargo had been transported, on the backs of camels, from the Red Sea to the Nile, and had descended that river as far as Alexandria, it was poured without delay into the capital of the empire.”—(*Gibbon's Decline*, vol. i.)

Ostia, the seat of the traffic, was, in Pliny's time (as it would be now), ten days' sail from Alexandria; and we find that Alaric, on his arrival in Italy, was as anxious to secure that port, with the accumulated harvests of Africa, and the merchandise of Ormus and of Ind, as the capital itself. As time rolled on, the marshes of Ravenna proved securer than the walls of Rome, or the moles of Ostia; and Indian commerce is transferred from the mouths of the Tiber to the vicinage of the mouths of the Po. But while freedom, security, and enterprise create Venice, commerce languishes in Ravenna; and the sea-current which sweeps round the Gulf of Venice carries the alluvial accumulations of the Po southwards, and Venice, long before her glory, sees Ravenna high and dry, an inland town.

The Empire of the West had crumbled to pieces, and that of the East was shaken to its foundations. The

Arabs, guided^{*} by enthusiasm alone, and with no other tastes than for horses and verses—the *faris wu shaer*—spread over the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. Their religion forbids the imitative arts; but no sooner has the clangour of invasion ceased, than the antique element every where leavens the new. In Damascus, in Bagdad, in Corfu, in Cairoan, in Granada, in Cordova, and in Cairo, science, literature, and architecture all revive. The mere private library of the Caliph Mostanser contained 120,000 volumes. The library of the Medreseh of Tripoli, in Syria, previously to the Crusades, must have equalled that of Alexandria. The Greeks, Copts, and Syrians, subdued by the arms of the Arabs, saw their conquerors in turn quickly resubdued by the arts of the ancients, modified by Islamism; and the Turkish invasion of Egypt and Syria in 1517—only a quarter of a century later than the fall of the Arab kingdom of Granada—was the overcast of a period which may be justly called the Indian summer of the civilisation of the ancients.

A maritime and contemporary people such as the Venetians, carrying on their commerce with India through Arab countries, could scarcely escape a partial impress of the Arab mould; and this it is which makes Venice appear so original in a European point of view, and so interesting, though less original, to the Oriental student.

There can be little doubt that the earliest good edifices of the Venetians were Byzantine; but the fame and beauty of the Saracenic style soon swept all before it. The Ducal Palace, in which the Saracenic predominates, seems to have been constructed by Calendario in the middle of the fourteenth century, and to have been thus a contemporary of the mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo just after the two great Kalaons had added so many magnificent edifices to that capital: and surely the Arabic reconstruction of the elements of the sublime and beautiful in architecture, after their dissolution in the Lower Empire, is immeasurably superior to that of the northern Gothic. The Arabs in their details shewed (excepting perhaps in Granada) less

curious and elaborate tracery than the men of the north; but with them it was always in subordination to some great feature either of the elevation or the interior, and always formed a harmonising contrast to some more simple part of an edifice, or a relief to the mere grandeur of its outline. This it is which has made the Ducal Palace the most beautiful edifice in the world.

The old Piazza di San Marco, before it was burnt down,—as shewn in the large and curious picture of “Gentile Bellino” (A. D. 1496) at the Accademia,—was entirely Saracenic; so that the Piazza must have borne the closest resemblance to the court of a mosque. For it was then much smaller; being narrower by the breadth of the campanile and something more. The archivolts formed a horse-shoe, the cornices were serrated, and even in the minutest particulars the Oriental style was imitated. For instance, in the friezes between the floors we see what at first sight appears to be the *Sulus*, or large Arabic “writing on the wall” of mosques; but as they could not, in a Christian country, write sentences from the Koran, we find, on looking closer, that the characters are figures of white camelopards (giraffes) on a red ground. These carry the mind to the East by more associations than one; for their long legs and tapering necks have quite the air of *Sulus* writing; and even in the colour of white and red we see the same combination still visible in almost every mosque of Cairo to this day. In the upper part of the Ducal Palace we find the same colours, which appear to have been frequent in Venice in the fifteenth century, as seen in Titian’s large picture of the “Presentation of the Virgin;” and these appear to have taken their origin in the combination of bright red brick with polished white marble, as in the old pavement of the Piazza San Marco.

After the Italian invasion of the cinque cento, and the different direction taken by Palladio, Sansovino, and Sammiceli, Venice rapidly changed appearance. To such houses as are seen in Giovanni Mansueti and Vittore Car-

paccio, succeeded the modern palazzo, with its balconies and pilasters. The change is not to be regretted as regards Venice in general; but I certainly think that the old Piazza di San Marco, with its Arabic colonnades, its serrated cornices, and its bright red pavement streaked with white marble, would have been more in unison with the Church and the Ducal Palace.

St. Mark's is still the most oriental of all the edifices in Venice. Place an ignorant Cairene at the gate next the Piazza dei Leoni, and you would have some difficulty in persuading him that Venice was not the seat of a long and illustrious Saracenic occupation, and that San Marco is not a mosque abandoned to defilement by the anger of God or the pusillanimity of the bearers of the banners of Islam. The crowd of domes, the innumerable costly pillars of all sorts, sizes, colours, and capitals, which have the air of having adorned successively the palaces of antiquity, the churches of the Lower Empire, and the mosques of the Saracens, at length stand in enduring commemoration of the millennium during which the Levant influenced the arts and exercised the arms of the great republic. Even the turned wooden grates or window-frames above the great gates, are of the very patterns used to this day in Cairo, and which were, in the fifteenth century, all gilt.

The original Merceria, with its pendant shutters, narrow crowded thoroughfare, and the wares of brilliant colour, must have had very much the air of a bazaar; which it has not lost even now. Cantar, rottalo, and other Venetian weights, are still the standards of quantity in the Levant; and in the name of Campo, applied to all the khans of Aleppo, we find a Venetian expression. There were several places in Venice in the form of a khan: one of which—the Campo St. Angelo—is still remaining. The principal one—Campo dei Mori, or Khan of the Moors, at Madonna del Orto—has been taken down; but I still observed the stone figure of a Bedouin leading a loaded camel, in alto-rilievo, on the wall next the canal.

Several remarkable edifices of Saracenic architecture are yet visible on the Grand Canal, one of which is the Fondaco dei Turchi. There is, however, no connexion between its architecture and the subsequent destination which gave it its name. It is supposed to have been built in the twelfth or thirteenth century, when the Saracenic taste was in full prevalence; and extracts from documents which were shewn to me by Count Agostino Sagredo, the present accomplished president of the Academy of Fine Arts, shew that it was given by the republic to the Duke of Ferrara, after him passed through several hands to the Pesaro family, and in 1621 was let by them to the Turks. It is now in course of repair and restoration by the commune. The Palazzo Loredano, a peculiarly light and handsome specimen of Saracenic architecture, built since the invasion of the Italian style, and the celebrated Ca Doro, now the property of Taglioni, are both so well known as to require no further consideration.

No painters caught the Oriental costume nearly so well as the Venetians; who, through ambassadors, merchants, and slaves, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with it. The Oriental air and manner are better seized in Tintoretto's great picture of "The Miracle of St. Mark, or a Slave liberated from Bondage," than in any picture that I have ever seen. The kaoucks were universally worn in the East in Tintoretto's time (and to very nearly our own age); but with this exception, the figures might now be alive in Cairo and Damascus without any one discovering any great peculiarity. Traces of the connexion with the East are constantly appearing in the Venetian pictures. In Giovanni Mansueti's pictures we see *segedies* hung out of the windows; the scarf of Titian's Maddalena is evidently of Tripoli manufacture; and the "Supper in the House of Levi"—where Paul Veronese, that king of the kings of colour, is enthroned in all the dazzling splendour and gorgeous magnificence of his genius—has, for its principal figure, green velvet hose of a most curious arabesque pattern.

The use of high pattens, or stalking shoes, for the women, was common to both Venice and the East; and caused Evelyn to say that the Venetian dames were half flesh, half wood. The custom exists to this day in full force in Damascus, where the habit of wearing dyed or dried golden hair still lingers among some aged grandmothers of the present generation.

If we pass from art to language, we find in the diaries of the Venetian Consuls in the Levant a large mixture of Arabic words. This shews that the Venetian merchants then insensibly mixed in their daily Italian conversation words which had become almost identified with their own language. For instance, such and such a functionary of Damascus is said to be *mazool* (degraded or dismissed), without further explanation. Hence the introduction of so many terms through the Venetians, which have taken a permanent place in the commercial dictionary of Europe. Such as tariff, the "notification;" magazine, the "stored up." In Spain, on the contrary, the traces of the Arab connexion shews itself mostly in proper names, such as Trafalgar (west coast); Alcantara (the bridge); and in offices, Alcayde, &c.

The diaries of these Levant Consuls are a most valuable addition to the information already made public by Daru on the Eastern trade and relations of Venice; and I am indebted to the obliging kindness of Mr. Rawdon Brown for permission to make a few extracts in illustration of this part of my subject. Nowhere are there richer materials for completing the history of the transition from the middle ages to modern times, than in the archives and reliquaries of the great Venetian republic, whose ambassadors and consuls,—in the various countries of Europe and the East, on the shores of the Thames and on those of the Nile, amid the frivolous ceremonial of the antechambers of Madrid, or the blunt burghers of the Hansa,—kept the Signoria most minutely informed of all transactions, political and commercial, down to those personal traits and details which enable the reader to transport

himself to the time and place of writing. Mr. Brown has devoted himself to the task of extracting these notices, the Levantine folio of which I read with both pleasure and instruction; having, when in Aleppo, passed many a leisure hour in perusing the archives of our own factory in those days of yore, when from fifty to seventy British mercantile houses carried on the Indian trade in that once flourishing emporium. In this folio are the letters of those very Venetian consuls whose tombs I had seen in the Armenian convent of Aleppo (see *Modern Syrians*, chap. xxiii.): their sayings, their doings, their sufferings, and those artifices that reveal the cloven foot of the old Venetian police system. For lists are given of the friends and enemies of the republic, to which is appended the very *naïve* recommendation: "We here remind you of them, so that in due season you may employ the friends and persecute the enemies to the best of your abilities."

The names of the great Venetian families constantly occur. An Egyptian ambassador returns from Venice in the traffic galley of a Ser Luca Loredano; and beside the Aleppines we find Contarini's, Balbi's, and Prinli's, at Damascus. Several letters are from Cristofalo Moro, the Othello of Giraldi Cinthio and Shakspeare; but they are all on grain, good or bad harvests, chartering of ships, the season of the rains, &c.; and he is promoted in June 1508 from the lieutenancy of Cyprus to the captaincy of Candia.¹ But the style of these Venetian merchant-princes is far from being vulgar and flat; and one of the letters, on the death of a consul, might easily be paraphrased into sonorous Elizabethan iambics.

On the 13th December, 1502, the Venetian senate received the following letter from the merchants of Damascus, narrating the death of the Consul Pietro Balbi:

"On the 6th instant, coming the 7th, it pleased God to take from this vale of tears your Serenity's late servant, our magnifico the Consul, the Knight Messer Pietro Balbi,

* His arms were mulberries; hence perhaps the strawberry in Desdemona's handkerchief.

who, neglecting his own private affairs, and dedicating himself to the most illustrious State, at length, after many public missions, *domi forisque*, borne with infinite patience (including even blows received from Casseron, the late Governor of this place, to the shame of this most insolent race, for love and preservation of the common weal, in the service of the most eminent Senate, and not without our most bitter displeasure), at a moment when he thought to return home and place himself at your Serenity's feet, did inexorable death seize him amongst these dogs, save that *ubique pulvis et umbra sumus*. We thus remaining without any magistrate, transact your Serenity's affairs and those of this factory by agreement in a body, in hopes of the speedy arrival of the Consul elect; and both Franks and Moors rejoice at the mission of the most worthy Ambassador (from the Venetian senate) to the Sultan, lauding and extolling to the stars so divine an undertaking; so that we may now in truth say that our foul fortune has no longer strength; nay, that it must at any rate yield to your Serenity's most prudent thought."

And "now, what news on the Rialto?" quoth Salanio; not the Rialto of our day and of 1591, but the old Rialto of Shylock and Antonio, where merchants most did congregate. One might have said in these days of the Lagoon of Venice, what French writers have said of their Palais Royal, that all the highways of Europe abutted there. Every European—Frenchman, Briton, or Teuton—going to the East, went as naturally to the Rialto, as his descendant would now go to Liverpool if he embarked for the New World. The mailed knight no longer went to break lance with the Moor when the Venetian trade was in its zenith, but the pilgrimage to the holy places kept up a constant stream of passengers; and the Rialto was the locality where the galleys were advertised, as we see in full detail in Sanudo's diaries. Of our countrymen, I only find one mentioned.

"*May* 16th, 1508, a Scotch Bishop, dressed in a purple doublet, came into the College, accompanied by Ser

Lorenzo Orio. He is lodged in Canareggio, and is come on his way to Jerusalem. He has two thousand ducats revenue; and, having entered the College, sat beside the Doge, and presented letters of credence to the Signory from his King and from the King of France. He delivered a Latin oration in praise of this state and of the Doge, and of his King's goodwill to the Signory. He then said he should make up his mind as to going by the Jaffa galley..... On the day of Ascension, the Doge went as usual in the Bucentaur to espouse and bless the sea, with the Ambassadors of France, Spain, Milan, and Ferrara, and the Scotch Bishop." But from the further accounts, he never returned to the land of cakes; for in a list of dead at Jaffa, we find "that rich Scotch Bishop, the King's relation, who received so much honour from the Signory."

Taking the total number of seamen employed in the foreign trade and navy of Venice (when at the maximum in the fifteenth century) at 35,000, we find her maritime population to have been much the same as that now strictly belonging to the port of London, or (writing from recollection) about a seventh of the total number of seamen belonging to the United Kingdom. The principal items of trade with Egypt appear to have been, Oriental manufactures, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, mace, and incense; mostly from, or rather through, Alexandria. The value of the argosies was very great. In August 1508, Ser Andrea Bandinier returning with three galleys from Alexandria, in a weak state of health, and dressed in black velvet, reported his voyage to the Signory; the value of their cargoes being 400,000 ducats, or 60,000*l.* sterling, per galley. So well might Salarino say to Antonio,

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings."

But the career of the consul, merchant, and mariner was one of constant struggle, danger, and difficulty, from the detestable nature of the government of the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt; and nearly as formidable as the storms which

"Scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with the silks,"

were the pride and insolence consequent on the recollection of the successful expulsion of the Franks from both Egypt and Syria, and the unspeakable evils of an elective military monarchy. The reader may remember the critical observation of Gibbon, that the history of the Mameluke Sultans would have given Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, a juster parallel to the disorders of the succession to imperial power, than any thing to be found in the modern history of Algiers; and we may well regret that the points of comparison did not seduce the author of the *Decline* to a short digression on a subject full of interest. An elective military monarchy, trampling on wise municipal institutions consecrated by immemorial custom and the experience of ages; a succession of rude soldiers, from distant and barbarous countries, ruling a nation of polished slaves; reigns ushered in and ushered out by blood and venality, with the intervals spent in the unbridled lusts of the palace, and the suppression of rebellions perennially renewed,—so that we are perpetually reminded of Gibbon's "fleeting purple,"—such was the government with which the Venetians had to deal, and of which was holden that monopoly of the Alexandria trade which was the life's blood of the republic. The consul and merchants were often subject to the very worst treatment. In 1506, they were all brought in chains to Cairo, their strong boxes having been opened and resealed, and Sultan el Ghoury threatening to give some other nation the monopoly, his pretended grievance being, that the Venetians did not

come in sufficient numbers, take a sufficient quantity of spices, and pay a sufficient price for them.

But this brief method of getting at the golden egg is too palpably unjust; the Sultan sends an ambassador to Venice, to make up matters; and on this "the Signory ordered the nobles appointed to go dressed in scarlet as far as Lido, to receive and bring him with the galley to the Giudecca, to the dwelling prepared for him in the house of the late Ser Marco Pasqualigo; and the nobles went, the greater part Damascene and Alexandrian merchants, and thus did they greet him; and having got on board the galley, came by the Grand Canal to the Quay, where he disembarked. The house had been prepared in state, with a door-curtain of cloth-of-gold, and with a cloth-of-gold for his own gondola; and his expenses were paid for, to account of the factory of Alexandria. The ambassador is a Spaniard (Granada fell only fourteen years before), a trusty man and choleric, and of great ability; he is the Soldan's dragoman, and admiral ("ameer"?) of fifty lances. He complained of the Signory's not having come to meet him with the Bucentaur, and, moreover, that in the evening he was served off stone-ware.

"On Sunday, in the morning, the barges were sent, with the patricians appointed dressed in silk and scarlet, the chief being Ser Palla Trevisan, to Ca Pasqualigo, in the Giudecca, to bring Tangavardin, the Soldan's ambassador, to audience. The Square (of St. Mark) was filled with persons to see him land, and he came preceded by twenty-two Moors, and thus he went to the Signory; the Doge quitted the platform, and came a little way to meet him, giving him good greeting; and he sat by the side of the Doge, to whom he spoke in Latin, that is to say, saluted him, knowing the language, and presented two Arabic papers, being a letter from the Soldan, addressed thus:

"Be this writing presented to the presence of the tribunal of the Doge, the gracious, honoured, prudent, most sage, feared, and famous, most worthy among lords,

honour of Christians who adore the Cross; Doge of Venice built on the waters; Doge of all liberality amongst the sons of baptism; friend of kings and of sultans. May God preserve his state.'

"And the Doge spoke him fair, and thus did he return; and those of the factory gave him 150 ducats for his expenses for a month, and a certain present of confections and wax. On the 27th, the Soldan's Ambassador went to dine with Messer Marco Malipiero, the commendator of Cyprus, accompanied by four of the principal persons of his suite; it was a stately banquet: and they afterwards went to the Nunnery of the Virgins, to hear them sing; and in the evening, at his dwelling, a pastoral eclogue was recited to him: so he had a great deal of amusement."

The differences between the Venetians and the Sultan of Egypt were thus made up; but it appears that the diplomatic character of the Spanish Moor is not strong enough to protect him from popular insult, and he goes to request pardon for some rogues who had been put in prison for insulting him. At length we find advertisements on the Rialto for galleys to take back the Ambassador and deputies; and he takes his leave, accompanied by the Doge's trumpets along the Square and across to his house in the Giudecca; he being dressed in gold brocade lined with sable, and his attendants in green velvet.

The discovery of the passage by the Cape no doubt placed both Egypt and Syria, and consequently Venice, in a new and disadvantageous position. Joint jealousy of Portuguese independence of the overland transit made Venetians and Mamelukes draw together in anxious confabulation; and it is amusing to see how coming events cast their shadow before. A letter, dated London, 30th January, 1504, is received, with the disagreeable intelligence that letters had reached Silvan Capello, mentioning that Hieronymo Pesaro, the captain of the Flanders galleys, had arrived at Falmouth, with three vessels; and

that five Portuguese barks had already arrived there, with 300 butts of spices, direct from Calicut. But so slowly are the channels of trade altered, that it was not until the development of the Dutch commerce, in the seventeenth century, that the trade of Venice fell seriously off.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STYRIA.

On the untrodden fields to the east side of the Adriatic, I have detailed my journeys with minuteness; but as I return to the sphere of the ordinary tourist, I beg the reader to excuse my describing the grotto of Adelsberg, and other curiosities on the well-known route from Trieste to Gratz, the capital of Styria, whither I went after my return from Venice.

It was on one of the beautiful days of the month of August, 1847, that the locomotive slackened her pace and stopped at the station of Gratz, which is as like all other stations as one quay of a harbour is like another. The railway side of nature is new and amphibious, neither like a journey by land nor a voyage by water, but more of the latter than of the former. You arrive at your destination quite independently of accidents and undulations of territory; you catch glimpses of the land, but remain unfamiliar with persons and places; you cannot enter a town as you will, but are carried to the station, as the voyager cannot land where he lists, but must go to the regular port. When I stepped out on the dusty road, and saw around me the neat citizen's boxes with their little flower-gardens, all standing still, and not turning round and round like a floating island caught in a whirlpool, I felt that I was arrived in Styria, which I could

scarcely affirm till then, Gratz being the first port at which I descended.

Gratz is a delicious summer residence; with the conveniences of a town, and a vicinity to the wooded mountains which makes one feel as if in the Alps. The Mur, formed of the hundred trouting streams of Upper Styria, rushes impetuously through the town, and intersects it in two unequal halves. Close to the water, and separated by a single street, rises the Schlossberg, a rugged, isolated peak, formerly crowned by the castle, which must have originated the site of the town; no longer mantled with rampart and looped with embrasure, but its slopes cut into pleasing walks, and its summit discrowned of tower and keep. Such a glorious panorama is seen from thence that the fatigue of ascent is forgotten. The wide-scattered city, with its zone of the glacis, is the foreground of the view; and beyond it are the verdant plains of the Mur, several miles in breadth, along which flies the grey vapour of the locomotive on the scarce visible railroad. From the wide plain all around rise the shaggy wooded acclivities; the hills, not in the thickness of forest, but broken into wide patches of pasture, with gardens hanging on their skirts, and the blue tapering spires of white rural churches peeping out of the distant nooks and corners, so that the vale of the Mur looks like one great park, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills green to their very summits. No freezing glacier arose to suggest images of solitude or sublimity. A white peak in the distance would have given that elevating tone to the landscape which alone belongs to the high Alps; but the whole reflected the moral, social, and political condition of Styria: pleasantness, cheerfulness, and animation, the bounty of God and the content of man; the golden mean, for the sublime and the miserable were equally wanting.

The town itself is well built, and has all the signs of comfort and prosperity; in the old central part one sees some of that grotesque ornament which smacks of German

middle-age, and one or two noble palaces of a century or two ago, in which we read the vicinity to Italy and her arts. In the great square, two houses, not far from each other, put me in mind of Augsburg, with its faint weather-beaten frescoes and florid plaster-work. Around this old town is a broad glacis, with alleys of high venerable trees, which, in the hot days, offer a walk in all the depth and latitude of shade; and beyond it are the suburbs of tall new houses, their monotonous uniformity tempered by the beauty of the gardens around them.

Most prominent among the public edifices of Gratz is the pompous Mausoleum of that Ferdinand the Second (*obit* 1637), whose fanatical suppression of Protestantism was a principal cause of the bloodshed of the Thirty-years War; it is in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, but much overdone with heavy pediments and cornices. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, and up to 1618, Gratz had all the lustre of the capital of a petty sovereignty, in which the revival of the arts in Italy found a certain echo; and, as in Prague, one sees many of those ponderous doorways borne by a monstrous Hercules or Atlas on their shoulders, and such massive basements as Sammicheli excelled in.

The honour of wearing the ducal hat of Styria dates from Rodolph of Habsburgh himself. Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola; these were the very embryo of that monarchy, the chequered fortunes of which have filled Europe with such various emotions; and on the death of the Emperor Mathias in 1619, without issue, the imperial throne was ascended by Ferdinand, then the head of the so-called Styrian line of the house of Habsburgh. Although Vienna became the capital, Ferdinand continued to take a strong interest in the embellishment of Gratz; but educated by the Jesuits, he renewed, on the Danube, the Elbe, and the Mur, the determination to annihilate Protestantism. Half of the rural districts of Styria, and three-fourths of the town population, had become Protestant under the toleration of his predecessor; but Fer-

dinand was the Diocletian of the German empire. His talents were rather useful to the Catholic cause, than resplendent by genius, and firmly adhering to the old faith, he was personally mild and just; in his political religionism only, he was a gloomy bigot, and a cruel, persecuting tyrant. A high school of Protestantism in Gratz, which approached to the character of a university, was suppressed. Thousands of noble, gentle, and simple families wandered out of the land to escape penal statutes, and the Mur was sometimes reddened with Protestant blood.

The only member of the house of Habsburgh in recent times connected with Styria, was the late Archduke John, to whom I had the honour of being presented shortly after my arrival, by M. Thienfeld. At the hour appointed, we found ourselves at his villa, in the environs of Gratz, just beyond the glacis; and passing the gate, where a couple of sentries was the only circumstance that distinguished his residence from that of a country gentleman, we entered a shrubbery of a few acres, scarcely deserving the name of a park, but every walk and parterre so trimly kept as to shew an English neatness unknown to the most of German villas. The house is newly built, with the wings lower than the body of the edifice; a taste much in vogue in England in the last century, to the damage of many a good residence. Although nothing could exceed the neatness of its appearance, this edifice was certainly not an exception to the rule.

Being in the month of August, the weather was intensely hot, although early in the forenoon; and on being announced, we were conducted, through a little paradise of landscape-gardening, to the delightful coolness and welcome gloom of an arbour impervious to a single ray of the sun. Here we found the Archduke, with the Countess Brandhof, his consort by a left-handed marriage, and his son, Count Meran, an intelligent youth. There is no mistaking any member of the Tuscan branch of the house of Habsburgh; never was there a family the numerous branches of which shew their lineage more

legibly in their visages. I had never seen the Archduke before, but at once I recognised the same face which I had seen in a private carriage on the glacis, and whom I had made sure of being one of the Imperial family, so striking is his resemblance to the late Emperor and the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor.

Our conversation lasted half an hour; and the expansive and unreserved nature of the observations of his Highness impose on me the greater obligation not to forget what is due to the position, personal and political, of a member of the reigning house; but I may say, that the whole of the political philosophy of the Archduke seemed to resolve itself into an opinion, that all conservatism founded on class-legislation was like a house built upon sand. His Highness, as a matter of course, cautiously abstained from weighing in the scales the relative value of aristocracy and bureaucracy, feudalism or constitutionalism, as instruments of national stewardship; but, said he, "Whatever classes rise or fall, we may make sure of one fact, that the people always remain." And the Archduke has given, in his own mode of life, a practical illustration of the slight value he sets on those mere trappings of his station which are apart from its duties and responsibilities; and leaving to others the gaieties of Vienna, he led a life of agriculture and horticulture, of scientific and literary study, which is at once perceptible in his conversation. All princes that shew some intelligence are so extravagantly flattered and eulogised, that it is difficult for the public to have a clear idea of the natural relation in which they stand to other men; and I anticipated the ordinary conversation of a man of good capacity: but I confess that my brain was kept on the alert; and on several subjects to which I had devoted considerable attention, felt my immeasurable inferiority.

The career of the Archduke John has been a remarkable one. Born in 1782, he was consequently sixty-six years of age. When a mere stripling, we find him opposed to the matured genius of Moreau, and commanding a large

force; but the campaign of Hohenlinden was a disastrous one for Austria, and enough to discourage less ardent spirits than those of the Archduke. In the campaign of Austerlitz, we again find him in the Tyrol, organising the peasantry, and combining the activity with the patriotic courage of the Guerilla leader. In the career of this Prince we may read the spirit of Austria. If ever so overwhelmed by the irresistible shock of the genius and power of Napoleon, she was ready to rise on her legs again, after a seeming prostration. The French genius blazes like one of their own wood-fagots; the less brilliant character of the German nation has something of the enduring ardency of Dutch peat; while our own English genius, like our coal-fires, partakes, to a certain extent, of the best qualities of both, but more of the latter than of the former.

The education of the Styrians, technical as well as literary, has warmly engaged the sympathies as well as the active exertions of the Archduke John; and in an institution founded by him, and called the *Johanneum*, we find all the advantages of science and literature concentrated, and placed within the easy reach of the middling and humbler classes. A palace of a defunct family was purchased, and besides lecture-rooms and cabinets of natural history, it contains a large library and reading-room, in which I found a great variety of journals. Gratz, for families of moderate means, is a most desirable place of education; and this circumstance, conjoined with the beauty of the environs, has attracted to it several English families, who have fixed their residences here.

The largest and most magnificent of the palaces in the town is that of the Counts of Attems, which is a truly noble edifice, built in the first years of the last century; and although somewhat florid, as dating from such a period, has still a harmony and a grand uniformity which we vainly seek in the edifices of Vanbrugh and the other English imitators of the style of Louis the Fourteenth. Internally the suite of rooms was quite in the style of

the Grand Monarque, the apartments being almost as high as a couple of floors of an ordinary London house, and the broad tapestry of Brussels or the Gobelins covering the large spaces between the oak pilasters. In the upper suite of rooms was a picture-gallery of a very mixed character; much rubbish was marked as heir-loom; but other pictures were worthy of any collection. A portrait with the well-known lineaments of the Prussian Monarch was pompously mentioned by the servant who shewed the rooms, as "Friederich der Grosse, Kaiser von Oesterreich;" which certainly was not so bad as the English house-keeper who described a Titian Doge of Venice, as a Dowager Venus. But the most curious portrait was that inscribed Campson Gauri, Re d'Egitto, that is to say, Canso el Ghoury, the last of the Circassian Sultans of Egypt (for Toman Bey does not count), whose name, to any one who has been in Cairo, is associated with the most picturesque part of that wonderful city.

As I resided in Gratz in August and the beginning of September, the principal families were out of town; but they have particular days on which they receive friends; and the first of these entertainments to which I was taken by an obliging friend was that of Count Attems, the proprietor of the palace I have described. The villa, an ex-Jesuits' convent, was as plain an edifice as one could imagine; but the park, on the mountain-slopes to the east of Gratz, proved extensive; the trees of the avenue densely planted, so as to exclude the sun, and the number of dark walks and long vistas of verdant vaults shewing that the landscape-gardener had to deal with a warmer climate than that of England. Extensive lawns were here and there scattered about, unshadowed by a single tree; and again, regions of woods, so thick that the light could scarcely penetrate or grass grow. There was, therefore, to my eye, rather a want of open woods rising from a verdant turf; but the situation was delightful, and the higher knolls, overlooking the whole breadth of the Mur,

with the town and precipitous Schlossberg, for the centre of the picture.

The company consisted of about thirty persons, and included many historical names—Dietrichsteins, Auerspergs, Thurns, and others, who, in Styria and the neighbouring provinces, were the vanguard of affrighted Europe, when the incursions of Turkish cavalry came up to the very walls of Gratz, and kept them back by that very organisation of the military frontier which subsists to this day, with modifications suited to the modern art of war. What a power was Turkey then! Commanding at the cataracts of the Nile and the Persian Gulf, and sweeping all before her to the foot of the Styrian Alps.

The conversation was mostly in French, which all spoke with almost native elegance; and, after promenade, a handsome collation was served by old, respectable-looking serving-men, in good but not gaudy liveries, and, combined with the tone of exquisite courtesy in the host, called forcibly to mind the representation of the château of M. le Marquis in the French novel of the eighteenth century.

The nobility of Styria are, in point of antiquity of family, in the heraldic sense of the word, equal to any in the empire, but in wealth inferior to those of Hungary and Bohemia. The largest landed proprietor is Prince Lichtenstein, but his usual residence is in Moravia. The resident wealthy families have from five to ten thousand pounds sterling a year, although on paper their rent-rolls may look larger. One of the oldest families (Saurau) had just become extinct. The last of the family carried the excusable weakness of pride of birth to such a ridiculous extent, as to say that his family was an older one than that of Habsburgh. There being no walls in Austria unprovided with ears, this was repeated to the Emperor, Francis, who took no notice of it whatever, until the Count solicited an audience to ask a favour. When the suit was preferred, the Emperor answered, with great glee, "My dear Saurau, I am delighted to have it in my power, not only to grant your request, but to execute your wishes

by my own hand; for the Sauraus have often served the Habsburgers, but the Habsburgers never served the Sauraus."

In Gratz I made the acquaintance of General Count now Field Marshall Count Nugent, of English or Irish extraction. This venerable officer, enjoying the universal respect of the army, is one of the few remaining relics of the general officers of the last war. He first distinguished himself in the lines of Mentz in the last century, and in 1810, 11, 12, and 13, was in perpetual motion. Now in London, in the confidence of the Prince Regent and Castlereagh; now at the head quarters of the Duke of Wellington in Spain; in Berlin, in secret communication with the latent anti-Gallican elements, which, when the hour came, broke forth with such fury. In Sicily, in Malta, and wherever a service could be rendered to the common cause of the liberation of Europe, Nugent was ready with his military and political experience. Having had his share in the dangers and rewards of 1814, he is now full of years and honours, and wields the baton of that dignity to which a Eugene of Savoy, a Daun, and a Loudon gave such lustre.

On leaving my letters, he was suffering from severe indisposition, but about a fortnight afterwards I received a note from him and his accomplished Countess, requesting me to meet at dinner some officers of the garrison. The Count, although the son of an Austrian General, and himself born in Bohemia, has not ceased to admire, love, and cherish the country of his ancestors, and her great men. I asked him what he considered the greatest action of the Duke of Wellington; and he answered, "No man is a greater admirer of the military genius of the Duke of Wellington than myself, for out of heterogeneous elements he created as fine an army as ever was in the world, and made it like one powerful body, impelled by one powerful mind; but I most admire the man, and the armour of uprightness, which rendered him quite indifferent to unpopularity, and by setting himself above popular opinion, ultimately secured its subjugation to him."

The more I see of the Austrian officers, the more I like them. The various elements of which the monarchy is composed, which is an embarrassment to the statesman, is a great advantage to the soldier who wishes to form his mind. At one time living in the thick-set old cities of Italy, or the new fermenting elements of Hungary and Bohemia; at another, a spectator of the savage mountain manners of the Morlack, or the lifeless splendour of the capital; then with the Tyrolese on his native Alps, or among the Slaavs and Magyars of Hungary.

The officers of the Austrian army have nothing of the aristocratic elegance of those in our own service; but, from all that I have heard, they are thoroughly and carefully educated in their respective arms. The cavalry officers are almost exclusively composed of scions of the higher classes; but in the infantry, much less regard is paid to aristocratic pretension; and in the artillery, which is universally allowed to be the most distinguished branch of the Austrian army, protection is unknown, merit alone procures advancement. In all arms, the promotion of capable men from the ranks, although less systematic than in the armies of France, appears to be much more frequent than with us. But all is vain without strategic capacity in the chief command. The best machine is worthless in the hands of a Mack.

The ordinary characteristics of town-life in Austria have been so frequently described, that it is scarcely requisite that I should say any thing of them here; the inns, theatres, shops, and beer-gardens of the people in Gratz having a family resemblance to those of the other large towns of the Austrian Empire; but country-life in Styria is not unsuggestive of interesting observation. In Upper Styria, the traveller finds himself in the Austrian Switzerland, among the essentially German population, and in a region where the utmost beauty of natural scenery arrests his attention and excites his rapture; while in all the population there is a gaiety and independence of manner, that forms a remarkable contrast

to the graver and more melancholy temperament of the Wind, or Wend, of Lower Styria. In Bohemia, and in the Slaavic districts of Hungary, the Slaav has been awakened to a fiery consciousness of national existence; but in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, the Winds have given the Germans very little trouble, and are not likely to do so, although they once formed a nation which covered the whole of the south-east of Germany, as many names of places denote, such as Vindobona (now Vienna), Gradetz (now Gratz), &c. &c. Their language still exists as a familiar, but not as a literary dialect; at least, the movement of a few young men in Carniola is a very feeble one; for while the Croatian regards all the Ragusan authors as his national classics, the Carniolan has no literature of any value that he can call his own; and while Bohemian literature and nationality fell from its high estate in the Thirty-years War, that of the Wind never rose at all, and is rather a matter of antiquarian speculation than of urgent vitality.

The most interesting excursion which an Englishman can make, is that to the iron-mines in Upper Styria, which the railway renders easy of accomplishment. From the Bruck station I went in the omnibus to Leoben, the little town at which the convention of 1797 was signed between the victorious armies of France and the humbled legions of Austria; and next morning, through a most romantic valley on the eastern slope of the Styrian Alps, arrived at Vordenberg and Eisenerz, the Wolverhampton of the Austrian Empire; but any thing more unlike the iron-districts of England cannot be conceived. Mr. Disraeli's graphic description of such a landscape in our own island—the coal-heaps; the black cinder-soil; and the rows of sooty cottages, inhabited by sooty human beings—recurred by contrast vividly to my mind. Here the valley is so narrow as to remind one of the Bernese Oberland; on one side is a wall of rock, in the clefts of which scanty pines spring from patches of turf, in which the shy chamois is seen to skip about. On the other side of the valley is

a verdant expanse of pasture, athwart which one sees peak after peak of pine-crowned hills, graduated in distance as a fairy scene in a theatre. Eisenerz! how can human pen describe thy enchantments! What fearful convulsion of nature scattered to the four winds of heaven the rended Alps of Styria; and, in the long, long procession of revolving epochs, veiled the evidences of primeval havoc with velvet turf, and crystal brook, and azure lake! Over and above all, the bare crags of the Pfaffenstein seem a vast corpse laid out on the mountain-top; head, breast, and up-turned feet are seen against the sky; and when the pale rays of the moon bleach these rocks, the wild tales of affrighted childhood recur to the fancy, and the monster of a fable seems to repose in monumental remembrance of a world that passed away!

Down in the valley is the village of Eisenerz, the blast-furnaces, with their high red roofs, giving life to the landscape. Nothing appears to offend the eye; the stream that moves the machinery brawls downwards between the neat gardens; even the cottages and cabbage-yards of the workmen have a settled, rural air; so that the miserable helotry of modern trade and manufacture never strikes you.

I quartered myself on Saxon royalty at Eisenerz; not with his Majesty *in propria persona*, but in the inn, Zum König von Sachsen, to the beer of which the people of the iron-mines and furnaces paid the most unmistakeable and oft-renewed marks of homage. How happy would royalty be, if it could count on such constant attachment as that which I saw devoted to the cream crown of the malt liquor! A bright fire gleamed from the kitchen into the vaulted entrance of the court-yard; and the public room was frequented by clerks of the mines, with one of whom I got into conversation, and found that the social and political feelings of Vordenberg and Eisenerz, although so near each other, were quite different: Eisenerz is bureaucratic, Vordenberg burgherly and industrial; Eisenerz is proud and poor, Vordenberg is rich and purse-proud. The bureaucrat of Eisenerz would fain see

the State buy every furnace in Vordenberg; the Vordenbergers detest them for this feeling. The person with whom I was conversing being a sharp man, I asked him if he had been here all his life; and he answered, as nearly as possible, as follows: "O, no such thing! I have seen something of the world in my time. I was brought up at the Institute of Krems, where every thing goes on as smooth, dull, and uniform as the wheels of a new-wound-up clock; and then afterwards I went to the mines of Schemnitz; but, Herr Jesus, what a contrast! fire and fury, what long oaths and long moustachios! *Bassama Teremtete!* And now, sir, I am royal and imperial clerk, thank God! My salary is not very large," continued he, with an air of mock humility, which was exquisitely comic; "but I have house, fuel, and candle, and am free from vicissitudes; so that I have only to take care not to cheat his Majesty the Kaiser out of a kreuzer, and then I should really need to exert a peculiar talent to get kicked out of my berth.—Nani, my dear! another glass of beer."

"You seem to lead a happy and contented life," said I, "and to have a cheerful disposition."

"*Nur lustig, nur lustig*; merry, but orderly, quite orderly. My philosophy is soon said: to deal with all men according to their humours;—with my equals friendly and civil; but if they seek to shew their airs, oh, then, *Himmel sacrament!* I am ready to kick out like a young stallion;—with inferiors kind, but strict; never miss punishing a fault, but meet repentance half way. As for superiors, you must not suppose I have never seen the *beau monde*. Every year I go to Ischl in the gay season for a few days—white gloves, sticking-plaster boots, dress-coat—'Madam, I kiss your hand'—'Herr Baron, your obedient servant.'—Thus wags the world with me; and in fourteen years I am my own master, claim my pension, and then have nothing to do."

"But without occupation, you will wish yourself back to the mines again."

"Not so quick, Herr Engländer; if I live to fourteen years hence, I can read or hunt the chamois; then there is music that remains your servant, and not your master,—as avarice always does in age, for, believe me, even a grand duchess of Russia, when at Ischl, made me come to her drawing-room to tinkle my guitar, and *yodel* our Styrian ditties. Nay, nay, in youth and manhood let my superiors choose my occupation; when I am old, let me determine quantity and quality for myself."

In the midst of our discourse, the door opening, an itinerant harpist came in, and began to play and sing with a voice of small compass but some sweetness:

"Rauschender Strom, brausender Bach,
Du bist mein Lieblings-Aufenthalt."

When the song had ended, a plate was produced to collect kreuzers, and up she went to one of the company with a most rubicund visage, and held out the plate; but with the leer of a satyr, he caught her by the arm, and declared that he wanted to whisper something in her ear.

"Well," said the girl coolly; "my ears are open."

"But a secret, thou enchanting being," continued the Falstaff of Upper Styria, with a grin like the immortal frontispiece of Punch.

"A secret! *Ein Geheimniss! Dass du bist ein Spitzbube, das ist ja gar kein Geheimniss.*"

"You are in a bad humour," said the satyr; and putting a six-kreuzer piece of copper upon her plate, she continued her round. When I had given her my mite, I asked her whence she came, and she answered, from Czaslau, in Bohemia; that her present tour had lasted six weeks, and that she made four tours a-year, and returned to Czaslau to see her family.

In intellectual acuteness, the peasantry are in general much inferior to the Germans of the north; but whoever sets the qualities of the heart above those of the head must be charmed with the Styrian mountaineer. He has an undoubted turn for drollery; but mingled with his jovial

good nature is a dogged obstinacy, which at once reveals the Gothic race. Anger shews itself not, as in Italy, with violent gesticulation, clenched fist, rolling eye, and ear-splitting strife; but the more provokingly does he ape the mild tone of civility, and assumes a sardonic grin, that is wormwood itself. When the Styrian peasant is in this humour, he is as obstinate as a mule; hence he makes a tough, but not a dashing, brilliant soldier; and although I cannot approve of the way in which the Slaavs have been often dealt with, whether decimated for Protestantism by the bloody bigotry of Ferdinand the Second, or regarded as mere machines by Joseph, yet it is impossible not to be convinced that, in all useful qualities, and for all practical ends, there is no sounder population in the monarchy than that of the Styrian Alps, who unite the vigour of the mountaineer with the material comfort of the inhabitants of the plains.

The process of smelting ore is not one that requires describing to an English reader. Here, instead of mineral coal, charcoal is used; but the forests have been so thinned, and the demand for iron so great, that wood has risen. What a beautiful process smelting the ore is, when one stands in the dark, dismal furnace-cellar at the time the font is opened, and out gushes the liquid metal like the molten mid-day sun, shooting up countless diamond-sparks of the first water! There are three of these furnaces in Eisenerz worked by the State, and thirteen in Vordenberg, two of which belonged to the late Archduke John, two to the town of Leoben, and the rest to private individuals; but they form a joint-stock company in all that regards ore and wood. As an incorporation, they possess large timber estates, and take care of their own poor.

In Upper Styria we have Swiss scenery and mineral wealth. In the lowlands, agriculture takes the place of the latter; and the art of the landscape gardener is occasionally put in requisition to make up for the want of the bolder beauties of nature; for if all Germany were explored throughout, the rural residences and parks of • •

Styria might carry off the palm. In the last century the French taste was all the fashion in gardens, as well as in furniture; with the parterre, the geometrical walks, and statues of Olympic deities, of the heroic period of Louis Quinze, with the air and costume of ballet-dancers. Now the English taste has invaded parks, stables, and nurseries; and even some Styrian castles, such as that of Eggenberg, near Gratz, have been spoiled by attempting to Anglify them; for the French garden is, after all, a very grand affair in a champaign country.

In the English style, no park is admired more than that of Baron Mandell, twelve miles south of Gratz; and on receiving, along with Mr. B—, a highly accomplished and erudite English clergyman resident in Gratz, an invitation to pay a visit, we took a carriage, and struck into the country to the south, first across the level plain, and in about an hour and a half came to Dobbelbad, a watering-place of the citizens of Gratz, with the inn in the form of a temple. The landscape often reminded me of England, but wilder and prettier, with fewer enclosures, and much more wood; and at length, after up hill and down dale, we saw the schloss of the Baron in the distance, rising from the slope of a hill, and overlooking a wide plain with a wooded hill behind; just such as Mr. Allworthy's mansion must have appeared to the eye of Fielding. The schloss, or castle, formed a quadrangle, the ground-floor devoted entirely to servants, and the upper floor with the windows looking out in all directions on the park and gardens, and an open corridor, or gallery, paved with brick, running round the interior, from which the rooms opened.

Baron Mandell and his amiable family gave us a Styrian welcome; and the rest of the morning passed in instructive conversation, for the provincial estates of Styria were soon to assemble for the discussion of the questions of the day. After dinner we descended to the garden; and, passing through a dark alley, we came suddenly on
 • a Swiss cottage, overlooking a valley; every table, chair,

and carved balcony as if it had come direct from Unterssen. This Swiss aspect was not strictly in unison with English landscape; but so distinguished a gardener as the Baron, like poets who set at naught critical rules, had still an appeal open to Nature herself. Here coffee was served; and when the heat of the day had somewhat abated, we pursued our walk, and were soon lost in the woods; not in impervious forest, but in clumps and groves; even the distant walks kept in the trimmest order, and in a wide secluded meadow was as smooth a carpet of velvet grass as ever Dutch or English scythe mowed.

The aspect of the peasantry and their families, their dresses and their dwellings, was equally pleasing, and shewed the signs of institutions based for a great number of years upon the comfort of the poor. I do not believe that any form of a general Constitution could ever have fused in a community of interests the Lombard and German. To adopt constitutional government, a previous exchange of her Polish and Italian provinces was indispensable; and how that was to be accomplished, no one could tell. But free-trade, a free press, and municipal institutions, were called for by the best friends of Austria long before the shock of the Revolution of 1848; and the want of them kept the most intelligent inhabitants of the towns and cities in a state of dissatisfaction. On the other hand, the government of the rural districts is entitled to our unqualified approbation, and was the real secret of the apparently unaccountable cohesion of the empire up to the last irresistible shock. Other governments have had the bayonets of the soldiery and the delations of the police spies, as well as Austria, and yet succumbed; but the defunct government of Austria took the precedence of all the great monarchies that I know of, in a disposition for the welfare of the great mass of the people, and presented the extraordinary contradiction of being the most obstinately retrograde in political liberty and political economy, and the most forward with measures of social superintendence.

In order to make this understood, we must take a retrospective view of political affairs.

The first Carlovingsians might say, like Napoleon, "*C'est l'anarchie que nous avons detrone.*" For ten centuries and more the feudal principle prevailed through most parts of Europe, and at the end of that period it fell down in France with a deafening crash. But a similar catastrophe, if not clearly foreseen, was at least systematically anticipated by the Emperor Joseph. This remarkable man understood that, after the adoption of standing armies, feudalism was a form from which the vital principle had fled, and was therefore doomed to rottenness; and while Turgot and Malesherbes were soon dismissed and their intentions defeated, Joseph saw the abuses engendered by the privileged classes, abolished serfage, shut innumerable convents; and, in fact, substituted for the principle of *aristocracy*, that of *bureaucracy*. Joseph committed a capital error in putting the provincial estates altogether on the shelf, from fear of the aristocratic principle again opposing him on plausible pretexts, and with a legal machine; but it cannot be denied that his reforms, sweeping though they were, rendered an immense service to Austria and to public order. He averted a bloody revolution; and the fabric of feudalism, being taken to pieces by a strong hand, did not explode from below, as in France.

The rural bureaucratic system, which Joseph substituted for feudalism, worked as follows up to the year 1848.

The aristocracy and the landed proprietors were unable to avail themselves of their social superiority, as in some other more liberal countries, to follow their own inclinations in differences with the peasantry. It was to the functionaries of the circle that the peasant had recourse, to counterbalance the disadvantages resulting from the inferiority of his position to that of the proprietor in the social scale; and it was in the equitable arbitration of the differences between these two classes that we are to find the grand secret of the immense power which the

defunct bureaucratic government wielded. There was not one law for the rich and another for the poor, as in many more liberal countries; or if a doubt existed at all, it was always the peasant, and never the landlord, that had the benefit of it.

And now it is high time to take farewell of the reader, and to quit provinces so suggestive of serious reflection. If Roman Dalmatia reminds us of a unity of the civilised world which was created by military despotism, every tunnel through the Alps of Styria, every mile of fresh railway, must be regarded as a highway of progress to another unity of the European family, of which the bond will be neither the fear of a Proconsul and his legions, nor the name of a conquering race; but the divine precepts of Christianity, better comprehended in the ordering of international affairs. We have seen in Ragusa, how municipal authority and liberty grew out of the shattered remnants of the Roman Empire. In the subsequent crystallisation of the greater monarchies, we find in the European system a variety and an equipoise, a concomitant civilisation of balanced powers, which has rendered abortive even an approach to an universal monarchy, in imitation of ancient Rome and Austria, to which all Europe foreboded irretrievable destruction, unsubmerged. There are few of the greater monarchies that have been stancher allies of the British Crown, whether in the days of a Marlborough or a Wellington, and in few of the greater monarchies of Europe is the desire for the English alliance less alloyed with jealousy of our maritime or oriental power than Austria. I therefore hope she will weather the storm; but feelings of a higher order lead me to wish that, when the blast is over, she will lose no time in co-operating with the other powers in the erection of the unity of the European family into a permanent system by a diplomarchical constitution, that will make the infraction of a European treaty, by one or more powers, to belong as much to the past as the marauding of Norman barons in the

middle ages. Let us all hope that the hour may not be distant when a Congress of Review will, by a series of skilful exchanges, entwine the sympathies of the nations round the principle of legitimacy; and as Man himself, with his genius and his elevation, has succeeded to the platitude of amphibia, and may yield in turn his tenancy of earth to some more perfectly organised being,—that the time may come when even the unity of the European family may be the mere harbinger of a system that will encircle the globe; when a great book will be opened, and the territories of all kingdoms, principalities, and powers be registered therein; and anathema and annihilation be the inevitable doom of those whom military ambition may render the enemies of the human race.

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CROATIA, SERVIA AND BULGARIA.

BY

A. A. PATON,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

AUTHOR OF

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BOOK III.

THE GOTH AND THE HUN.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND — CLOSE OF HUNGARIAN WAR
—ARRIVAL AT COMORN—THE HUNTING BOX—COUNT AND
COUNTESS NUGENT — GENERAL GRABBE — LIFE IN THE
AUSTRIAN CAMP.

It was one morning shortly after the news had arrived in England of the surrender of Georgey at Vilagos, that I found myself in the railway train scouring along the plains of Moravia; and, as I saw the sun on my left rising behind the range of the Carpathians, that here separate Hungary from Austria, I thought even railway pace scarce quick enough to carry me into that kingdom which had attracted the attention of all Europe to her ensanguined plains. At length the mountains on the south of the Danube, which are the last spurs of the Styrian Alps, rose out of the horizon, and as we shot over the historic fields of Wagram, where the bones of furious Frank and fiery Hun have reposed together since 1809, I once more saw the pointed spire of ancient St. Stephen's arising above the dense woods of the Prater; and traversing a removeable wooden bridge, (denoting the contingency of *warlike strategy*, which with our insular security never enters

into the calculation of the British civil engineer,) I saw the wide waters of the Danube rolling to the eastward.

Arrived at Vienna, I learned that all active operations in Hungary were considered as concluded; but Comorn still held out; and, as it was blockaded by a force of sixty thousand men, I made all speed to the Austrian and Russian camp in order to see in a state of concentration the last large body of troops on active service before their final dispersion. I had frequently seen on former occasions in Italy and elsewhere, very large reviews and concentrations of Austrian troops; but as the armies of Russia had not seen service beyond the limits of their own empire and Turkey in Europe, in any portion of this continent since 1815, I felt much interested in having at the same time, an opportunity of seeing something of a military school, to the improvement of which a powerful and energetic monarch with vast resources at his command, had devoted so much of his time, talents, and attention, so as to make it almost the business of his life.

It was about noon that a steamer filled with stores for the blockading army, in which I had embarked with my accomplished and amiable fellow-traveller Sir W—— R——, arrived at a wide flat grass plain, between Comorn and the middle of the Raab river on our way to Acs, which was the head quarters of the blockading force under General, now Field Marshal Nugent. On landing, the scene in its general aspect was something like that of a race-ground; not a house to be seen, but countless tents, waggons, horses piquetted, and booths for the sale of necessaries; the day was breezy, and white fleecy clouds were flying across the face of a clear sky, so that it was just such a scene as Wouvermans, had he risen from his grave, could have depicted with his felicitous clearness, spirit, and variety of grouping.

Every one was so busied with his own affairs, that it may well be believed it was some little time before we could get under weigh; so, leaving my companion to stand

sentry over the luggage, which we heaped together on the grass, I went about to try and negotiate the hire of a waggon, to transport ourselves and chattels to head quarters, which was no easy matter; for these waggons having been brought together for government purposes, none of the men would start without an order from the officer in charge, but on explaining matters, we at length were allowed to get one for a few florins.

These waggons are different from an English cart, being very light; the body narrow and long, like a French *fourgon*, excepting the number of wheels, for all have four; and, in fact, they serve indifferently the purpose of cart and postchaise, and are very useful to armies, being either fitted for a heavy load, or, if need be, an officer on service places his portmanteau in one of them, as a seat, and with four horses can, in dry weather, and a good *Jehu*, scamper across the *pusztas* at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

The roads, or rather the tracks, being firm, in consequence of the dryness, we soon arrived at Acs, the head quarters of Marshal Nugent, which proved to be a petty Hungarian village in front of Comorn. The only decent looking constructions in the place being the church, with its white spire, and the hunting-box of Prince Lichtenstein, which the general occupied, and which was of one story, with a few acres of garden or shrubbery behind it, all the rest of the country being open, without either fences or ditches. But the air here was very bad; on our way we were frequently regaled with the odours of imperfectly buried carcasses, for this neighbourhood had been, during the two previous months (June and July) the scene of three very severe engagements, in which a great many lives had been lost. Adjoining was a wood called the "*Acser Wald*," which looked any thing but rural, a pointed peak of it having been stripped and devastated by cannon shot, as well as by those who had laid hands on it to build soldiers' huts.

From my respected friends Count and Countess Nugent, we received a kind and cordial reception and an invitation to remain at head quarters, a room having been obligingly assigned us, and on presenting ourselves in the drawing-room, we found the dinner party to consist of a number of Russian and Austrian generals and other officers, to the amount of thirty to forty daily. To my companion, who was a distinguished cavalry officer, this was no novelty, but these were certainly the most military parties I had ever seen. On entering, I was struck with the very noble appearance of General Grabbe, the Russian commander, whose expression of countenance, intellectual, refined, and dignified, put me a good deal in mind of the Vandyke portrait of Gevartius in the National Gallery. This distinguished officer is, I believe, a Courlander, and commanded for some time in the Caucasus. During the Hungarian campaign he had been entrusted with that corps of the Russian army which, penetrating from Gallicia, occupied the mountainous district in the north-west of Hungary.

A large coloured ordnance survey of the country around Comorn lay on the table, a council of war having just terminated; and on being introduced by General Nugent to the Russian commander, he with the greatest kindness told me that in a few days he intended to review the whole of his *corps d'armée*, and invited us to go over to his quarters on that occasion, and that on our arrival at the other side of the Danube we should find horses prepared for us. To this we returned our best thanks, delighted to have an opportunity of seeing a Russian review under the auspices of so polite a commander. One of the company I felt sure of having met before, and on making enquiry, found that this was a Baron D——, first aide-de-camp to General Nugent, whom I had seen for a moment in quarantine at Damascus, at the conclusion of the Syrian campaign; there was also an aide-de-camp of the general, a fellow-countryman, Captain Dickenson, a

young gentleman of intelligence and great activity, who did all in his power to render our stay agreeable.

Another of our fellow-countrymen was also at head quarters, whom I saw under circumstances of a much more painful description. When the Russian generals were entering their carriages (for they had a detour of a great many miles to make on the Austrian lines, so as to get round to the head quarters of General Grabbe), the corridor was alarmed with such loud cries, that I saw the Countess Nugent rush out of the drawing-room to see what it was. A Captain W——, an Englishman in the Austrian service, and attached to General Nugent, had just been seized with cholera and was in a frightful state of contortion; but so accustomed to speak German, that his cry was "*Oh! Rettung, Rettung.*" "Oh! deliverance." So the surgeons came immediately, but his case was even then very doubtful.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, a small party again assembled in Countess Nugent's rooms; the general, and all the officers, wearing their grey great-coats ready for war's alarms; for, although no Hungarian army existed anywhere in the field, the Comorn people would not believe that their armies had been swept away, and had all sorts of strange ideas and reports of a French army descending the Danube towards Linz, and firmly believing that large Magyar armies were still combatting with the Imperialists; so that, although the campaign was ended, every precaution was taken against any outbreak such as that of the previous month.

At about ten o'clock we retired to rest in a comfortable room, and in the morning in came Count Nugent's English groom, with an offer of horses to ride; but as the rain poured, I declined, and went to see the cholera-stricken Englishman, whose intense pains were past, but death was on his countenance, although his eye brightened as we entered, and he said how pleased he was to see fellow-countrymen—shook us by the hand—and evidently,

quite unconscious of his situation, apologised for not having it in his power to shew us any civilities. On the second morning he died; his wife, Lady Louisa W——, arrived from Vienna two hours after he had quitted this mortal scene; but not a tear did she shed, pale as alabaster, reason was for the moment extinct, and she sat like a marble statue, unconscious of the consolations that were proffered her.

When the weather cleared up I rode to the outposts and saw the Hungarian videttes forming a great ring around the north of the *tête-de-pont*, opposite Comorn, and visited the various detachments, who had constructed their huts very ingeniously of leaves, turf, and branches of trees from the neighbouring wood; and wherever I rode or drove I was struck with the fat black soil, a very small portion of which is taken advantage of, much ground being devoted to pasture, which in other countries would bear excellent crops. As to Acs, and the surrounding villages, they are all whitewashed and mostly thatched. Up and down their streets was a constant movement of troops, and pools of mud, almost knee deep, glistened in the sun as a squadron of cuirassiers slapped through them, or a block-up took place of baggage or provision-waggon. All along the sides of the dry ground were the stalls and carts of camp-follower; here a dame of sixteen or seventeen stone weight, of colossal stature, was serving red Ofen wine, or brandy, from a light cart, and there is a Jew's store, with a display of camp necessities and luxuries, of which boxes of cigars were, in this swampy climate, very prominent. Nor was the camp by moonlight less picturesque as, in the evening, with Count Albert Nugent, (no longer a naval officer, but now wearing epaulettes of Lieutenant Colonel), we strolled from watch-fire to watch-fire, and every corps, after its arduous campaigns, indulged in songs and chorusses, while the branches of the wood crackled and blazed in the pale silver light. One Istrian regiment, instead of huts of branches, had constructed for their officers little cottages

of brick, and they were delighted beyond measure when Count Albert Nugent spoke to them both in Illyrian, Istrian, as well as in the Venetian dialect of Italian which is used in that part of the Adriatic, and tasted the supper in preparation for the men.

CHAPTER II.

RUSSIAN REVIEW—THE INFANTRY, THE CAVALRY, AND ARTILLERY—THE COSSACKS—THE FETE—AUSTRIAN TROOPS.

Next day all were à-foot before dawn in preparation for the visit to the Russian camp, and we made in the course of the morning the *détour* of the Austrian posts as far as the Danube at Almas, some miles below Comorn, where a steamer was waiting for us, and having crossed it, saw on the bank a body of dark-complexioned Cossacks, who were appointed to escort us; and, having mounted a strong grey stallion, I started for Marczalhaza, where we arrived in a couple of hours. The lodging of General Grabbe was the country-house of the landed proprietor of the place, and he came out to receive Countess Nugent as fine as finery could make him, as he wore the uniform of his office, which is that of generalissimo of the Cossacks of the Russian empire, in token of which he wore neither cocked hat nor helmet, but a fur calpak and feather, with a diamond toque sheath.

Countess Nugent, having descend from her carriage and reposed a little, then mounted, *en Amazone*, and proceeded to the field, which costume it must be admitted she was entitled to wear, having, instead of resigning herself to a life of timidity and ease, courageously accompanied her husband through the whole campaign. It was at Gratz, in Styria, just after having completed my tour

on the Adriatic, a few months before the great convulsion, that I made the acquaintance of this courageous lady, and how little did those who lived in this agreeable circle imagine what a dispersion was so speedily to take place. How quiet and comfortable was Gratz then, in spite of the tempest which was beginning to lower in Italy. What a lazy air of content pervaded high and humble. For the Styrians, loyal to the house of Habsburgh, and having no desire for separation, Austria had every motive to keep them in good humour; but the winds whistle and the crash comes, and Nugent himself, who seems snugly moored for life, has to ride out the tempest, now in Italy, now in Hungary. Count Thurn, his second in command of the army of Inner Austria, of which Gratz was the head quarters, had to exchange his charming villa in the nook of the hills for the bivouacs of the Po; and D——, a stalwart Englishman, jolly Oxonian, and Austrian cavalry officer, whose acquaintance I had first made within hail of the Pyramids, and subsequently saw in the bosom of his family, then on furlough from his regiment, had soon to start by the alarum of trumpets to die the death of a soldier. Summoned to surrender in the open plain, he defended himself to the last, and, pierced with wounds, departed like many other Englishmen in the Austrian service, to the “land of the leal.”

On referring to the map of Hungary the reader will find that the flat land is divided into two great plains—the greater formed by the level between Pesth and Transylvania,—and extending north and south from Semlin to Tokay. The little plain of Hungary is formed of the space between Presburg and Comorn, extending northwards to the Carpathians, and southwards in the direction of the Styrian Alps. Just at the eastern extremity of this plain, on the left bank of the Danube, the Russian review took place, on as fine racing-ground as I ever saw, being firm turf, without the slightest undulation. A little way off was the village of Marczalhaza, with a neat white church spire rising out of the broken ground, with vine-

yards and kitchen-gardens, while beyond it were visible the slopes of the nearer Carpathians. The sky was clear and cloudless, and considering it was so late in September, one felt that if the weather was warmer it might be uncomfortable. A central space of about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, was left clear for the spectators, who were almost exclusively the generals and staff-officers of the Austrian army; and it seemed strange to see so large a review without the accustomed crowd of civil pedestrians, equestrians, and carriages; for, except the peasants of Marczalhaza, in their long boots and broad brimmed hats, there were only two other civilians beside myself.

The force reviewed was sixteen battalions of infantry, sixteen squadrons of lancers, fifty-six pieces of horse artillery, and a *polk* or regiment of Don Cossacks, which were first beautifully manœuvred by General Grabbe, and then defiled before General Nugent, who had the command of both the Russian and Austrian corps, amounting to between 60,000 and 70,000 men. It certainly was an unexpected sight, that a *corps d'armée* should look so well after so rough a campaign. I can scarcely imagine a parade in St. Petersburg more perfect in appearance, the infantry marched like a piece of mechanism set in motion by a steam engine, even the men are matched in height to the eighth of an inch, which is easier in a large army than in a small one like ours; and, although not essential on service, adds considerably to the effect in a review, and when the whole mass of foot, after a variety of complicated movements, formed a compact parallelogram,—a wide lake of bayonets glistening in the sun, certainly realised the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.

Their manœuvres reflected the greatest credit on their officers, and their defect was perhaps rather over than under discipline. I missed the devil-me-care independence of British troops, which denotes that their power lies within themselves, and is not solely the result of com-

mand from without. At the same time, from all that I have heard, the Russian infantry proved, during the recent campaign, uncommonly steady under the severest cannonades. Whether from habit, docility, or nationality, no cannonade made them swerve in a march to the destined point, but in bayonet work, which in a great measure depends on physical strength, they are certainly not equal to Hungarian troops.

Their dress and equipment I thought adequate to the objects to be compassed, being loose, easy, and warm, while the brass-mounted light helmet is a much better protection to the head, both against spent and oblique balls, and sabre cuts, than our infantry hats. To this the Rifles are an exception, as a shining helmet is quite inconceivable for a corps that seeks to conceal itself in accidents of ground; and, even in our own 60th Rifles, the shining brass buttons, which are seen so far off, had better be dispensed with. At a review the Russian troops do not wear their long great coats, which, on service, are the principal feature of their costume. They are of very strong thick light brown cloth, reach almost to the ancles, and have one row of buttons down the centre of the breast with a wide over and under cape. A similar warm winter clothing would have been very useful to the Austrian troops, for many men were lost under Schlick during his severe winter campaign in northern Hungary.

The cavalry and artillery were mounted quite as well, if not perhaps better, than those arms in the British service, and very much better than those of the Austrian army; our regulation price (25*l.*) producing scarcely so good horses as those of Southern Russia, at their regulation price of 16*l.* Now, as horses in Austria are dearer than in Southern Russia, and the Austrian regulation price is only 11*l.*, the inferiority of the Austrian horses to the Russian is glaring. In the Russian horses I remarked the same sort of thing as in the infantry; they work remarkably well together, but they are over-bitted. In the midst of a charge the line halts with wonderful precision; but

no over-bitted horse can go the pace that a less artificially broken horse can. I think it is in the artillery horses, where full pace is not required, and where precision in wheeling and other movements within a given space is requisite, that the efficiency of the Russian mounting comes out. Instead of four-wheeled ammunition-waggon, each piece has two carts, with two wheels each, and drawn by three horses a-breast, which is found by experience to be more conducive to rapid movement on the heavy roads of the level countries in the east of Europe than four-wheeled carts.

I confess that I was best pleased with the Cossacks, for one sees that they are a natural product of the steppes of the Don, and not an importation from the west of Europe. When one looks at the towering chako of the lancer, or the antique helmet of the heavy dragoon, they appear rather intended for show at a review than actual service. In the Cossack every part of the equipment is for work. Everything has a meaning, arrived at by local experience, and not adopted for show or from imitation. The very opposite of the cuirassier, he is the light horseman *par excellence*, and is invaluable in a level country, where the landmarks are so much more difficult of comprehension to the staff-officers, and where movements are to be masked by a cloud of skirmishers; and although Georgey, by one of the most brilliant manœuvres of the war broke through the net Paskiewitch laid for him to the north of Waitzen yet the experience of the war has shown that the Cossacks repeatedly saved the Russians from surprises that might have been attended with serious consequences

The general appearance of the Cossack is that of a freeman, dark in complexion, and rather low in stature; he makes up for the diminutiveness of horse and rider by a very high saddle, which raises him rather above the level of an ordinary horseman. He rides a short stirrup, in the oriental manner; and perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in his bearing is the noiselessness of the

passage of a squadron, so that a large corps of them can pass, on a dark night, without giving much notice. This arises from the nature of the equipment. It is the jingling of the spur against the steel sabre and scabbard that is the principal cause of the noise of cavalry. The Cossacks wear no spurs; their scabbards are of leather, and a pendant whip supplies the place of a spur. The carbine is long; they are therefore useful as dismounted cavalry; while the pistol, fastened to a waist-belt, is more handy than in a holster. His principal efficiency is in his lance; and with the experience of this campaign, it is the unanimous opinion of both the Russian and the Austrian officers, that the lance is by far the best cavalry weapon, and that, in a great majority of instances, the hussar, the cuirassier, or light dragoon, is no match for the lancer, because in war the first chance is always the best; if the lance-thrust be parried, the hussar has no doubt the advantage in the *mêlée*, but experience has shown that a certain number of horses and men of a hussar line are already pierced before it comes to the cut and thrust of the sabre.

There were several varieties of Asiatics prominent on the ground, among whom were the Russianised Circassian cadets attached to each squadron of cavalry, wearing their native costume. One of the staff-officers of General Grabbe was an Ozet, in his crimson dress, who spoke very good Turkish, and told me he was a Mussulman of the sect of Shafei, in contradistinction to the Turks who are mostly of the sect of Hanife.

On our return from the review, we found in the garden, behind the house occupied by General Grabbe, a sumptuous dinner-table, surrounded with parterres and arbours, so that we certainly saw grim-visaged war with his rugged front unusually smooth. Nor was it a mere cosmopolitan entertainment, for it had a local colour of its own. First of all we attacked the *rodka* tables, where drams of Russian brandy were handed about, with Dutch herrings and preserved oysters as a whet. It is not customary to sit dur-

ing this portion of the entertainment, which was transacted standing, lounging, and chatting easily, in such a way as would break the ice of the most frigid party of reciprocal strangers; but there was no such necessity on this occasion, for nothing could exceed the civility of the Russian staff-officers, who were evidently a very superior, and, I should say, carefully picked set of men, with qualities comprising knowledge of their profession, general intelligence, and polished manners. Colonel Isaakof had been so obliging as to accompany me during the review, and give me information on the various corps. Another officer, with whom I conversed very agreeably during this vodka business, told me that he had been professor of mathematics in the military academy at St. Petersburg, and, being desirous of turning theory into practice, had come to see a campaign.

At dinner, General Grabbe proposed the health of the Emperor of Austria, and General Nugent responded by that of the Emperor of Russia; and then began a series of national dances, performed by Russian soldiers; and, when the sun was setting, we took our departure. On arriving at Almas I was so knocked up with such a day of riding, that I would have given a guinea for a bed, but no such luxury was to be procured; and at half-past two in the morning we arrived at Acs after a very long, very interesting, very instructive, but excessively fatiguing day.

The aspect of the Austrian troops in the review that followed is so much more familiar to the English continental tourist, that I only repeat what is well known, in stating that there is no army in Europe composed of more carefully picked privates; for, although the recruitment is by conscription, the latitude of rejection is considerable. Altogether, they are much larger men than the Russians, and have a freer and less artificial air. The horses were in good condition, considering the campaign they came out of; but, as already stated, their breeding is inferior to that of the Russian; and, according to the Hungarian

accounts I have received, the Austrian artillery is in the gunnery as superior to the Russian, as the Russian to the Austrian in mounting and equipment. As it is, I believe the Austrian army to be one of the best in Europe; for every officer has been put to the test, and every young, active, and intelligent officer rapidly advanced. But it is unnecessary to add that with a bungling or irresolute strategy, or finances deranged by a protective system that foregoes the large income derivable from a customs tariff adjusted solely to revenue, (thus rendering difficult or impossible the imposition of extraordinary direct taxation in a war crisis)—mere regimental excellence has not fair play in the actual tug of war. Such in the almost unvarying moral derivable from the perusal of accounts of several of the campaigns of Austria with the French Republic and Empire.

CHAPTER III.

THE DANUBE—SZOLNOK—THE MAGYAR CHARACTER—BRAVERY AND GENEROSITY—INDOLENCE AND BARBARISM—RETROGRADE STATE OF AGRICULTURE.

Gran, Vissegrad, and other places on the Danube between Comorn and Pesth, have been so frequently subjects of the pen and pencil of the tourist, as to render a reproduction of their aspects superfluous; and the condition of society in Pesth, a subject of the deepest interest and importance, I reserve for my return from Lower Hungary and Transylvania; for, on my passage through that metropolis in October, 1849. I was in too great a hurry to get over the basin of the Theiss before the weather broke.

And yet, although this is my fifth visit to the nations of Hungary. I confess that I never set foot in a Danube

steamer without a feeling of pleasure, excitement, and interest; for this noble river, once the great boundary between the Roman world of a civilisation about to dissolve, and the world of Germanic barbarism so soon to be transformed by the Christian element,—so soon to give to Italy, after an interregnum of chaos, her own element of liberty, and to receive from the south of the Danube the venerable fabric of Roman law,—has now become the highway along which the Germanic element identified with civilisation again rolls eastward. Presburg looks like a suburb of Vienna. In the fortifications of Comorn we see the consummate science of the Austrian school of engineering. In Pesth we see the results of a large immigration of German artisans, from the house shell to the cabinet-work that is the last finish of the drawing-room; and as we descend the stream, Neusatz and Belgrade echo, although more faintly, the vibrations from above.

The Theiss, although a tributary of the Danube, presents a complete contrast to the main stream. Here we find the Magyarism without the German dress of material civilisation in which she is enrobed at Pesth; and yet, beneath this uncouth native undress, the heart beats warmly, and is in the right place. There is ignorance, filth, and barbarism allied to generosity, bravery, and sincerity. Szolnok, a place of 12,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Theiss, the second navigable river of Hungary, and at the terminus that connects Pesth with the Theiss: one might therefore suppose it to have some appearance of a town; but it looks exactly like a large Turkish village in Bulgaria, minus the bazaar.

It has been well remarked, that the German likes narrow streets and wide trowsers; and the Magyar, wide streets and tight breeches; and one sees it verified the moment one enters Szolnok. The railway station in which we arrive is large and civilised-looking, but the moment we quit it, and look for the town, we see it nowhere, but follow the truck that carries our luggage for about a mile, through wide-scattered cottages and farm-yards

until we arrive at such an inn as almost frightens us back to Pesth again; the rooms being all on the ground floor and surrounding a large court-yard, which is a dungpuddle.

I found the people good-natured, civil, and honest (always excepting mine host of the "White Horse," who charged everything fifty per cent. above the standard of a good hotel in Vienna or Pesth). They had come out of a bloody war, into which they were deluded by a small junta of ambitious and fanatical men. They fought bravely, and they have been defeated. I viewed them, not with prejudice, but with compassion. I therefore would have willingly discovered the slightest spark of a tendency to civilisation in the mass of the people; but, after a careful examination of this place, its inhabitants, and agricultural system, I saw it not. I am compelled as a writer, anxious, not to put forth the views of this party or that party, but to arrive at the truth, to say there cannot be a greater delusion than to associate the Magyar element in Hungary with civilisation. A Count Sechenyi was the exception, and not the rule.

The tendency to civilisation visible in Pesth is entirely and exclusively from the large influx of German artisans, and from the German education of the superior classes. The fine streets and houses are all the product of German architects, builders, smiths, carpenters, and cabinet-makers, assisted to a moderate extent by the Slovacks of the northern counties, who, inhabiting a poorer soil, are far more industrious than the Servians and Croats of the South; but here in Szolnok, where there are no Germans or Slovacks, you might imagine yourself to be in a village of Central Asia, so unlike is it to Europe, nothing being visible but filth and barbarism. Here and there a few logs of wood are thrown lengthways in the streets to prevent one getting over the ankles in mud; and in a town of 12,000 inhabitants, I have seen no house with a first floor, except the convent attached to one of the churches.

I find the Magyar character to have a great resemblance to that of the Turks who followed them out of Central

Asia. They are generous to profusion; they are naturally very courageous; and, like all foreigners that enjoy a supremacy through the valour of their forefathers, much more sincere than the Servians or the Wallachians. Their defects are also the Asiatic defects—pride and indolence. The Magyar is uncivilised because he feels no desire to be better; he is on perfectly good terms with himself; he has no internal desire to labour, to improve, to take pains, and to persevere until he arrives at a great future result. Even if the common Magyar go to Pesth, or Vienna, you find him a waiter in a tavern, a barber, or any light sauntering employment, but rarely in a trade that requires severe labour or long apprenticeship. If he stay at home, and devote himself to agriculture, he is equally remarkable for a spirit of antique, incurable Asiatic indolence.

Of the value of manure they have not the least idea, or rather they set too much store by it, for it accumulates in the towns so as to breed a fever from time to time. The agent of the Steam Navigation Company wished a heap of dung to be removed from the vicinity of the landing-place here; but the peasant answered, that the dung of his father and grandfather had lain there, and he did not understand how he should be called on to remove it for the public convenience. It never struck him that if he had laid it on his land he should put money in his pocket, so it was removed by the steam-boat agent.

The ploughs here are of the rudest description, and are all of wood, except a coarse ploughshare, which turns aside the earth so insufficiently, that all the ploughing is done with six oxen, when, with a modern plough, a pair of stout oxen is quite sufficient for the heaviest land. The harrows look as if they had come out of Noah's ark, being entirely of rude branches of trees, pegged together in the most inartistic manner, and do their work so imperfectly, that a considerable part of the seed-corn is blown away.

When harvest-time comes, the wheat, instead of being reaped, is mowed down like grass, the mower receiving

an eighth of the whole for his trouble in mowing. The corn is heaped up in stacks, and often lies upon the ground until the outside grows green again. There is no threshing, except in the model-farm of a wealthy magnate here and there, and even with them, if a wheel goes wrong, there is nobody in all the country round who can repair it, and a man must be sent for from a large town. The grain is trodden out by horses in the open air, at an immense loss, and the substitute for a granary is no doubt the same as between the Lena and the Oxus before the days of Arpad. A hole is dug in the earth, narrow at the top and broad below, and here the corn is deposited. To exclude the damp, the mouth is so narrow, and the cavity so deep, that the man that takes it out is let down by a rope, like Joseph into the pit; and, after half a year, the corn gets so earthy a flavour, that the bread has an unavoidable *goût*, which every traveller in the back settlements of Hungary can remember.

But for all this I would not touch either the nationality or the municipal liberty of the Magyar. It is not his use of liberty in his own districts that ought to be kept under, but the abuse of this principle,—the love of domination of the other nationalities. The Kossuth faction sought an amount of franchise incompatible with the integrity of the Austrian empire, and the cure for this would not be a fallacious integrity, incompatible with municipal liberty, but in the perfect co-ordination of imperial and municipal action,—in the legislative union of the two countries,¹—in the extension of the imperial system of public works over the almost virgin field of Hungary—and in the retention of the management of local affairs by each nation enjoying municipal development, to the fullest extent compatible with the integrity of the empire.

¹ Alluding to the Constitution of March, 1849.

CHAPTER IV.

A STEAM VOYAGE ON THE THEISS—THE PASSENGERS—LEGISLATION ON LAND DEFECTIVE SYSTEM OF JUSTICE—CSON-GRAD—THE MAGYARS.

It was at Szolnok, just after the executions of Pesth and Arad had taken place, that I commenced my steam voyage on the Theiss, which is navigable from Tokay to its confluence with the Danube, but the steamers at this period went only from Szolnok downwards. They are much smaller than those of the Danube, and on this occasion the little boat, with an engine of forty-two horse power, was crowded with passengers, who went on board at night, and, after sleeping on the benches, I was not displeased to see the sun rising behind the willows that covered the banks of the river, and to find ourselves in motion towards Lower Hungary.

In the air and dress of the passengers, everything had a wilder and more easterly appearance than what one sees on the Danube. *Bundas* and *calpaks*, as Hungarian sheep-skin cloaks and hats are called, were abundant. Here were no Kickleburys on the Theiss. Not a single tourist for pleasure was in the boat, and therefore all the more of local colouring, which I was in search of. The tall, aristocratic-looking man, with white coat trimmed with sky-blue, was a magnate, and one of the largest landed proprietors in Hungary, now on his way to see his estates in the Banat, for he had been during all the war, at Pesth and Presburg; but, like nine-tenths of the large landed proprietors of Hungary, although opposed to anything like a bureaucratic uniformity of Hungary with Austria, yet was opposed to Kossuth and the Repeal faction, being persuaded, in common with a vast majority of the property and intelligence of Hungary, that the attempt to annul the union with Austria as solemnly established by the Pragmatic sanction and which had been an accomplished fact for so many generations, could only end in confusion.

He scouted the idea of the changes proposed by the Kossuth faction being reforms; and informed me that what was called the abolition of feudalism,—(but which was in reality the transfer of the property of the landlord to the tenant on some vague promise of compensation, a change involving property to the amount of many millions sterling,)—instead of being the result of due deliberation and patient elaboration, was carried, like all the other measures of Kossuth, not by a fair majority of the Hungarian parliament, but surreptitiously introduced to the Chamber upon a few hours' notice, and pushed by Batthyany through a thin house, aided by the obstreperous and uproarious mob-terrorist of the Kossuth party in the galleries, precisely in the style of the French convention.

And this man spoke the truth, as I learned from other sources; and, had I not been then engaged in my fifth tour through Hungary, I should have entertained doubts of what I then heard, if I had had no sources of information but those supplied to the radical press of the metropolis of Great Britain, by a party that has broken down in its attempts to break up the Austrian empire, and who for this purpose have invented a strange and monstrous vocabulary, unknown to history and common sense; who call social spoliation, "*abolition of feudalism*;" who called the disruption of the military and financial resources of a great empire into conflicting elements, "*a reform*;" and who, after the fall of absolutism in Austria, instead of stretching out the right hand of fellowship to the party of rational liberty and constitutional reforms, adulterated the sound principles of reform with the unsound principles of repeal, and thus procured martial law at home;—and abroad, the Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities; which I, twelve years before, proclaimed would be the infallible practical result of the wall which ultra-Magyarism was building up between Hungary and the rest of the empire.

Another of the passengers was not a Hungarian except by naturalisation. Baron B—— was a French legitimist,

who had bought a property in the Banat, which yielded him, as he told me, an income of between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* sterling per annum, being in that portion of that rich district which had been recently drained and cultivated. He gave me some interesting accounts of his new home in Lower Hungary, and of the impositions to which he had been subjected on his arrival. Having a dispute with his reapers, they sued him at law, and on the night before the trial, the county judge sent a message to him, that on making him a present, he would find justice propitious; but the baron sent back a message, to say, that he believed, that justice was on his side, but if he were to bribe a judge, he should forthwith suspect that justice was not on his side but on that of his opponents. The consequence was, that the judge laughed at his stupidity, and decided the case against him. When the revolutionary war arrived, he was in great embarrassment what to do, being well aware, that if he sought security, the whole of his establishment, in the erection and furnishing of which, he had expended a large sum, would be exposed to devastation. He therefore remained with his three sons, during all the war, but neither party attacked his place, although as he told me he could sometimes read a newspaper at night, by the light of the burning villages around him.

The rest of the passengers were trading and agricultural people of the middle ranks, natives of Szegedin and the Banat, and each had his tale to tell of suffering and devastation; and strange to say, that notwithstanding the gloom cast over public feeling by the recent executions, such is the inherent buoyancy of the human mind, that I do not recollect a more brisk and jovial set of fellow-passengers. To this the fine day no doubt contributed, for the banks of the Theiss are in themselves any thing but picturesque. The course of the Danube is marked by towering precipices through a considerable portion of its course from Bavaria to Turkey in Europe. The Theiss, on the contrary, traverses the great plain of Hungary. The Danube is rapid, and rather angular than tortuous;

while the Theiss is one of the slowest and most winding rivers in Europe, and certainly more worthy of the well-known characteristic of Goldsmith, than either the Po or the Scheldt. Strike a bridge across any part of the Danube, and you traverse it from bank to bank; but it is first of all a very difficult matter to get to the banks of the Theiss during the rainy season, and when one has got across, it is equally difficult to get to the dry land, so boggy are its banks for miles on either side. It is therefore a fosse of the highest strategical value, traversing Hungary from north to south, and as eastwards the Carpathians form a great rampart, including Transylvania and the Banat, the space between it and the river-bog is a strong position for a large army, with its centres at Grosswardein and Debreczin.

Half way between Szolnok and Szegedin is Csongrad, the capital of the purest Magyar county in Hungary; and here the steamer lay to for half an hour against a high steep bank, so that Csongrad is drier than most of the other places that I saw. It is a town of 12,000 inhabitants, and the houses being built of mud and thatched with straw, and externally very filthy, the place looked like a conglomeration of Irish cabins; but there were evident signs of the people being all plump and having the air of being well fed, and indeed food is abundant. But wood is deficient in this part of the country, and yet strange to say, the ferry-skiffs that I saw paddling in the river were canoes formed of large trunks of trees, scooped out in the centre, such as existed on the Theiss since the days of Attila, according to the account transmitted to us by Priscus.

The country behind Csongrad bears the name of Little Cumania. Several Asiatic tribes accompanied the Magyars, when in the ninth century they expelled the Bulgarians from the Theiss and settled themselves in the plains of central Hungary. These were the Cumanians, the greater part of whom settled on the left bank of the Theiss, between this and Debreczin, and which is called to this day

Great Cumania; and the Jasygians, who settled on the right bank of the Theiss, between this place and the nearer Carpathians; but these tribes were Magyarised centuries ago. The Magyars are not confined to Hungary and Transylvania. In Moldavia the so-called Csango-Magyars inhabit seventy villages, roughly estimated at from 120,000 to 150,000 souls. In Bosnia there are still several villages of Magyars. In the Bukowina about 7000 Magyars; and in Russia, there are various pools of this Asiatic inundation still standing unimbibed since the ninth century.

When the steamer had been again in motion for a considerable time down the Theiss, I saw a fresh town make its appearance below Csongrad, and on pointing to the church spire, asked what it was? and was informed that it was still Csongrad: *Csongrad quâ—Csongrad là*—thought I to myself. This deception being brought about by the successive meanders of the river Theiss, which bring the steamer so frequently back to nearly the same spot, and also, from the very scattered method of building the towns in Hungary, in separate farm houses, as in England, with compact villages for the sale of necessaries; a town is composed of many hundreds of farm yards, with a kitchen garden attached to each, while the ground may be ten or twenty miles off.

This is a bad system, and occasions a most wasteful expenditure of time and horse-power, in going and coming, and in a manner, causes two establishments; for, from time to time, in travelling in Hungary, one sees many isolated houses, which appear at first to be cottages, but are the so-called *szallas* or out-lying houses, built on the ground which is to be cultivated, in which the family does not reside, but where agricultural implements are kept, and where the cultivator can pass the night during the period of harvest.

CHAPTER V.

SZEGEDIN—THE FORT—MAGYAROMANIA—THE LOWER TOWN
—THE UPPER TOWN—STATE OF COMMERCE—THE KOSSUTH
PARTY.

After seventeen hours navigation from Szolnok we arrived at Szegedin, which is anything but an agreeable place after dark, the market-place being twice the size of Lincolns-inn-fields, with a few lights twinkling round its ankle-deep mud; not a room too was to be had in the town, the sudden resumption of the steam traffic on the river caused an unusual influx of passengers, added to those brought by the annual fair, which had just terminated. Szegedin was considered by Kossuth to be the most important point in the interior of Hungary, with 50,000 inhabitants, and an excellent situation at the confluence of the Maros and the Theiss. I took as good a look at it as health would permit, for being unfortunately built on a marsh, the damp, noxious, pestilential air penetrates to the very marrow, so that but for prompt precaution, which confined me for a short time to my room, I was very nearly laid up with a Theiss fever, and the reader may have an idea of the humidity of the place, when I tell him that wild ducks were shot the week before in the middle of the town. The standing pools in the town never dry up, from September to May, so that with fevers and rheumatisms, Szegedin has a very bad climate, except in spring and during the frosts in winter.

Szegedin is nevertheless an interesting place. It has not European civilisation like Presburg or Pesth, nor is it barbarous like the villages of the interior. It is a rough, home-spun, busy, prosperous, money-making place, and, as I should imagine, like a town in the Ohio, a place of mills and boats, grain warehouses and general stores; not an ultimate emporium that stands in contact with the luxurious consumer, but the initial market that takes its tone from the laborious producer. The principal part

of the town is situated on the right bank of the Theiss, and is called Old Szegedin, while New Szegedin is on the other side of the river. The central part of Old Szegedin is called Palanka, from the planks (German, *planken*) with which it was pallisaded during Turkish wars, and which have now disappeared, nothing remaining but the fortress which commands the passage of the river, as the ramparts rise from its banks. It is distinguished by no defensive art, being an old Turkish fortress built in a square form, with round towers at the corners, and improved by Prince Eugene. It could not stand a regular siege, but could sink any steamer attempting to pass up or down the river, and give the troops of the garrison the benefit of a thick wall in case of a surprise.

The best view of Szegedin is from the elevated bastion of this fortress, the most animated part of the scene being the river, a forest of boat-masts being visible in front. On the opposite side of the river, and connected with the town by a bridge of boats, is New Szegedin, a melancholy spectacle, being almost entirely burnt down in consequence of a terrific explosion of a powder magazine that took place during the war, the long line of white gables and blackened window-holes, skirting the river; while beyond them was again visible to me, after a lapse of several years, the Banat of Temesvar, no longer the peaceful abode of industry and civilisation, but devastated with such wars as have not been experienced since the great struggle of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, which liberated these lands from Turkish yoke.

All round the fort is the civil part of the Palanka, or central town, which is inhabited by the merchants and trades-people, with a great inequality of the architecture. Some of the houses being large, lofty, and modern, in the style of Vienna, and side by side an old Hungarian house of one story, that perhaps stood there when there was a Turkish Pasha in the fortress. Most of the shop-signs in the public place of the Palanka have German names, but the designation of the trade and baptismal name is in

Magyar. During the mania for Magyarisation, none were so keen to identify themselves with the Magyars as the small German shop-keepers. Most of the highest and wealthiest nobility being Magyars, Magyarism was very naturally more or less associated with the idea of aristocracy and supremacy, and while the Croats and Servians, and the great majority of Slovacks, much to their honour, were rather proud of their nationality than ashamed of it, these German tradesmen, anxious to purify themselves from a supposed identity of blood with Schiller, Goethe and Beethoven, and roused to enthusiasm with the greater services Attila and Arpad had rendered to civilisation, were anxious to throw off their own names and adopt Magyar ones. Not one, two, or three, but hundreds of such instances have occurred. For instance a German whose name is, let us say, Johann Hoffman, dubs himself Remeny Janos, because *Remen* is the Magyar word "to hope," and Janos is the Magyar for "John."

The lower town, or Also-varos, is mostly inhabited by land cultivators; and is composed of long streets with the houses considerably apart, each having a kitchen garden, and being mingled with ponds and marshes, is neither town nor country. A portion of the inhabitants of the lower town are ship-builders and mill-wrights; for here the best and cheapest boats in Hungary are built, as well as the best floating-mills. These floating-mills are a peculiarity of the river, there being no less than three hundred of them on the Theiss; for small water power being scarce from the flatness of the country, the only power sufficient for turning a mill is on the large streams. The boats are for the most part built of oak, and come from the "*Tissa Hat*," or so-called back of the Theiss, being a part of the Theiss which is between Tokay and the Carpathians. These boats are not only employed on this river, but on the Save and Danube, and are remarkable for their strength and neatness.

The Felso-varos, or upper town, is not much higher than the lower town; the position with reference to the

flow of the Theiss being the only difference, for the one is as boggy as the other. The houses here are not so good as those of the Palanka, but considerably better than those of the lower town. The principal manufacture of the upper town is soap-boiling; there being above twenty of these establishments here, in which common laundry-soap is made, much of which is exported to Pesth and Vienna; the low places in the sandy plains between Ketskemet abounding in soda. Formerly any one could gather this alkali, but since the trade has become extended these places have become private property. These manufactories are carried on in a very primitive but economical manner. The father of the family acts as traveller, attends the fairs of Pesth and Debreczin, and takes his orders in Vienna and the other large towns; while the operations of manufacture are performed by his wife, daughters, and servants, there being no workmen at wages in the establishment.

The upper town is also the residence of the principal boat-owners, and some of them are so extensively engaged in navigation and transport, as to possess fifty or sixty boats, worth each when new, about 400*l*. Comorn and Szegedin, are, in pacific times, the two towns in Hungary, which are the seats of the river shipping interest, as well for building as for ownership. The principal freights upwards were corn and rape-seed from the Banat, and tallow brought down the Maros from Transylvania; which, along with the soda on the spot, enables the soap manufacture to thrive. The returns from above are the cottons of Bohemia, the cloths of Moravia, and coarse fancy articles from Vienna. Considerable quantities of wood and wine also come from Tokay and the upper Theiss, to the Francis canal, which leads into the Danube, thus saving the considerable détour by the confluence; it was then dragged up to Raab and Wieselburg, which latter town is the great granary of Vienna. But railways have now revolutionized communications in Hungary.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANAT—ITS PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY—MINERAL WEALTH
—THE RACES OF THE BANAT—GREATER CIVILISATION OF
THE BANAT.

The Banat ¹ is the cornucopia, not only of Hungary, but of the whole of the Austrian empire;—even Lombardy, highly favoured as it is by nature, must yield precedence to the Banat of Temesvar; and one must go to the Delta of the Nile to find a similar soil. This may be easily understood, when we reflect that the lower parts of rivers, having large alluvial deposits, are necessarily the richest; and, on referring to the map, it will be seen, that, by a very peculiar geographical configuration, the Banat has the best part of the alluvial washings of the Theiss, the Maros, the Save, and the Danube. As nearly square as geographical forms usually approach to geometrical figures, its eastern boundary is the conclusion of the Carpathian chain, with the commencement of which we made some acquaintance at Presburg. Its northern boundary is the Maros, where it flows at right angles into the Theiss, bringing with it the alluvial washings of Transylvania.

The Theiss, the western boundary of the Banat, brings with it the *humus* of Northern Hungary; and the southern boundary of the Banat being the Danube, just before it is contracted by the natural dams at the iron gates, this part of the Banat is formed of the alluvion from the Save, with all its Bosniac tributaries, from the very ridges that overlook the Adriatic. In the case of most parts of a Continent, the rivers are centrifugal, but here, by a peculiar combination, they are centripetal, without forming a sea or lake; the iron gates being deep enough and narrow enough to be a retaining sieve to the basin of the Danube, a dam to precipitate the *humus*, and a drain to the waters

¹ "Ban" is Duke (Dux), and "Banat" is Duchy. The territory east of the Carpathians is the Banat of Severin, and that of the west, the Banat of Temesvar.

that cover the face of the earth. Intersected by the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and thus midway between the equator and the pole, the Banat is for all these reasons the granary of the Austrian empire, and produces wheat of a quality nowhere else to be found in the imperial states. But the eastern part being hilly, is rather fitted for wine culture, which is of a very pleasant quality, its white sorts resembling Moselle and Rhine wines.

The mineral wealth of this part of the Banat is no less remarkable. In the Vale of Mehadia, our talented and ingenious fellow-countryman, General Count Hamilton, a soldier of the school of Prince Eugene, rediscovered in 1736, after an interval of more than a thousand years, those sulphurous springs, renowned through all the Roman empire for their power and efficacy; and in the extensive coal-mines of Oravicza, near Weisskirchen, the king of Hungary possesses a treasure more valuable than all the gold of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, having become, as proposed, the terminus of the great railway, which a few years later stretched over Central Hungary to Temesvar. Behind these hills rise the lofty ridges of the Carpathians; and here the majestic Gugu raises its peak nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea; while even the lowest passes enable a small force to resist the entrance of an army. All, therefore, that I said on a former occasion of the military importance of the great position between the Theiss and the Carpathians, is applicable to the Banat, which is, metaphorically speaking, a citadel on a large scale, the Maros being the fosse within the fosse. The fortress of Temesvar is the keep of this natural citadel, the one hundred and seven day's siege of which is the most memorable and thrilling episode of the whole war; but this keep its Magyar besiegers never entered, even although two-thirds of the garrison were in the grave or the hospital.

If we pass from military and physical to political geography, we find the Banat not less remarkable. Hungary is called by Csaplovics, from its various nationalities, "Europe in miniature." The Banat may equally merit the

designation of Hungary *in parvo*, for in no part of this kingdom are the races more varied. Maygar villages are to be found in the northern parts, Servian in the western, and German colonies in the south and west, and several settlements of Bulgarians and other races; but the substratum of the population is Wallachian, to distinguish whom from the inhabitants of the Ottoman principalities of the Danube, we shall henceforth adopt the designation of Daco-Romans.

As far as the dark obscurity of the history of this country before the Roman conquest allows us to enquire, the Dacians, the aborigines, spoke a language resembling the Thracian; but here, as well as throughout most of Europe, the Roman conquest and colonisation made a *tabula rasa* of the original element. Ancient Dacia, which under Decebalus, its native king, offered so obstinate a resistance to the legions of a Trajan, was gradually forgotten, and its three great divisions received Latin names corresponding to its physical geography. The Banat was called *Dacia ripensis*, from the rivers that so peculiarly define it; Transylvania was called *Dacia transalpina*; and Bessarabia, and the present principalities adjoining the Black Sea, *Dacia mediterranea*. Hence, at this moment, between seven and eight millions of men, inhabiting these provinces, speak a dialect that is susceptible of a grace and elegance little, if at all, inferior to that of their fellow Romans on the banks of the Tiber; and notwithstanding a certain admixture of Slavonic words, dating from the eruptions of the seventh century, the Daco-Roman forms usually approach even nearer to the Latin than the Italian does; but, in consequence of their subsequent connexion with the Lower Empire, and the Oriental Church, arising from their easterly position, Cyrillian letters are preferred to Roman in writing the language, notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to restore the original character.

Of these populations about three millions inhabit the Austrian Empire, principally in the Banat and Transylvania.

Italy has a self-developed civilisation, and needs no art, science, or literature, from Germany; but Austria is certainly fully entitled to the thanks and sympathies of the Daco-Romans of the Danube. From 1718 to 1779 the Banat was an integral part of the Austrian Empire, and in that period the aspect of the duchy was completely altered from that of a desolate Turkish Pashalic to that of a flourishing and prosperous European province. Millions were expended by the Cabinet of Vienna, in cutting the great navigable canal that connects Temesvar with the confluence of the Theiss and the Danube, in draining the marshes, settling German colonies on the reclaimed lands, in rebuilding Temesvar (the capital) in the truly pompous style of Louis Quatorze, then the favourite passion of Charles VI. Owing to this *interregnum* of an improving European government between 1718 and 1779, or a period of sixty years, the Banat has not the least resemblance to the interior of Hungary; and if a stranger were to have his eyes bandaged, he would suppose that he had been carried back towards the centre of Europe, instead of being nearer the Turkish frontier.

The results of this period are seen, not alone in the straight streets, Italian portals, and somewhat too ornate mouldings of the *façades* of Temesvar, but are most striking and palpable in the contrast which the German colonies show to the Asiatic, Slavonic, and Roman races around them. Keresztur is the last Magyar village I passed through on my way from Szegedin; there the complete backwardness terminates; and at St. Miklos, a town of 17,000 inhabitants, principally German and partly Wallachian, the civilisation re-commences. The houses are well-built, and the public edifices even with some architectural pretensions; and, not to be one-sided, I devoted five days to this part of the Banat, including a trip to the villages on the Maros, and everywhere I found the same thing—the German part of a village with neat farmyards, clean white-washed walls, green-painted Venetian window-blinds, and in Csanad on the Maros, the gables

of the houses covered with ornamental plaster of very curious designs, cornucopias, wreaths of flowers, and arabesques; not, to be sure, in the best taste, but denoting industry, order, and easy circumstances.

The Servian houses are not so good, and the Daco-Roman the worst of all, their farm yards being in a most filthy and disorderly state. The Daco-Roman is the most lazy of men, and if reproached for his want of industry and economy, answers, "God, who takes care of the sparrows who never go to mass, will surely take care of me who never miss a Sunday at church!" The patience with which the German labours is only exceeded by the patience with which the Daco-Roman waits on Providence; but he has a charming natural politeness, quite consistent with his history as the degenerate descendant of the civilised Roman; and his fine facial contour, dark complexion, and antique sandals, are a complete contrast to the dress and appearance of the fair-haired Suabian peasant, who is the most obstinate and unamiable being imaginable.

The German peasants are so litigious that there is a proverb among the landed proprietors, "As many Suabians, so many processes." But the German colonist, in spite of his unamiable, litigious spirit, which degenerates to avarice, and his independence, which amounts to obstinacy, is morally, physically, and intellectually, the superior of the Roman. This is shown not only in dwellings and persons, but by other signs; for instance, the wheat of the very same soil is in the market of Temesvar, worth 20 per cent. more if grown on a German than on a Daco-Roman farm. Then, many German farmers have Daco-Roman servants; but there is scarcely to be found in all this country side an instance of a German being a servant in a Daco-Roman farm-yard; just as in Canada one sees thousands of Irish labourers in the employ of the English and Scotch capitalists—rarely or never, a Scotchman in the farm of an Irishman.

It was on a dull morning that I arrived at Gross St. Miklos, the seat of Count N——, who had asked me

to spend a couple of days with him on my way to Temesvar. It was a German village, or rather town, of 17,000 inhabitants, exceedingly well built, and bearing every external sign of comfort and prosperity; although there were naturally complaints of the sufferings of the war, and at Sorok, a large village I had passed on my way, I could not discover a single house which was not burnt and roofless. Count N—— was, with the exception of the Kis family, the largest landed proprietor in the Banat, but they had taken different sides; Kis, who was an Austrian hussar officer, had remained with the Kossuth and Batthyany party, while Count N—— had adhered to the Imperialists. Kis rose to the rank of general, and Count N—— had his estates confiscated by the Debreczin Junta, but now the tables were turned. Kis was shot at Arad along with the other Austrian officers who had become generals in the insurrectionary army; and Count N——, at the conclusion of the war, re-entered into the possession of his estates. Such has been the fate of the two largest landed proprietors in the granary of the Austrian Empire, neither of whose families it may be remarked are Magyars; Kis belonging to a highly respectable Armenian family, and Count N—— being of Greek origin; but both families can speak Magyar with vernacular fluency.

A quarter of a century ago German was the universal language, not only of the Banat, but of seven-eighths of the large towns of Hungary; and on no race has the revival of their language inflicted more injury than on the Magyars themselves. Previous to the mania for the revival of this almost forgotten vernacular dialect, which never has had a literature worth naming, every inhabitant of this noble territory was proud to be called a Hungarian; but from the moment that, in defiance of the history of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the language of one of the nations of Hungary was substituted for Latin; all the other nations were necessarily put into a condition of inferiority; and, as bad luck would have it, this re-imposition of Magyar, after the lapse of centuries, was in the very generation

of a most violent reaction in favour of the resuscitation of Slavonic and Roman nationalities; for scarcely had the thunders of the French war died away, when Bohemia seemed to re-awake to what her literature and nationality had been before the unhappy thirty years' war, and the enthusiasm spread gradually through the Slavonic provinces of Hungary.

I convinced myself so far back as 1839, that a reaction, fatal to the Magyar race, must be the inevitable result; for this ultra-Magyarism, producing the duplex effect of raising up a barrier between Hungary and the rest of the Austrian empire, and of irritating the other nations, instinct rendered Austria and the non-Magyar nations of Hungary natural allies; so that if the life's blood of Austria on the Croat military frontier, which is the nursery of her infantry, had not been drained off to Lombardy, ultra-Magyarism would have stood no chance in a struggle with Austria; and, as it is, the Magyars are now in a worse position than they would have been had they simply contented themselves with removing the gross abuses which caused Hungary to present so great a contrast to the rest of the empire, and attempted neither a disruption of the union with Austria, nor the abasement of the other nationalities.

Of all the extraordinary hallucinations that have possessed the people of England, this ultra-Magyarism is the most extraordinary; and the cause of the present prostrate condition of this noble nation is (and I cannot repeat it too often), not the love of liberty, but the love of domination,—not patriotism, or love of country and its numerous nations, but national egotism, or the love of their own nation carried to an excess incompatible either with the self-love of the other nations, or the cohesion of the empire, with which they had a financial and military, although not a legislative connexion,—not the *real* abolition of feudalism, by equal taxation of noble and ignoble, by the extension of communications across rivers and through the steppes, by the removal of a corrupt magistracy and

the elevation of the people, by education in their own language and in their own religion,—but by the *sham* abolition of feudalism, by the spoliation of the landowner's property, by taking from him a considerable portion of the interest of the purchase-money of his estates, with some loose, vague, will-o'-the-wisp assurance of compensation.

The tables are turned; and yet, let Austria beware of turning Hungary into a larger Poland, and remember, that centralisation is quite unsuited to the character of the Magyars, who, although small in number, are unquestionably one of the most warlike races in the monarchy; and that the obligate complement of an imperial legislature is a free development of municipal liberty among the nations of Hungary.

The house at Gross St. Miklos was only one story high; one side being next the street of the town, and the other opening on the park and pleasure-ground, divided by a branch of the Máros: but the out-houses, appendages, establishment for breeding horses, with an almost royal stable for a couple of hundred horses, were all new, and bore no resemblance to the homely establishments on the Theiss. This is one of the true directions that Hungarian patriotism ought to take. Man is certainly born for something besides mere material civilisation. There are nobler instincts which must be followed; but, as one of the first laws of every corporate system is to preserve a balance, to stimulate what is languid, to give a sedative to what is agitated, it is a thousand pities that the Magyars as a nation, *en bloc*, are not more sensible of their marked deficiency in civilisation, merely material, and the disproportion between their florid political rhetoric, and their retrograde arts, commerce, and agriculture; and how much more Hungary stands in need of the fructifying empire of science over matter, than the paltry domination of one language over others, which, even although less logical in grammar, less musical in vocabulary, are the broad portals to the science and literature of modern Europe.

CHAPTER VII.

TEMESVAR—INJURY DONE BY BOMBARDMENT—HISTORY OF
TEMESVAR—THE GREAT SQUARE—GENERAL DESCRIPTION
OF TEMESVAR—THE FORTIFICATIONS—THE SUBURBS.

As we approach Temesvar the road becomes macadamised and passable, even after the heaviest rains; and at one place I thought myself almost in a town: a gentleman's residence, with the offices and the inn at which we dined forming an octagon, almost embracing the road, and, being symmetrically planted with trees, had a most pleasing effect; but, as I approached the town itself, I in vain looked for the noble alleys of trees that used to be the delight and ornament of the place; all had been hewn down by the grim axe of war, the fortifications covered with the marks of cannon-balls, and the roofs of the houses within battered to the bare rafters, or altogether roofless. I went from one inn to another, and at each got the same answer: "Our bed-rooms are all destroyed by the shells; but if you are a new official, we expect to have some rooms ready before the severity of winter sets in." Cold comfort this for a traveller, who, after roughing it, expected a little convenience on arrival at the capital of the duchy. At last the landlord of the "Golden Ox" took compassion on me, and permitted me to sleep in his own room until one was vacant.

Temesvar, with a population of 24,000, is the capital of Southern Hungary, and the seat of its civilisation, and owes its existence to the resolution to transport a ready-made European city into the heart of the newly conquered province. Most of the other towns of Hungary preserved many of their old houses until well on in the last century; and even to this day, Szegedin, with its old Turkish fort, its Franciscan Gothic church, where, in 1450, Mathaeus Corvinus held a Diet, its Bulgarian-looking streets, with here and there a new white house of several

stories, like a cotton-factory, is a cross breed between the Asiatic and the European—the middle age and the modern; but Temesvar is quite French. Its situation is much better than Szegedin as regards salubrity; and a large bird's-eye view of the town, as it was in the time of the Turks, shows it to have been then entirely surrounded by marshes, except to the north. The river Bega, which now forms an ellipse to the south of the town, then flowed through the centre of it, forming numerous islands. And even now fevers abound. If we ascend to the Observatory tower, a wide champaign prospect of cultivated, but far from perfectly-drained, fields and villages is seen all around, and no hills are visible, except on a clear day, to the eastward in the direction of Transylvania, where the last spurs of the Carpathians appear like a cloud on the horizon.

The town itself when handed over to Prince Eugene of Savoy on the 13th of October, 1716, consisted of four parts; the inner town of wooden houses (only the mosques and the powder magazine being of stone) surrounded with a wall and a ditch; then the castle of the Hunyady family, a middle age fortress, connected with the town by a draw-bridge and forming the citadel; and to the north, east, and west, the so-called great and small Palanka, not walled but pallisaded. The inner town has entirely disappeared; and a single house in the middle of the town is pointed out as the place of the old Turkish gate, where Eugene made his triumphal entry, which spot is still called the Eugens-thor. The palaces and symmetrical streets of Temesvar are in the style of Louis Quatorze; for although the reign of Charles VI., was contemporary with that of his great-grandson, Louis Quinze; and although most of the edifices were built between 1730-40, the mouldings are mostly of the style of Louis Quatorze, whom it was the great ambition of Charles to imitate; so firmly fixed was the French taste, long after the death of the *Grand Monarque* himself.

Even the mosques which were built of stone have disappeared; two of them immediately after the conquest,

reconstructed as churches, were pulled down, and the modern church of the Franciscans and the Bishops' Seminary occupy their place. I felt curious to see in Temesvar, or its environs, something of the Turkish period, but except a tombstone embedded in the wall of an edifice, and a small suburb which still bears the Arabic name of "Mahala," memorials of the quondam masters of Hungary are no longer visible.

The principal feature of Temesvar is the great square, on which are the Catholic and Greek cathedrals; the former an extensive edifice, built during the government of our active and ingenious countryman, Count Andrew Hamilton, who was president and commander-in-chief in the Banat between 1734-8, and distinguished himself by great activity in building and other improvements. During the bombardment the crypt of the cathedral offered a secure asylum against the shells; but the roof being also supposed, from being vaulted, to be shell-proof, the body of the church was at one time occupied by between sixty and seventy persons, when a shell burst through the roof, "with such a thundering noise," said one of its inmates, "that I almost thought the day of judgment had arrived," but strange to say, although many had received contusion, nobody was killed, and popular belief ascribed the immunity to the immediate interposition of the patron saint, Gerard the Martyr.

At right angles with the cathedral, is the principal edifice of the town, the palace of the government, which occupies the space between two streets, but so overdone with ornamental consoles, vases, wreaths, and arabesques of the eighteenth century, that it looks like a château in the vista of one of Boucher's landscapes; and every time I pass its portals, with grinning satyrs forming the keystone of the arch, I fancy a fine gentleman with a clouded cane, bloom-coloured coat, satin breeches, and *ailes de pigeon*, would be more fitting the *genius loci*, than the Pandours of the imperial commissioner, with their waxed moustachios and frogged hussar jacket.

A triple line of fortifications, according to the most

approved rules of Vauban, encircles the town: beyond each curtain is the ravelin; beyond each bastion the contregarde; and an envelope of solid masonry forms the third and outer line of defence. The great defect of the fortifications is, that in the lapse of time they have sunk at various places, on account of the marshy land, so that the relative gradation of the outer to the inner works is, in several places, disturbed to such an extent, that the former is not sufficiently dominated by the latter. This has been produced by the bastions, curtains, and casemates, forming a heavier mass of masonry, to which the heavy artillery in position have contributed.

The principal gates, three in number, are named from the directions in which they lead,—Peterwardein, Transylvania, and Vienna. At the first, my attention was drawn to a hole in it, which had been made by a cannon-ball, which certainly fulfilled its functions. Behind this gate, in the earlier part of the siege, stood eight Uhlan horses; and the ball, on entering, went right through the gate, and then through one horse after another, lodging itself in the body of the eighth. Without the Peterwardein gate, and beyond the *rayon* of the fortress, is the Josephstadt suburb, intersected by the Bega canal, cut in 1745-60, to connect Temesvar with the south-western part of the Banat, in connexion with the Theiss, Danube, and Save, which, with its straight lines, and boats in the distance, like black dots, its alleys of trees and brick houses, reminds one of Holland. Here is a crowd of canal craft; here the large magazines of the Banat wheat, and a constant bustle of loading and unloading.

Returned to the Peterwardein Gate, the traveller continues his tour of the ramparts until he arrives at the old castle of the Hunyady, which is within the fortifications, and is now the armoury. This castle constructed by John Hunyady, Count of Temes, in 1442, was the kernel of Temesvar, and the scene of many remarkable accidents, the detail of which would lead me too far away from the immediate object of my journey. Being built with great solidity, it resisted better than most of the houses in the

town, but its towers, rising above the bastion, are quite unroofed. It resisted every 30lb. shell, but all the 60lb. shells that struck burst through, so that we walked from room to room on temporary planks. Here I saw piled up 11,000 muskets taken from the Hungarians; the total number of fire-arms taken on the field or delivered up in the arsenals and fortresses being no less than 661,000. This mass of *materiel* arose from the profusion with which the bank-notes were printed, and the prodigious activity of the officers. "They did nothing on a small scale," said the officer in charge, "you see those bellows there,"—pointing to an enormous pair for a mortar foundry,— "eighty of them were made to one order, and found by us in Arad."

Passing the infantry barracks—the lower part of which is bomb-proof, and forms a section of the fortification—we got out at the gate of Transylvania, and came upon the principal suburb of Temesvar, called the Fabrik, the newer buildings of which, having in the long peace unfortunately encroached on the *rayon* of the fortress, are much destroyed. The suburb received the surname of Fabrik from the manufactories of metal, clothes, paper, hats, &c., which Count Mercy, the first Governor of the Banat after the conquest, attempted to establish. Count Mercy was a brave soldier, but no political economist. The idea of transplanting European civilisation to the Banat was a good one; the symmetrical streets of Temesvar stand as well as the Magyar bombs have allowed them, and the Bega canal which followed was well calculated to call out the resources of the Banat; but manufactories in a country where capital and labour are scarce, and land so abundant as to make the growing of corn and the rearing of cattle the only profitable speculation, soon showed results that might have been expected: the agricultural colonies flourished and the manufactories died a natural death.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIEGE OF TEMESVAR ¹—COMMENCEMENT OF SIEGE—
WATER CUT OFF—A SORTIE—FIRST BOMBARDMENT—
SECOND BOMBARDMENT—HORSE-FLESH EATEN—FEVERS—
CONFLAGRATIONS—THE SIEGE RAISED.

When I saw that there was not a single house in all the town that had not been injured, and that I had not been in a single house in which I did not see several rooms blown to pieces with shells, I had what I never had before—a full and complete conception of the “horrors of war.” During my stay in Temesvar, almost every topic of conversation bore directly or indirectly on this wonderful defence—the great event in the modern history of the town,—and as it is one of the most moving episodes of the revolutionary war, I string together whatever I have been able to collect on the spot, either in the way of oral or documentary information; as, on making known my wish, the engineer officer, who, at the conclusion of the defence, was the surviving director of the operations, had the extreme kindness not only to afford me every information in his power, but to accompany me to the localities, and make everything as clear as possible for a scientific cicerone to do to a non-professional man.

The first shot of the whole war was fired at Gross Kikinda. The Servian populace having been thrown into a state of fervour by the unjust attempt of Mr. Szentkiraly, the Magyar Commissioner, to take the Servian baptismal

¹ The military history of the recent war having been so frequently given to the public, I have avoided as much as possible going over ground already occupied. To this rule I have judged it proper to make two exceptions;—a portion of a chapter devoted to clear up the strategy of Bem in Transylvania, and this account of a siege which forms an episode of itself, and which I could scarcely pass over in an account of Temesvar; but both accounts are made up from authentic information derived on the spot, and a careful personal examination of the localities, and therefore are original.

registers of the church, and substitute Magyar ones, the turbulence of the populace being enhanced by the odious communistic tendency which accompanied the revolution of 1848. A political revolution, in the name of liberty, that imposed on whole nations baptismal registers, of which nobody understood a word but a handful of Magyarised nobles, was not likely to give general satisfaction; and when the sensible burghers of Temesvar saw that the splendid financial talents and resources of M. Kossuth consisted in the seizure, by military force, of several millions sterling value of corn, forage, horses, cattle, sheep, and all the necessities of an army, from saltpetre and charcoal, to sugar and coffee; and the payment for them, in bubble notes, having no relation to real property; they shook their heads, and stood aloof. Between 6,000,000*l.* and 7,000,000*l.* sterling of this worthless paper were coined; and if the Magyar loyalists, the Servian, the Slovack, or the Roman, refused to give the best horse in their stable, in return for this paper, he was liable to be shot.

No sooner had Bem taken Herrmanstadt, and annihilated Puchner in Transylvania, than the corps of General Count Leiningen, sent to relieve this brave soldier, but unfortunate general, found its object rendered impossible of accomplishment, and slowly retiring before Bem, re-entered Temesvar. Bem made dispositions with a view to attempt to hem him in, and take prisoner this corps of Leiningen before its arrival at Temesvar, and sent orders to this effect to Count Vecsey, the Hungarian general commanding the Banat; but this haughty Magyar, offended at receiving peremptory orders from a man whom he considered a Polish adventurer, disobeyed, and Leiningen re-entered Temesvar.

In the north of Hungary, black clouds gradually gathered round the career of Windischgrätz as the spring advanced. Kapolna, hotly contested for two days, was claimed as a decided victory by neither party; and then followed Gödöllo and Waitzen, blow after blow, with an electrical effect on the Magyar troops in the south, and, on the

25th of April, their columns closely investing the fortress, the gates were shut.

The garrison, including the corps of Leiningen, amounted to 8,659 men, of whom 4,494 were recruits, under the command of General Rukavina, a grey-haired veteran of eighty, who, sixty summers before, stood sentry as a private at the very palace where he subsequently commanded the forces. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak—Leiningen and a colonel Stankovich were the soul of the defence. The great deficiency was in engineer officers, artillery, and artillery-men. Instead of ten engineer officers, which is the complement of the fortress, they had, owing to the Hungarian and the Italian wars, only three; and, instead of 390 cannon, only 213. Of the garrison, no less than 1,500 were Magyars, 600 of them being Szeklers of Transylvania, the most enthusiastic for their nationality, and yet during the whole siege they behaved with most unflinching fidelity.

The water which supplied the garrison was all brought from without, and raised by a machine in the Fabrik suburb. The first attempt of the Magyars was, therefore, to cut off the water; but immediately all the old wells were cleared out, which produced a tolerably potable water. The Bega makes a circuit to the south of the town, and in the intervening meadows was an imperialist fortified camp, covered by the guns of the fortress; but the river itself was soon turned aside by the Magyars, through the instrumentality of sluices made some miles higher up; so that instead of a river, it became a bog, its banks forming a trench to the besiegers.

The garrison being now anxious for intelligence, various plans were proposed to this effect, and that of a sharp-shooter accepted; who, suggesting that a road through the wood to the north was likely to be passed by the messengers of the Magyars, was allowed to take a few men with him by night, who lying hid in the wood until they saw a person pass whom they believed to be a courier, dashed out upon and seized him, and brought him alive

into the fortress with his dispatches, by which they learned for the first time, that the republic had been proclaimed at Debreczin. The brave Rukavina now felt that every nerve must be strained against the enemy, and accordingly a sally was prepared, but of this the camp had full intelligence. Kossuth's partisans in the town, during all the siege, gave signals to the Hungarians to be on the alert. The smoke of a particular chimney, or a white sheet at a particular garret window, seen by a good prospect glass, was sufficient to let the Magyars know. At three o'clock on the morning of the 12th of May, a force of 1,700 infantry, and 620 cavalry, with sixteen cannon, under the command of General Leiningen, attacked the Fabrik suburb; but the Magyars were all in battle array, and after a hot engagement, in which several hundreds were killed, the imperialists re-entered.

General Vecsey, who commanded the Magyars, had pitched his tent in the Jagd Wald, or Forest Chase, to the north-east of the town, and had a pavilion superbly decorated, in which there was a great deal of feasting and merriment. Formerly a member of the noble Hungarian guard, it was his social position and personal courage, rather than his military capacity, that procured him his command. Instead, therefore, of attempting a breach and storm, which would have saved the houses, he resorted to a simple bombardment, of which Bem, as remarkable for the humanity of his disposition under circumstances of difficulty, as for his skill and bravery as a leader, loudly disapproved, he being during all these bombardments absent in other parts of his command.

When the bombardment began the terror of the inhabitants was indescribable; the houses were abandoned and the cellars and casemates crowded, and at first every shell that was heard to whizz overhead produced a wail in the casemates; but such is the strange effect of habit, that at last the ladies at night used to look tranquilly at the shells hissing across the heavens, and if they fell near would skip out of their way into the casemates again

without the least alarm, and even as if it had been a frolic. The garrison answered with a constant cannonade, and the fires were almost immediately extinguished by numerous engines and large corps of firemen stationed in all quarters of the town. In the meantime batteries were extending, and a circumvallation and trench was made nearly all round the town, in one place almost following the lines opened by Eugene in the night between the 1st and 2nd of September, 1716.

This bombardment stopped on the 16th of June, having no effect in bringing the town to a submission; but the hospitals were crowded, provisions began to fail, and the officers were tortured with anxiety, being in a state of utter ignorance as to whether Vienna was still the capital of the Austrian Monarchy or of a social and democratic Republic; so a spy was sent out who announced himself as a deserter at the Hungarian outposts, and engaging himself as a pioneer, worked in the trenches for some time, and one day, listening to a conversation of the officers, learned the fact of the Russian intervention, and then giving the Magyars the slip, returned to the town and brought the intelligence, which confirmed the garrison in the resolution to hold out. Another part of his intelligence, however, was not so satisfactory—thirty new mortars had arrived in the camp, and the great bombardment was about to commence. Before it began, a short armistice took place, and a large number of families were allowed to leave the town.

On the night of the 3rd of July the great bombardment began, when the whole of the remaining inhabitants fled into cellars and casemates; sometimes thirteen or fourteen shells were seen in the air at one time; another *sortie* was therefore made by the garrison, when they spiked seven cannons and eleven mortars, but lost or killed and wounded sixty-four men. The heat of the weather had now, in the month of July, grown intense—thirty degrees of Reaumur, or ninety degrees of Fahrenheit. The casemate-outer-windows were all stuffed with wood chips

and sand-bags behind them, in case of elliptical cannon shot, for the works in front stood between the besiegers and the casemate windows, so as to guard against horizontal cannon balls; but those which, directed at an angle of too great elevation, were soon spent, occasionally entered the apertures. The atmosphere in these casemates was suffocating, from the crowd of human beings and the want of the circulation of air, and several children died of sheer terror in the arms of their parents. "I shall remember it as long as I live," said one of the citizens to me with a sigh; and then added, laughing, "Long afterwards I used to dream it was still going on; and then used to awake with such delight to find it was over."

As for the horses of the Uhlan regiment, they were neither "to hold nor to bind," and were at last let loose, and in groups of twenty or thirty used to rush about the streets as if in the wilds of South America, and did no injury as there was nobody in the streets but those connected with the fire-engines. Strange to say, those dumb creatures chose a leader, an old grey horse, which they followed, and with such unaccountable tact was this selection made, that all remarked what a knack the old grey had of getting out of the way of the shells. Those that were killed were at once eaten, for although there was corn in the fortress, and although at this moment the mill is the only construction in Temesvar that is undamaged, yet meat was wanting. At first all ate horse-flesh, except those soldiers that were of the Daco-Roman nation, who for a long time steadily refused; at last an officer, one day entering a casemate, reproached some Italian soldiers jocularly for consuming too much, for, said he, these others are too dainty soldiers to eat it. The Daco-Romans immediately answered, "Oh yes, we can eat it;" and from that date they consumed horse-flesh like the others; and I was told that the Italians made a very eatable salad out of the weeds that grew among the grass of the fortifications.

On the 11th of July another *sortie* was made at night,

in which ninety-three Austrians were killed and wounded. The houses now began to fall from the incessant bombardment, and the cellars were no longer safe. The governor had at first divided the garrison into three parts: one third on duty, serving the batteries in the walls and the engines in the town; one third in readiness under the cover of the casemates; and one third in sleep: but on the 14th this arrangement was given up, all being put on active service, taking sleep as circumstances permitted. The fortified camp of the Bega was at the same time abandoned. The great powder magazine, immediately within the ramparts, was repeatedly struck with the shells—and is even now half untiled,—but they leaped off harmless as foot-balls, the roof having five feet of vaulted masonry above it, three feet of packed earth, and then a foot of masonry above. A curious circumstance occurred here illustrative of the uncertainty of projectiles: a shell carried off the legs of a horse, and the concussion pitched its body right over the powder magazine enclosure wall, which is twenty feet high; near the same spot, on the parapet, was a provisional battery magazine with three casks or seven hundred pounds of powder and twenty-five grenades; a shell tore the cask asunder, exploded several of the grenades, and yet the powder did not ignite.

The fever now began to rage in the town, and on the 25th of July a quarter of the garrison had perished, a quarter was in the hospital, a quarter ailing and unserviceable, and only a quarter all efficient; and on that day alone five surgeons died of typhus. The bombardment had a terrible effect on the patients; even those who were in a fair way of recovery during the slackness of the fire, no sooner heard the bursting of a shell and the fall of some neighbouring roof, than they would leap out of bed in a phrenzy, with fixed eye-balls, creep under the beds for shelter, and a couple of hours' attack of nervous fever usually finished them. In spite of the exertion of the fire-engine corps, one edifice after another fell a prey to the flames. To the conflagration of a large convent of the Merciful Brothers, which

served as a temporary hospital, succeeded that, on the night of the 30th July, of the two barracks at Peterwardein gate, when the fire-men, exhausted by twelve hours' previous exertions, allowed the whole mass to burn to the ground; and a loss quite as painful to the besieged under such circumstances, was that of one of the only three engineer officers in the garrison, the brave Colonel Simonich, who, while making dispositions to have the fire extinguished, had his breast bones burst in by a shell splinter, which proved fatal. The hospital was not only full, but in such a state that the air was pestilential, the sick and wounded preferring to remain without surgical assistance, to entering the hospital.

The Hungarians now calculating that the garrison was exhausted, and anxious to anticipate the imperialist forces in an attempt to raise the siege, stormed the pallisades with a view to possess themselves of the works in front of Peterwardein gate, but were beaten off in spite of the extraordinary bravery and impetuosity, with which the attack was made. A curious *ruse* on this night produced the retreat of the Magyars:—An imperialist, Captain Metz, going out to the left, with the drummers and a few soldiers, they beat the drums and made loud hurrahs, so that the Magyars supposing that they were taken in flank, retired in confusion. The day after, the cholera broke out in the town with the utmost violence, and increased so rapidly that the garrison began to melt away, some days the number of deaths being as high as one hundred and sixty; but Haynau was already in Szegedin, unknown to the garrison, who were now in a state of perfect ignorance of the state of the war. "Not one of us," said one of the garrison to me, "regarded his life as worth a day's purchase." At length, on the 5th August, being the hundredth day of the siege, Count Vecsey offered a capitulation with all the honours of war, in consideration, as he said, of the gallant defence. This was peremptorily rejected, with the announcement that the garrison would defend itself to the last man. Next morning the officers looking from the

tower of observation in the barracks, saw that several batteries were deserted, and the low distant booming of artillery in the west, announced that a large and friendly force was not far off. The gallant Rukavina would fain have ordered a *sortie* as a diversion, but wounds and death, typhus and cholera, had so reduced the once strong garrison, that 1,233 infantry, and 388 cavalry could alone be mustered, and to risk them was to surrender the garrison. On the 9th, the cannon being louder and louder, they knew that a great battle was fought to the west, the sally was resolved on, and on the same evening. Haynau, after his victory at Kis Becskerek, entered Temesvar; and thus ended the siege of one hundred and seven days.

The hoary Rukavina did not survive; like the lamp that blazes up in its socket before extinction, the concluding efforts exhausted him, and he died of cholera brought on by fatigue. So the chequers of death and victory marked the close of his long and eventful professional career, but the goal was reached, nor is the soldier to be deplored, who after a life of eighty years, can say in the hour of death:—"My end has been fully attained:"

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE VOYVODINA—GREAT HISTORICAL LANDMARK—SERVIA IN
THE MIDDLE AGES—SERVIAN FUNDAMENTAL DIPLOMA—
THE SERVIAN REVOLUTION—RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF VOY-
VODINA.

It is certainly a singular spectacle that the south of Hungary and the north of Turkey-in-Europe has presented in the nineteenth century. A great portion of the south

Slavonic family, which for numerous generations had been in a state of servitude, bursts up through the superincumbent cake of Asiatic supremacy, and with haughty modesty demands from Europe admission into the list of nations. In the year that Napoleon assumed the imperial crown, Cara George began the emancipation of a portion of the inheritance of King Lasar from the direct rule of the Porte; and 1849-50, which saw his nephew elevated to the presidency of the French republic, witnessed on the north side of the Danube, the emancipation of the Servians of the Austrian empire from ultra-Magyar coercion, and the re-establishment of the Voyvodina, or Servian duchy, dormant since 1691.

The year 1684 had been that of the turning of the tide, and of the receding of the waters, for then the Emperor of Germany with the assistance of the North Slavonic Sobieski, prepared for the resuscitation of the South Slavonic nationality. The Emperor Leopold after having seen Hungary cleared of the Turks, sent to the Servian nation a diploma, inviting them to leave Servia and settle in Hungary, as subjects of Austria:—“*Agite igitur*” (says Leopold, 29th August, 1690) “*pro Deo, pro religione, pro salute, pro libertate, pro securitate vestra restauranda, intrepide ad partes nostras accedite, Lares vestros culturamque agrorum non deserite, socios vestros ad sequenda vestigia vestra invitate.*”

Then accordingly took place the immigration of Servians into Hungary, the first of which consisting of 36,000 souls, was under the guidance of their archbishop, Arsenius, and in the spring of the following year was held the congress of Temesvar, in which the future position of the nation was fully discussed under the presidency of Count Francis Balassa. They were willing to become subjects of the emperor and the house of Austria, but the recognition of their religion and nationality was an undisputed postulate, and the congress broke up with a warm feeling of gratitude to the house of Austria, but not a single trace of

an engagement on the part of the Servians to accept the supremacy of the Magyar nationality.

In consequence of this congress the aulic chancery issued that diploma of the 20th of August, 1691, which secures to the Servians their national position, and which forms their fundamental institute. This was granted by the conqueror of Hungary from the Turks with a sword in one hand and a pen in the other; that is to say by the military chief of the agglomeration of states, now called the Austrian empire, and then denominated the German empire:—*Leopoldus Dei gratiâ, Romanorum imperator, semper Augustus, ac Germaniæ, Hungariæ, Bohemiæ, rex, &c.*”

From 1718 the Banat has been permanently free from Turkish rule. Unfortunately, however, one thing marred most materially the repose of the Servians, and that was the constant efforts of the Jesuits to unite those communicants of the Eastern Church with Rome. Thus, no sooner free from the temporal power of the Sultan, the Servians began to feel the ecclesiastical power of the Pope, for the Vatican has been all along tolerant on the subject of the subordinate discipline of the Eastern Churches provided her supremacy be acknowledged along with the cardinal points of her creed. The Servians were increasing and multiplying; the small band of 36,000 emigrants became a considerable nation. They followed the black-yellow banner from Belgrade to Antwerp, and from Strasbourg to the frontiers of Moldavia. The armies of Louis Quinze had seen Trenk's pandours; and Voltaire thought to compliment his friend Frederick at their expense during his Silesian campaign. But the Greek religion met with every opposition at home. Sometimes the Catholics would hew down the crosses put up by the Servian Greeks on the roads, and at other times Greek bishops who had accepted catholic unity were in fear for their lives. One Bishop of Arađ dared not enter one of his villages from fear of being mobbed.

But with the reign of Joseph, Jesuitism fell into disgrace; and at length, in the year 1791, the great act of Greek Emancipation took place, and from that date the religion and nationality of the Servians in the Austrian Empire took an entirely new development. Carlovitz, the seat of the Greek seminary, founded in 1733, became through charitable bequests and the piety and energy of Archbishop Stratimirovics, a college of the most important character with reference to the culture of the nation, and its general literature, although it is only justice to Ragusa to say that the new literature of Servia has produced no author that comes within even an approximate distance of Gondola, the great Ragusan epic poet of the seventeenth century.

The Servian revolution now procured for this race a vigorous national development, and it was in the Illyrian schools of Carlovitz, Temesvar, and Neusatz, that the most efficient employés of the new principality of Servia were educated, and from which the new Lyceum of Belgrade, now on the high road to become a university, received its professors. But while, on the south of the Save and Danube, the language and literature went forward in the most cheering manner, on the north of those rivers it only seemed to go backward—I say *seemed*, for, in reality, the means taken to crush the Servian nationality have produced a reaction that has had quite the opposite effect. Having got quit of Austrian Jesuitism, another plague visited this fertile Danubian Egypt, the ultra-Magyarism, although Slavonia, is almost utterly devoid of Magyar population; and as for the Banat of Temesvar, the three counties of which are in the ultra-Magyar ethnographical maps boldly coloured as Magyar, the reader may judge for himself when I tell him that the metropolitan county of Temes has only two Magyar villages! But, as the last feather breaks the back of the camel, it was at the Magyar commissioner taking the Servian registers out of the church of Gross Kikinda, in the next

county, and substituting Magyar ones, in flat defiance of the fundamental diploma of the Servian nation, that the first shot of the whole war was fired.

But truth compels me to say, that both in the wars against the Turks and against the ultra-Magyars the greatest atrocities were committed by the Servians; that many defenceless persons were massacred, and whole villages burnt down. In fact, both were wars of extermination; and in Servia Proper all the Turks were extirpated, and are now confined to the few towns described in my work on that country. In my intercourse with the Servians during my tour through the Voyvodina and elsewhere, I never hesitated to express my strong horror of those wars of extermination, and the answers I got might be condensed thus: 'When the oppressions of the French aristocracy were no longer tolerable, this nation, that calls itself the most civilised in the world, sent to the scaffold even the most virtuous Mâlesherbes; how then can you wonder at the excesses of our people who are just laying the foundation stone of their new civilisation. The religious emancipation of 1791 saved us from a convulsion, a timely national emancipation would have done the same. As for the convention of Szegedin removing our disabilities when the ultra-Magyar faction was at their last gasp, that was bringing water to extinguish the embers after the house was burnt down.'

The province of the Voyvodina as re-established, comprises the Bacs country and the Banat, *i. e.* Neuzatz, Pancsova, Temesvar, &c. During the late revolution they elected their own voyvode, and adopted the ancient royal banner of Servia; but since the restoration of order, the Emperor is great voyvode, and it has been arranged that for the future, each vice-voyvode shall either be a Servian or able to communicate with the nation in their own tongue; for the ruling passion of all races in Hungary is neither religion nor politics, but the development and (when possible) the supremacy of language and nationality.

The new Voyvodina, however, has by no means an exclusively Servian character, in fact it is a mixed state of Servians, Daco-Romans, Germans, and Magyars. All these languages are on a level as far as local business is concerned, each village being in immediate relation with the local government through its own language, but the communications with Vienna are in German. This is unavoidable, as one central language is indispensable to every empire, and as German is the most extensively spoken in the monarchy, and except the Italian has the most valuable literature, it is in all respects the fittest. What irritated and embittered the nations of Hungary against the Magyars, was not so much the adoption of one central language for the Diet, as the carrying the national fanaticism into the municipal and ecclesiastical sphere.

The Servian peasant of the Voyvodina, is very far from having the tall stature, strength, vigour, and veracity of the true Servian; he lives on a plain, gets his food easily, and is somewhat too fond of plum brandy; and he regards Syrmium with its college of Carlovitz to be the chief seat of his nationality on this side of the Turkish frontier. *Pannonia interamnensis* was the name of the Illyrian Mesopotamia in the time of the Romans, and of this wedge—if I may so term the high wooded region between the Save, the Drave, and the Danube—Syrmium was the point. None of my tours in Hungary proved more interesting than one I took in the summer of 1838 through the so-called Frusca Gora, (*mons almus*) where I found the mountain air so pure, and the water so deliciously clear, that, coming direct from the Banat, where I had passed a scorching summer, it seemed a paradise.

CHAPTER X.

ARAD—ITS FAIR—COMMERCE OF HUNGARY—DESCRIPTION OF
ARAD—THE FORTRESS—THE COUNTY OF ARAD.

One fine clear chilly autumnal morning I started in the diligence for Arad, where the fair was then holden. As we approached the Maros, the land gradually undulates, and instead of the tame flat fields of wheat and rape seed, every hillock with a good southern exposure is covered with vines. At length, Arad hove in sight, scattered broad and wide, and by the crimson glow of sunset I again arrived at the left bank of the Maros under the bastions and ravelins of the fortress. Here the wreck of the old bridge formed a picturesque object, while on the other side of the river the opal coloured ruins of the nearer houses and spires of the central part of Arad stood distinctly defined in the ruby horizon.

Arad consists of two parts, Old Arad, an open town in the county of that name, and New Arad, the fortress in the Banat, which includes within its walls no civic population, and being entirely constructed for military purposes, commands the town and secures the passage of the Maros, on the high road between Temesvar and Grosswardein, and is therefore one of the most important strategical points in Hungary.

The inn was on the great square in the centre of the town, and next morning a characteristic scene presented itself on my looking out at the window. Opposite was a tall church, the tower considerably damaged by cannon shot during the long siege, and all the body of the place covered with booths, the side alleys being choked with horses and carts and their drivers. A kitchen was established in the open street, and a stout dame could scarcely serve quickly enough—fried-bacon and drams of brandy to the carmen and peasants that crowded round her for breakfast. For hours I walked through the temporary wooden streets, examining the articles, their sellers and purchasers.

There was the burly Saxon from Transylvania, that land of wool, with his pile of blankets, and thick white peasant's top-coats. These blue-eyed men came seven centuries ago from the Lower Rhine, they were then called by the kings of Hungary, Flandrenses; and our own English flannel tells whence our ancestors derived their warmest woollens. Transylvania is a land of tallow as well as of wool, and there might be seen, the industrious soap-boiler of Szegedin, laying in the provision for his winter's fabrication. There too, in large measures, was the *paprika*, or Hungarian scarlet pepper, like Cayenne, but not so strong. Another home product were the long rows of winter mud boots worn outside the tight breeches; those for the females being of scarlet leather, while all the articles of hard and soft ware were abundant. Metals from Styria, cloths from Moravia, and cottons from Bohemia.

Arad, although not so regularly built as Temesvar, has a much more town-like aspect than Szegedin. That part of it next the Maros is much damaged from having been exposed to the fire of the fortress during the war, and although Arad has no good street, it has many good houses denoting previous prosperity. The population is about 28,000, divided as follows:—9000 Germans, 9000 Daco-Romans, from 3000 to 4000 Magyars, 3000 Jews, and 3000 Servians, who all dwell on the north side of the Maros; the burgomaster being during my passage through the town, a German, and Arad having been the last place in possession of the Magyar force, all nations had suffered severely by the Kossuth notes, as the towns-people were kept in profound ignorance of the hopeless condition of the ultra-Magyar cause, previous to the surrender of Georgey, and at the close of the struggle the fortress of Arad was the receptacle of their military stores and those bank notes which were the sinews of the war.

The fortress itself on the other side of the river was constructed in the same style and about the same period as that of Temesvar, the ground being perfectly level,

and the works according to the system of Vauban. Arad is said to be the neatest fortification in Hungary, and no sooner had I traversed the draw-bridge and passed the vaulted gate-ways, when I found myself in a sort of park, with alleys of trees. The only edifices inside being those required for strictly military purposes, barracks, magazines, and a church, the spire of which was much shattered in consequence of the Hungarian besiegers having erroneously supposed it to be the observatory of the besieged. All the rest of the large space within the fortress was park, alley, garden, and parade ground, girt by the ramparts with a great extent of bomb-proof casemates, that were at that time tenanted by between 300 and 400 political prisoners, either condemned to terms of imprisonment or awaiting their trial; and on the outside of the fortress, the spot was pointed out to me which was the scene of the execution of the leaders of the army that fought under the tricolored banner; but as I neither approve of the cause for which they fought, nor of the policy which dictated the punishment of death, however legal it might have been in a technical point of view, I reserve this subject to the conclusion of my account of Hungary.

For some time after leaving Arad, the land as we ascend the Maros is flat, and we are still in the great plain of Hungary, and in a few miles we are at the foot of the great Carpathian chain that separates it from Transylvania; and the county of Arad is not less rich than varied in its products, so that if I were asked in what county I had seen best represented, *in parvo*, the territorial wealth of this noble kingdom, I would answer Arad; with level wheat-growing plains, not inferior to those of the Banat, it has also vine-clad slopes, and hill pastures that furnish rich fleeces, and above them wood with fuel in abundance. The land, instead of gradually ascending, is a dead flat rich plan to the very base of the mountains; the white village church spires, villas, and cottages, seem to overlook the level land, and the clear morning air reminded me of those pleasant passages of

towering Alp and fertile plain, which one sees in the north of Italy. Here is grown the Menes wine, next to Tokay, the most celebrated of the Bacchanalian products of Hungary; dark, strong, and sweet, almost to lusciousness, it recalls Malaga to recollection, and the dry Menes has something of the flagrant flavour and strong body of port wine.

The peasantry of this part of Hungary are uncommonly neat in their dress; and when one sometimes, at a pastoral ballet at the opera, sees peasants with garlands round their hats, and parti-coloured stockings and ribbons, and feels disposed in the midst of their *entrechats* to ask in what part of Europe such Colins and Fanchettes are to be found, one might answer in the county of Arad, so well are they dressed, and so tastefully do they dispose of real and artificial flowers round their broad-brimmed black hats. As we advance up the Maros we perceive that the men are taller and more robust than the ordinary Daco-Romans of the Banat; and the women, with classical features, and fine pale complexions, which come out of the shadow of a doorway, like the female portraits of Giorgione. Plunging into the mountains, where the valley of the Maros preserves a breadth of a mile, or a little more, I found myself among the *Mots-Daco-Romans*, or men of the mountains (*Montes*), which intervene between the Szeklers of the Upper Maros and the Magyars, dotted on the great plain between Szegedin and Grosswardein—a much more resolute and determined set of shepherds, vine-dressers, and wood-cutters, than the timid ploughmen of the Banat.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VALE OF THE MAROS—ENTRANCE OF TRANSYLVANIA—
ZAM—THE DACO-ROMANS—BROOS—THE SAXONS—THE PO-
LITICAL HISTORY OF TRANSYLVANIA.

Next morning, after a couple of hours' drive, passing a little brook that bubbled its way to the Maros, I found myself in Transylvania; and never, in many a league of sea and land travel, did I enter a new country that presented a scene more beautiful and more melancholy. Zam was the name of the threshold of the land, and Zam will not be soon erased from my memory. Let the reader imagine the vale of the Maros, no longer in a narrow valley between mountains, but expanding into a wide amphitheatre; jagged pinnacles and wood-crowned precipices over all the heights round and round—stretches of park and pasture, slope gently down the rich, flat verdant meadow-land, and an English garden, or park, enclosed with a low stone wall, with turf and tufts of plantations, surrounds a country gentleman's large mansion, which, on a slight eminence, forms the prominent and central part of the picture; while behind it was a pretty hamlet, all new and neat, evidently the care of the lord of the manor. Here was the farm-yard, and the fancy cottage; there was the snug road-side inn, and the post-house, but all ruined, roofless, and tenantless; not a soul to be seen at a place, that a year ago had been the delight of the beholder, and the abode not only of rural comfort, but of taste and luxury, as the Mosaic pavement of the hall showed. Not a soul was to be seen; not a cock crowed; not a cow lowed; and the distant tinkle of the goat-bell on a cliff was the only sound that broke the terrible silence of the desolate scene. This was the dwelling and village of a Wallachian country gentleman, a loyalist, named Nobcsa, whose house had been attacked and plundered by the Szeklers, and the destruction consummated by his own fellow countrymen. Let no one suppose that

this was a solitary case, or that these excesses were confined to one party. The war in Transylvania was a war of the cottage against the castle, and of race against race, in which politics, either liberal or conservative, had little to do. Let not the reader suppose that Zam was a rare instance of destruction. From my entrance into Transylvania, until my arrival at Herrmanstadt, a three days' journey, every isolated house, small hamlet, or road-side inn, was destroyed; and, in a Daco-Roman country, I might literally apply the words of Châteaubriand, in speaking of the journey of his life, and denominate this road, "*Une longue voie Romaine bordée de monumens funèbres*," so frequently was my attention called to the roofless houses, or the covered pit of human bodies.

The moral of all this may be stated in a very few words. The great majority of the inhabitants of Transylvania are Daco-Romans, who have lived for centuries in the most abject helotry, as may be judged of by a short list which I give of the disabilities under which the Daco-Romans lived up to the time of the Emperor Joseph. These laws were made in 1540; and however Joseph II. may be hated by the ultra-Magyars, one is constantly stumbling on some proof of his humane intentions.

No Daco-Roman was allowed to hold an office.

No school could exist without the permission of the landed proprietor.

No Daco-Roman could wear boots or shoes, only sandals.

No Daco-Roman could wear embroidered or fur dresses, only rough woollen.

No Daco-Roman was allowed to wear a hat, only a fur cap.

No Daco-Roman's window in the town was allowed to look on the street, only on the court-yard of each house.

No Daco-Roman was allowed to have a chimney.

In short the Magyars, with all their love of *liberty* for *themselves*, are very fond of *domination* for *others*; and the Daco-Roman,—in spite of the numbers of his race

in Transylvania, the natural acuteness of his intellect, and his muscular, well-proportioned frame,—is deficient in the self-respect and energy of a free man. But it was the unwise interference of the ultra-Magyar party, with the national pride and municipal institutions of a very different race—the Saxons of Transylvania—that was the immediate cause of the sanguinary insurrection of the cottage against castle.

It was at Szasvaros or Broos that I first arrived in the territory of this race, whose manners, customs, civilisation, and education are essentially distinct from those of either Magyar or Daco-Roman, and this portion of Transylvania is called the Saxon Land. Szasvaros, a Hungarian word, is literally translated Saxon-town, inhabited two-thirds by Saxons, and one-third by Magyars; but the place has rather the German than the Magyar type, and reminds one of those old-fashioned country towns in Bavaria or on the Rhine, the houses plastered and painted in various colours, and presenting a green or a crimson gable to the street. They come, as I have already stated, from the Lower Rhine, although called Saxons, and speak a funny dialect, that reminds one of Dutch or broad Scotch, and is quite incomprehensible to the people of Vienna, but, to this day, is well understood by the people of Dusseldorf and Nymwegen. Most of the Saxons wear woolly caps, and on the high road are seldom seen on foot, but mounted on the lively little horses of Transylvania. The women are not remarkable for their good looks, and have a peculiar method of wearing the hair, the tresses being plaited into one tail collected at the forehead, and hanging down the right cheek. Siebenbürgen, or the Seven Boroughs, is the German name of Transylvania, and this Szasvaros, the German name of which is Broos, is one of them; the order in which they were settled in Transylvania being as follows:—Mediasch, 1142; Muhlenbach, 1150; Herrmanstadt, the capital, 1160; Clausenburg, 1178; Schässburg, 1178; Reussmarkt, 1198; Broos, 1200. To these seven

were subsequently added two others, Bistritz, 1206; and Kronstadt, 1208.

Their towns have quite a middle-age look, with towers and old walls, like the back-grounds of Callot; and at Muhlenbach, the next town to Broos, the inn was behind the spirit of the age, and all around my bed-room, instead of the fashionable portraits of Rodolph, Fleur de Marie, and the Maître d'Ecole, were the adventures and misadventures of the prodigal son, with a long homily in print at the foot of each. Forethought, order, economy, patience, and indefatigable perseverance, mingled with considerable egotism, obstinacy, and an indisposition towards innovation, is the character of this people; and in these qualities we see those elements of the extension of the Teutonic race, westwards, until Celt is merged in Frank and Saxon; eastwards, far beyond the original limits of the Slaavic races; and southwards, comprising the military domination of the fairest part of Italy. Brilliant and sympathetic as the Latin and Celtic races are, acute as is the perception of the Slaav, slow and phlegmatic as these German races are, they command a homage (however unwillingly it may be rendered) to the superiority of the results they have achieved; and it is certainly the operation of a great law, and not the mere accident of war, that has for centuries subjugated a nation of men of genius to a race that they detest, and has placed German families on the thrones of the four greatest monarchies of Europe.

The character of the Daco-Roman is, as I have shown, the reverse of all this; he was in fact a savage in a state of subjugation, and no preparatory scheme of national education paved the way for his being safely entrusted with any franchise. The bond of society among those semi-barbarians was fear, and fear alone; nothing, therefore, could be expected from the dissolution of this bond but the orgie of a drunken helot. When, therefore, the mis-called "abolition of feudalism" relieved him of a considerable portion of the rent of his land; instead of

feeling gratitude for a boon, he judged it, as every barbarian would judge it,—to be an indication of the termination of the régime of the peasant's fear of the landlord, and the commencement of the landlord's fear of the peasant,—as the dissolution of his conception of the bond of society, and of the barriers between *meum* and *tuum*.

To return to the Saxons, if the bond of barbarous society be fear, the bond of civilised society is respect for the sanctity of law, founded on history and custom, and of equity founded on the sense of the good and the true, implanted in every sound moral nature. Now of all races in the world the most attached to law and custom is the German; and to this instinct, which stands in close relation to a largely developed conscientiousness, it is no doubt owing, that while in most of the other countries in Europe the large fiefs have been gradually swallowed up by the larger monarchies—Germany remains to this day, with so many small principalities, unabsorbed; and in Transylvania, the Saxon land preserved up to 1848 its national and municipal separate jurisdiction, with a distinct territory, code of laws and senators, headed by a comes or landgrave, resident in Herrmanstadt; but when the revolution arrived, it was resolved to Magyarise them. The union of Transylvania with Hungary was, therefore, carried through the Diet of Clausenburg by terrorism, like the other measures of the ultra-Magyar faction—the packed galleries crying out, “Union or death;” and a member of one the most ancient families of Transylvania told me, that he had no alternative but to vote for the union of Transylvania with Hungary, for the mob cried out to him, “*That if his vote for it was not recorded, his dead body and not his live body would descend the stairs.*” Such is the liberalism of the Kossuth school—such the new school of parliamentary privilege in favour with ultra-Magyarism.

Thus the Saxons of Transylvania were *volentes volentes*, involved in the vortex of Hungarian revolution, and in the highly excited state of the terroristic mob at Pesth,

not daring to make any strong demonstration against Batthyany's illegal disruption of the military integrity of the Austrian empire under the mask of the word *reform*,—they left Pesth and returned home. In this way the civilised Saxon, whose ruling principle is *legality*, was driven into a close alliance with a semi-barbarous nation, who for centuries had had no other social bond but that of *fear*.

The Austrian military command in Transylvania was in a deplorable state of weakness. General Puchner was a man of personal bravery and humanity; but he had neither the youthful vigour nor the political and military talents equal to the crisis, for like most Austrian generals of his standing, he was above seventy years of age. So, by the advice of the principal Saxons, a Daco-Roman patriotic committee was established, who organised a militia under centurions, tribunes, and prefects, who turned out to be perfect brigands, and—instead of submitting to military discipline, holding themselves in readiness to combat the rebels,—moved about in hordes, over whom General Puchner had no control, and sullied a just cause by the most revolting acts of murder and plunder; and after this tremendous catastrophe the strictly impartial traveller cannot forbear his condemnation of all parties—of the ultra-Magyars, who did nothing to educate and elevate the people—who sowed the wind of revolutionary violence and reaped the whirlwind;—of the Austrian General and the Saxons, for not affording a more efficient protection to the innocent families, strangers to political party;—and of the Daco-Romans, who, by their sickening excesses, have so largely detracted from the interest and sympathy, which their name, their language, their long abasement, and many symptoms of a desire for improvement among their co-nationals in Wallachia, Moldavia, and the Banat, would naturally inspire.

CHAPTER XII.

HERRMANSTADT.

The principal inn of Herrmanstadt is situated immediately without the wall of the town. Three sides of the court-yard is formed by a building and the ancient rampart, the line of which is broken by high square watch towers of medieval construction, forms the fourth side, and from the open galleries on the first floor of the inn, opening to the bedrooms, is a view of the ancient cathedral spire of the town rising behind this relic of times that have passed away. Deep snow covered all the roofs of the town in sight, and from time to time great lumbering Transylvanian waggons, drawn by six or eight horses, with bells jingling at their throats, crowded the space below. The waggoners wearing white woollen cloths, trimmed with crimson worsted, and the horses' breaths sending up volumes of steam in the hard frost of a clear Transylvanian morning.

The room which I procured had been newly furnished, and I was shown into it by a plump Amazon with red cheeks, who was the most political and military chambermaid that I encountered in the course of my travels, and accustomed to stand a fire of jokes from all and sundry travellers. She not only put me to the question as to my objects in Herrmanstadt, but was equally free with the accounts of her own adventures. I asked her if she was not possessed by fear during the war?

"Oh no," said she; "there is nothing like the excitement of political and military events. Never shall I forget that day on which, at the conclusion of the war, we prepared a large dinner, with horse-shoe tables, in the dining-room down stairs, for Bem's officers, who had taken Herrmanstadt for the last time. There was roast and boiled—fish, flesh, and fowl, as comfortable as could be wished; and just about the time when the soup ought to have been served and the wine-glasses to jingle, there

was a roar of artillery and whizzing of rockets, and tick-tack, tick-tack of musketry, and every officer was at his post, but all of no avail, and the Russians thrashed Bem and his troops out of the town; and instead of the Hungarians, with their brown surtouts and crimson frogs, a crush of Russian officers, with their dark green coats, dispatched the dinner prepared for their enemies and a prodigious quantity of brandy besides."

In the dining room I found a miscellaneous company, . . . consisting of contractors of provisions and necessities from the principalities, one being a Servian, and several other Wallachians, who wore sheep-skin caps and loose curiously cut clothes of coarse blue cloth of a sort of European fashion, and who were making themselves merry with punch and cigars, the former of which they made from Russian tea and rum, with a travelling apparatus for this purpose. They were now in Herrmanstadt, winding up their accounts, and the great event in the Servian's life was a visit he paid to London, and on every peculiarity of which he discoursed with the greatest minuteness, which amused me much. Fixing his attention on many points which had become so identified with my daily habits, he showed me how much there is to observe in a man's own country, which he daily sees, without the exercise of analysis and comparison, and it is not unpleasant, from time to time, in this way to mingle the observation of others with the seeing of ourselves as others see us.

Various military officers were of the company, and I was entertained with the contrasts in their manner. One surly-looking man, whom I had first seen giving his servant a volley of threats of condign punishment if he did not pay more attention to some distinctions of meum and tuum, of which the landlord complained, sat apart without speaking a word, during the hour of evening meal; and another officer who came in was very voluble on the war, and on what he had done and suggested, and when the rest of the company had retired and the

gruff officer and I were getting our candles to proceed up stairs to our rooms, he broke the ice in the most friendly manner by stating that he was a captain stationed in a village in the environs of Herrmanstadt; and without much preliminary chat, pressed me to spend a few days with him, promising me good shooting and a hearty welcome:

"But," said he, "I will not stun you with my exploits like the gentleman you saw here. Hero indeed!" quoth he, "I made the whole campaign, from Alpha to Omega, and it was no holiday excursion. One would think from this gentleman that we did nothing but advance, advance. *Donnerwetter!* he told you nothing about what a retreat was when you seemed to be sweating the very soul out of your body. Do not take your idea of the good sense and modesty of an Austrian officer from such a bragga-doccio."

He then renewed his invitation, but as I had a great deal of business on hand I declined it with many thanks, and went to bed.

The succeeding days were devoted to seeing Herrmanstadt and its inhabitants, for it is now the capital of Transylvania, having been formerly only the capital of the Saxon land in Transylvania, so that while house room is abundant in Clausenburg, which was formerly a capital, there is now a deficiency in that respect at Herrmanstadt. The town is, upon the whole, well built, but badly paved, and is situated on an irregular eminence; the central and highest part of which is occupied by the High Church or ex-Cathedral, an extensive ancient edifice of Gothic architecture, built in Catholic times, in the pointed style; but, as the Saxons are Lutherans, still bearing traces of the iconoclastic disfigurements of the period of the reformation. This was the centre of the original nucleus town, built in 1161, which was confined to this eminence, but at various times extended; the so-called lower town was included within the then new, but now ancient walls, which have been in many places broken through, so that

Herrmanstadt may be called an open town. These walls, with three high square towers, adding much to the picturesque appearance of the town at various points, but very little to its strength. There are very few modern houses in the town, and the whole place has the aspect of ancient riches.

On the great square is the catholic Church, the Government House, and the principal private edifice in the town,—the residence of Baron Bruckenthal, a palace in the Italian style of architecture, with extensive suites of rooms devoted to a picture gallery, and a cabinet of natural history which pleased me much, rather as indicative of a desire to cultivate the arts, and to give a laudable direction to the employment of a large patrimony, than positively gratifying from the intrinsic value of the pictures themselves; the great majority of which, although catalogued with the names of the first masters, appeared to me to be mediocre copies; but the grandiose Italian architecture of the palace itself (although spoiled by a high ridged roof and heavy mansarde) is remarkable in the midst of this old German architecture. Herrmanstadt is quite an old fashioned place, and the inns are ancient hosteleries with thick walls, one of which is evidently coeval with the first settlement of the town; its wall being much broader below than above. But the pavement of the town is the worst feature of the place, being composed of large stones irregularly put together, with the gutter in the middle and at certain intervals high stepping-stones to enable the passengers to cross from one to the other over a black muddy brook.

I have stated that the Government House was on the Great Square, and, while I was there, formed a point of union for the society; for, in the domestic circle, the three races, Saxon, Magyar, and Daco-Roman, remain distinct and apart from each other, the animosity being fierce and inextinguishable. The Governor of Transylvania was General Wohlgemuth, who, having commanded with distinction a division under Marshall Radetzky in Italy,

was entrusted with the *corps d'armée* on the Waag, and received the government of Transylvania at the conclusion of the war, as much from his high personal character and conciliatory manners as from his military capacity. The Ban of Croatia, whose acquaintance my readers have already made among the Highlands that overhang the Adriatic, was so good as to write to him, requesting his good offices in my favour, and this was responded to, not only by frequent attentions and hospitalities on the part of the amiable Baroness Wohlgemuth, but by a frankness and confidence, a luminous moderation, and an impartiality in the estimate of the difficulties of his own position, which was to me of a high and informing character.¹

He told me that he had entirely dissolved the militia organisation of the Daco-Romans, who, under the names of centurions, tribunes and prefects, had sought to preserve an authority which had been deplorably abused. He deeply lamented the gross ignorance and the abasement of the Daco-Roman peasantry, who were not only glaringly deficient in a knowledge of their duties as citizens, but even of the elements of common education. He at the same time commiserated with the unhappy position of the loyalist Magyar landed proprietors who had suffered severely in purse and person, and who besieged him with their clamours; while, on the other hand, the heads of the Daco-Romans vehemently insisted on a preponderance in the direction of local affairs in Transylvania, corresponding to their numerical superiority, not only to any other race in particular, but to all the other races put together.

"There are many points," added General Wohlgemuth in one of my conversations with him, "in which I am full of doubt and embarrassment, so singularly complicated are the politics of Transylvania; but on one point my

¹ This distinguished officer no longer lives; he complained of ill health when I was in Herrmanstadt, from excessive sedentary labour having suddenly followed two years of violent exercise in all weat hers.

mind is made up—one thing I see clearly, and that is the necessity of a thorough and complete system of national education for the Daco-Romans. We must not attempt to transmogrify them into either Magyars or Germans,—they must remain Romans, and they must be educated in their own language, and must alter their *nature* and not their *nation*; in short, they must become civilised men and learn not merely to fear the law, but to honour and respect it. But ‘Rome was not built in a day,’ and the reconstruction of the Daco-Roman civilisation cannot be done at once; it must be effected by the patience and perseverance of several generations.”

Another interesting acquaintance which I made at the Government House, was that of General Zeisberg, who was the quarter-master-general of the Ban during his march from Agram to Hungary, and who distinguished himself at the taking of Vienna under Windischgrätz, and now commanded the division of which Herrmanstadt was the head-quarters, and who, as I was subsequently informed, was one of the ablest strategists in the Austrian army, and had strongly advised a movement upon the centre of the Hungarian position behind the Theiss by way of Szegedin, and who was not deceived by the veil which the manœuvres of Georgey in the north drew over the strategy that made Debreczin and Grosswardein the centres of the operations of the Magyars.

Another of the circle of Government House whose conversation interested me was the Russian Colonel D——, who had been sent on a political and financial mission to close the accounts of the Russian government with that of Transylvania. He appeared conscientiously to regard his Emperor as almost a species of demi-god, and gave me several instances of his immense capacity for labour.

I heard from another person, that during all the war of Transylvania and Hungary, the maps of those countries were constantly before His Majesty’s eyes, that he followed the movements of even the smallest corps, and was familiar with the names of hundreds of villages in Transylvania,

so that when a courier arrived at the palace at St. Petersburg, dusty or bespattered, he was instantaneously introduced into the study of the Emperor, who, before opening the dispatch, invariably requested the courier to tell him in a few words the substance of the news he brought. The Emperor would then put a few questions, and if the answer related to well-known localities he put other questions; but if reference was made to villages of lesser importance, then immediate reference was made to an edition of Lipsky's large map of Hungary and Transylvania, lying on the table near the window. I found all through my tour in Hungary and Transylvania a considerable amount of information relative to this remarkable Prince, derived through the recent occupation of the country by so large a body of officers, many of them of high rank, and the impression left on my mind is, that this sovereign has a valid substitute for intuitive genius, in the practical experience which he has acquired through an enormous physical capacity for sustained attention to political and military detail. This, joined to his stubborn will, and an absence of the secretiveness peculiar to the Russian character, and at the same time a conscientiousness largely developed, although considerably kept in check by a large destructiveness, constitutes altogether a character much nearer the Germanic, as contrasted with the Slaavic type, than that of his late brother Alexander.¹

In this circle I also made the acquaintance of Mr. Bach, brother of the minister, who now filled the post of political secretary to the government of Transylvania, and who spoke Daco-Roman fluently, having been the head of the bureaucracy or Landes-chef in the Bukovina, that province to the north-east of Transylvania on the other side of the Carpathians which lies between Gallicia and the prin-

¹ Such was my impression of the Emperor Nicholas at the close of the Hungarian war, which was undertaken by him in perfect accordance with legality. When I saw him subsequently at Olmütz after his aggression on the Ottoman Empire, in violation of the Treaty of 1841, which he signed, I thought to myself with the proverb "Never write a man's character until he is dead."

cipality of Moldavia, and which is almost entirely inhabited by a Daco-Roman population, forming a part of the Austrian empire. This land is the kernel of the Daco-Roman national fanaticism, and the principal newspaper of which has a considerable circulation among this nation in Transylvania, and in opposition to the *Kolosvar Lap*, or Clausenburg Magyar Gazette, preaches with great vehemence the necessity of Daco-Roman ascendancy in Transylvania, and I found in the circle I am describing as a matter of course, the two parties full of their grievances.

The Magyar nobility, then on business at Herrmanstadt, characterised the condition of Clausenburg as being most melancholy since the withdrawal of the government; on the other hand, as a necessary consequence of the communistic principles, introduced by Kossuth in his so-called abolition of feudalism in Hungary; the heads of the Daco-Romans, characterised as inconsistent with the spirit of that measure, the just and proper resistance which the landed proprietors were offering to the attempts of the communes to make free with the timber grown in their neighbourhood. In spite of all this, there is no violation of the forms of civility, and at a dinner party given by the Daco-Roman Bishop, I noticed that several of the company were Magyars.

The bishop was a tall, portly, and handsome man, between fifty and sixty years of age, dressed in black satin and wearing his beard. He is one of the very few persons of this nation within the Austrian empire, having respectable attainments in literature and polished manners, and is a strenuous advocate for his nation having a political position in Transylvania, corresponding to their numbers, somewhat forgetting that property and intelligence are all to be looked to, and that he himself is not a fair sample of what the Daco-Romans are—the exception and not the rule. It must be admitted that the intelligence of this nation is very scattered; the few Daco-Roman proprietors in the Banat being either Germanised or Magyarised, while the wealthy Boyars of Bucharest, the

capital of Wallachia and of Jassy, are quite French in their tastes. They have French tutors and governesses—French Vaudevilles played in the theatre; they imitate the fashions of Paris in the minutest particulars, and are much more familiar with the light literature of France than the heavy erudition of Germany. But in Transylvania, the Daco-Romans, who unite talent with superior education may almost be counted on the fingers. If Transylvania is therefore to prosper, the Daco-Romans must be made to respect the property of the Magyar landed proprietor, and the Magyar must give up his proselytising projects and encourage the national education of the Daco-Roman, and the elevation of this dialect to its natural position as the preponderating language in Transylvania; but I am sorry to say that it will be as difficult to reconcile the Daco-Roman peasant to a respect for the property of the Magyar landed proprietor as it will be to compel the Magyar to respect the nationality of the Daco-Roman.

The Saxons of Herrmanstadt who, of course, comprise the vast majority of the population, are from their industrious and economical habits in good pecuniary circumstances, and this capital is the residence of the Comes, or Landgrave, elected by the nation as the municipal head of the Saxon land; a person of their most ancient and considerable families, with polished manners, but while the Daco-Roman bishop, with his southern contour and bushy black beard, might have sat as a model for the bust of a Roman emperor, the landgrave of the Saxons, in a country of dark complexions, preserved in his blue eyes and flaxen-coloured hair the tradition of the type of the nations between the Elbe and the Rhine, that obstinately resisted Roman domination, and still in the highlands of Dacia preserve the distinctive peculiarities of their race.

After an entertainment and reciprocal toasts to the prosperity of the Anglo-Saxon, and Daco-Saxon nations, the national banner of the latter was unfurled amid much enthusiasm of the ladies of the party, showing the arms of these Transylvanian Teutons, a shamrock and triangle,

with the motto *Ad retinendam coronam*; the other insignia of his office being a silver battle-mace (*Streit Kolb*) to represent the command of the militia, and a sword, representative of justice. The royal diploma was illuminated in the missal style, with a profusion of heraldic devices; that of the principality of Transylvania being the most prominent representative of the Magyars, the Szeklers (sun and moon) and the seven Saxon boroughs (*Germanice* Siebenbürgen), represented by seven towers; but strange to say, that although the Daco-Romans form the vast majority of the people of Transylvania, they have no place in its heraldry; a clear proof that Daco-Roman chivalry had had no existence in the middle ages, and that the obstinate valour with which Decebalus and his troops had resisted the legions of Trajan, had declined with the Lower Empire and had not been resuscitated.

It is also a fact, that up to the year 1848, the established religions of Transylvania were the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, the Calvinistic, and the Unitarian churches; and the Greek church, which is that of the majority of the country, had no legal recognition. All this abasement is a plain and palpable proof, that the Daco-Romans of Transylvania are essentially deficient in the spirit of independence, which compels respect on the part of others; but at the same time confirms my theory—that the Magyar spirit is not the spirit of liberty, as understood in France and England, but the love of the domination of their nationality over the other nationalities, even the Germanic, although it was the Germanic element that liberated them from Turkish domination. I maintain, that whoever studies the history of Hungary during the agitations of the last twenty-five years, will arrive at the conviction, that what we British call the spirit of the reform of abuses, was feeble in comparison with this fanatical enthusiasm for the absorption of the other nationalities. In proof of which I may mention that the agitations among the Daco-Romans, which led to this awful jacquerie, began with public meetings after the French revolution of February,

in order to procure the elevation of the Greek religion, which from the period of the Greek empire, had been the aboriginal faith of Transylvania, to a level with the later creeds; and the elevation of the Daco-Roman language to an official position, such as that enjoyed by the respective languages of the Saxons, Szeklers, and Magyars; but not a word of appropriating either labour, or money-rents, to which they had no more right by law, custom, equity, or common sense, than the landlord has to the clothes on the peasant's back, or the movables in his cottage. And it is my firm persuasion and conviction, that if those just, reasonable, and proper demands of the Daco-Romans had been anticipated by those who were far fonder of the jargon of liberty, and philanthropy, and reform, than of their practical application, the heart-rending scenes that have desolated Transylvania, could never have occurred. The modern history of Transylvania is comprised in a few words: the ultra-Magyar faction disregarded the just, proper, and rational demands of the Daco-Romans, relative to their religion and nationality. They handed over to the peasant a portion of the property of the landlord, which he never asked for or expected; and then the savage peasant became like the tiger—that, having once tasted human flesh, changes its nature, and will not be satiated.

My sympathies in Transylvania are neither with those sanguinary savages, nor with the ultra-Magyar fanatics who precipitated the convulsion, and by seeking to swallow up the Saxon nationality and municipal privileges, rendered them the allies of a race with which they have so little in common; for it is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than that which is presented by the industry, economy, probity, and dogged independence of the Saxon, with the ignorance, improvidence, and alternate pusillanimity and ferocity of the Daco-Roman. But my sympathies are with the large number of persons of moderate and loyal views, who, without contributing to one extreme or the other, have suffered acutely in person, purse, and

landed property. At the same time, to hold forth on the massacres committed by these people, without giving the key of antecedents, would be as subversive of historic justice as to commence a French history of the *tiers état* with the massacres of September, ignoring the dark side of the *ancien régime*.

Franklin says, "that the lazy man is frequently in a hurry;" and here lies all the philosophy of the contrast between the nations that take time by the fore-lock, and those who act by fits and starts. The cool, dogged Germanic independence of the Briton is a preventative of any overpowering abuse of superior authority. He is, consequently, in no violent hurry to turn everything upside down, and make a pell-mell redress of abuses. His nature is neither that of the sloth, nor the tiger; he is neither in a magnetic sleep, nor in a state of phrenzy; and our glorious constitution is rather the effect of this happy national temperament, than the cause of our comparative freedom from the extremes exhibited by many foreign nations, as the failure of the introduction of the British principle of government has in many cases evinced. The Magyar prides himself on the Hungarian constitution resembling that of Great Britain; but the character of an Asiatic water-course, at one time a torrent, and at another a dry bed, is not more dissimilar from the perennial flow of a British river, than the Anglo-Saxon character with its gradual colonisation and civilisation, is from that of the Magyars—bursting in hordes over the east of Europe,—arriving at the nineteenth century fast asleep in feudal anachronisms;—and the Kossuth party then starting up in a fit of diabolical activity and phrensied enthusiasm, not to ameliorate by progressive and gradual reforms the condition of all the races of Hungary, but to break up the military integrity of the Austrian empire, and transmogrify the Hungarians of every nation into Magyars.

Although the population of the town of Herrmanstadt is not over 20,000, there is a great deal of intelligence in the place, and at the Casino are German and French

newspapers. A society of natural sciences is devoted principally to the geology and natural history of Transylvania; and this land being very mountainous, and rich in minerals, is a field well suited for such labours. The principal mine worked in Transylvania is that of gold, and Zalatna, in the Carpathian chain, which has suffered severely during the revolution, having excited the cupidity of the Daco-Romans, was the scene of one of their most odious massacres. The coal, although good, is not worked, on account of the great abundance of wood, and I was shown three specimens of this inestimable mineral from three points in Transylvania. This society has also devoted itself to barometrical operations, by which it appears that the plain of Herrmanstadt is 1,300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and the higher peaks of the Carpathians about 8,000 feet above the same level; the Vunetura Bufianu being 7,953, and the Negoi, 8,040. And to the naked eye, no sight in this country is grander than that presented from the highest part of the road to the west of Herrmanstadt, with the city stretching out on the plain below, and beyond it the grand line of the high Carpathian, separating Wallachia from Transylvania. A wall of ice and snow, glistening in the clear, brilliant sunshine, for a distance of from sixty to seventy English miles, which is split asunder by the celebrated Rothenthurm Pass through which the Aluta flows, and thence crossing to the frontiers of Bulgaria, forms by its waters the distinction between Great and Little Wallachia.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIGHLAND LIFE IN TRANSYLVANIA—THE ROTHENTHURM PASS—
HELDAU—PRIMITIVE SAXON MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

During my stay at Herrmanstadt I paid a visit to this remarkable Pass, which is the key of Wallachia. It was

on a clear frosty morning, intensely cold, that I traversed the plain of Herrmanstadt, the ground being covered with snow; and the cry of *Lupu, lupu!* from some Wallachian waggoners made us look into the next field, where a wolf was prowling about, and the sight of which made the pointer dog of my agreeable and intelligent companion, Baron Reyhetzer, come under the carriage, his hair standing on end with fright.

Arrived at the gorge, I at length saw the Aluta rushing clearly along and carrying flakes of ice and snow on its bosom to the Ottoman Empire. The eastern side of the defile rises precipitously from the river, so that no road is passable, and the present road goes along the western side of the gorge in many places with barely width for its passage. Fortifications were soon visible, defending the Pass from an attack on the Wallachian side, and a square red tower (*Rothenthurm*), dating from the middle ages, stood clearly out from the white-washed modern works and the snow-clad mountains above it. Ascending to the castle and looking through the embrasures we found that the narrow road was completely swept by artillery, and that no force could penetrate into Transylvania, while only rifles or light infantry could pass the heights above. The only soldiers we saw were the militia of the frontier, a sentry being entirely enveloped in a skin cap and hairy cloak, like Robinson Crusoe.

Beyond the Rothenthurm the road continues along the right bank of the Aluta, a fine alley of trees having been raised to clear a rayon for the battery; and as we advance, the gorge becomes wilder and more romantic, the rocks in many places rising from the river, very little out of the perpendicular, then festooned with thousands of icicles glittering in the chill clear sunshine; and passing to the old original Rothenthurm, now in ruins, the walls of which were twelve feet thick, we came to the frontier quarantine and village, which was full of bustle, the cattle-dealers getting their beasts through from Wallachia to Transylvania; but as a result of their position

the women here were much disfigured by the unsightly goitre.

The Rothenthurm is the principal pass from Transylvania into Wallachia, and as, although narrow, it is, comparatively speaking, level, an extension of the projected railway up the Maros to Herrmanstadt, across the great plain of Wallachia to the Black Sea, was much talked of when I was in the capital of the Saxons; as there are no territorial difficulties in passing from the basin of the Maros to that of the Aluta, as they are separated by only a couple of insignificant ridges and an intervening plain. That such a project is anxiously looked forward to on the part of the people at Herrmanstadt, may be easily imagined; for Herrmanstadt used to be on one of the great high roads between the east and the west, which the introduction of steamers on the Danube has entirely changed, and a considerable source of importance was thus cut off from the Saxon land, however advantageous steam on the Danube may have been to the commercial interests of both empires at large.

On my journey on the Kokel tributary of the Maros, I came to a town called Elizabethenstadt, very neatly built, and having a pompous church with almost the appearance of a cathedral, inhabited almost entirely by Armenians, who had made, many of them, handsome independencies, from their prosecution of the carrying trade between Constantinople and Vienna, in which state of affairs the introduction of steam navigation on the Danube, had effected a revolution, which had been severely felt and induced some of them to emigrate to Pesth and elsewhere. It is, therefore, not surprising that, as there is a certainty of the railway being extended to Herrmanstadt, that they should look forward to its prolongation over the rich, level plains of Wallachia, which may be called the Lombardy of the east of Europe, as regards capacity for production, but the population of which is insignificant, there being little more than two millions in a principality which might nourish ten.

On my return I proceeded to Heldaŭ, a village embosomed in the Carpathians, between the Rothenthurm and Vulcan Pass, where the ancient Saxon manners and customs are preserved in a primitive state to a greater extent than any other part of Transylvania, and which may be considered to stand in the same relation to Herrmanstadt and Cronstadt as the village of Brock, in North Holland, to Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

Here, equally remote from the outer world and the spirit of the nineteenth century, the Saxons vegetate in a quiet patriarchal way, that would give perfect satisfaction to those who appeal to the "wisdom of our ancestors." The situation of the place is the most picturesque possible; not in a wild, gloomy, rocky gorge, like the Rothenthurm, but in a pleasant valley at the foot of fair hills, covered with white banks of snow, and mingled with plantations of now leafless oak; but as the eye rises from height to height until the dazzling summits are seen in the deep azure of this clear, delightful climate, it requires only a moderate effort of imagination to clothe the scene with the tints and trappings of summer; and I doubt, as well from what I have seen as from what I have heard, if there be in all Transylvania a pleasanter spot.

A stranger would be at first somewhat disappointed at seeing very small huts, rather than houses, at the entrance of the village, but the dusky tint and disorderly apparel of the inhabitants show this to be the Zigania, or gipsy hamlet, which is at the outside of many towns in this country; the change from a nomade to a settled life having become compulsory during the reign of the emperor Joseph. Not only are gipsies excluded from this village, but no Daco-Roman or other stranger is allowed to have any settlement in the place. As we proceeded up the street we admired the uncommon neatness of the houses, being more like merchants' villas than the dwellings of peasant manufacturers; and my companion, well acquainted in this quarter, having entered one of

the best, with a roomy court-yard, we saw in a corner a large provision of wood for fuel, and symptoms of abundance of all the other necessities for winter. Inside we found the first apartment to be full of wool-dust, and there in a row sat half-a-dozen maidens spinning wool-yarn for the home-weaving of white cloth, the manufacture which has enriched the village, and which (mostly by the means of commercial houses in Herrmanstadt) is exported to Hungary, to the value in some years of 150,000*l.* sterling. We then passed into the inner apartment, and my companion presented me to the housewife, a tall friendly dame, with a strong low Dutch dialect; her hair was turned back, and an embroidered cap tied under her chin formed a round ball at the back of the head, exactly and precisely as the Dutch caps in the cabinet pictures of Teniers, Gerard Dow, and Ostade. The husband himself, a hale, hearty old man of sixty or sixty-five, now made his appearance, his turned-over Vandyke collar being profusely embroidered, and not buttoned but tied with a white cord and tassel; his waistcoat was of white or yellowish leather, such as those worn under cuirasses in the seventeenth century. He wore long hair, parted in the middle and falling down to the shoulders, as in the portraits of Milton; a moustache covered his upper lip, and only a diminutive peaked beard was wanting to give me a living representation of what mankind was like, when the politics of Europe centred in the Hague.

"By the will of God," said he, "you are the first Englishman I ever spoke to in my life. I have often thought of going to England to see your cloth machines, but of what use? We are all in the old way here—all hand-loom weavers. Before the troubles broke out I intended to introduce machinery, but the people assembled in a mob and told me they would blow me up with gunpowder, so you see *wir bleiben bey'm alten.*"

"That is singular," said I, "I thought the age of handloom gone, except in the East. Do they not see the general advantage from the use of machinery?"

"*Nix nutz*," said he; "the people say that if it be introduced, the rich may be richer, but the poor will have nothing; but come down to the cellar," added he, "and I will now show you the ready-made article."

So saying, he went into the court-yard again, where melted snow-water frozen clear again, enamelling the rounded causeway stones, made locomotion rather difficult, until we arrived at a low door, which being unlocked, we descended the steps into a large vault, one side ranged with a few butts of wine, and on the other, pieces of the strong white cloth, used by the Hungarian peasantry for their top coats, hard as a board, and able to withstand several showers of rain, as if it were a Mackintosh.

"The weaving is simple enough," said my host; "but what makes the demand so unsteady," added he, rubbing his brow as if friction would brighten his brain, "is always a puzzle to me. Sometimes the cloth will accumulate for a couple of years, in this cellar, and if our ancestors had not taught us some thrift, we should be ruined, and then, *Juhey!* all of a sudden comes such a demand, that my wife asks me what people do with so much of it, and I answer, 'Good wife, if it were not all paid for with jingling zwanzigers, I should think that it was thrown into the Danube, so sudden and sharp is the demand.'"

After a homely repast upstairs, the notary of the village made his appearance, with a similar finely embroidered Vandyke frill, and a hat with a voluminous brim of the identical cut of Jan Steen's burghers, and as the host poured me out a glass of his best tun, of the year of our Lord 1824, with a taste like that of Barsac, but of a deep, clear, golden tint, he said, "Good is your cloth in England, but can your grapes give a better wine than that?"

"I venture to aver not," said I.

"I will yet make the journey to England," said he, "I do think."

"So will I," said the notary, who was also a cloth-weaver, "but the sea-sickness—the sea-sickness! Do many die of that malady?"

"Very few," said I; "I should reckon the drinking of wine of English grapes, the more dangerous experiment on the stomach of the two."

"But could I not," said he, "by making a round-about get to England by land?"

A loud roar of laughter suspended the discourse; our worthy host's long grey locks and ample incorporation shaking with merriment, as he took up an apple and asked the notary "If this apple swims in the middle of a basin of water, how can it touch the sides of the basin?"

The notary was shocked beyond measure at this homely discomfiture, and drawing himself up with magisterial gravity, turned to me, and in order to establish his reputation for geographical knowledge said, "Can you tell us whether London or Pekin is the larger?"

You may be sure, so far as politics are concerned, in such an old-fashioned place as this, the revolutionary mania found little *pabulum*; accustomed to pursue an industrious occupation in this peaceful vale, and enjoy their ancient liberties and franchise, they viewed the ultra-Magyar mania with the utmost apathy, and awaking in the midst of civil broils they were as much abroad as Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep, and to this hour they have the same idea of a Szekler as a Dutchman of the Hudson has of a Cherokee. Taking a walk through the place after *déjeûner*, we found in every house we visited the same symptoms of steady, laborious industry, scrupulous cleanliness, accumulative thrift, and tasteless superfluity of furniture and equipments,—with no knowledge of the arts and sciences of civilised Europe; but on visiting the school, and talking with the schoolmaster, not a single male or female of the Saxon nation was to

be found in the place not carefully instructed in reading, writing, cyphering, singing, mental calculation, and the history of the bible. As we departed, a hymn, to a massive, simple old German tune, was resounding through the school-room, and the yellow tints on the crests of the Carpathians showing the advance of the day, we got into our carriage, and in the night arrived at Herrmanstadt.¹

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF BEM'S PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS—
SCHÄSSBURG—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES—MAGYARS—SAXONS
—BEM'S HABITS—BEM'S CAMPAIGNS.

I now started for the line of the river Kokel and for Schässburg, which, although a small place, was the scene of the principal operations of Bem, for here Transylvania was gained by him, and here too it was lost.

¹ I was at first a little puzzled by the two names of Saxons and Flandrenses, and was in doubt whether these people were Saxons or Flemings, for, as already stated, although called Saxons, their dialect is that of Dusseldorf. I find that a large number of Saxons were transported by Charlemagne into Flanders, then an almost waste country, in the eighth century; and it appears to have been between this period and the eleventh and twelfth centuries that Flemish industry, of which the cloth manufacture was the principal part, became developed. It is curious to find, that the manufactures of Yorkshire and Heldau, however different in extent and quality, had a common origin, and that the Saxony cloths of both places derive their names from Flemish Saxons. "Several testimonies to the flourishing condition of Flemish manufactures occur in the twelfth century, and some might perhaps be found even earlier. A writer of the thirteenth, asserts that all the world was clothed from English wool wrought in Flanders. This, indeed, is an exaggerated vaunt; but the Flemish stuffs were probably sold wherever the sea or a navigable river permitted them to be carried. Cologne was the chief trading city upon the Rhine, and its merchants, who had been considerable under the Emperor Henry IV., established a factory at London in 1220," (*i. e.* twelve years after the foundation of Cronstadt in Transylvania.)—*Hallam's Middle Ages.*

My first day was to Mediasch, which is not a great way on the map, but took four stout horses from four in the morning to six at night, from the thaw of the frost that had taken place. The road leads from the Saxon land, and every hour or two we come to those old-fashioned villages, which left abundant marks of having been hotly contested by both parties. They are mostly built on eminences, and preserve their original walls, towers, and fortified churches, just as in the middle ages, and a newly-built house is a rarity, for, owing to preventive checks and the fear of a more numerous offspring than their land and capital can provide for, the population has remained stationary. The Saxon land is therefore a complete contrast to the towns of Hungary, where a fresh stream of German artisans has been the proximate cause of the construction of many streets with a type common to that of the German part of the monarchy. Another cause of those Saxon towns having made so little progress in population, notwithstanding their industry and intelligence, is the absurd strictness of the crafts and incorporations. An artisan, when he gets no work at Prague or Vienna, goes to Pesth, Temesvar, or Arad, just as readily as to Styria, but let him beware of Herrmanstadt or Schässburg, for there are no means of his getting into the incorporations in those places.

Schässburg, at which I now arrived, is the most picturesque looking place in Transylvania; the upper town occupies the peak of a hill, and you might suppose it to be a corner of Nuremberg carried off to the Carpathians. It is entered by a barbican; a high square curious tower, with portcullis of great beams of wood, the points shod with iron and ready to transfix whoever might seek to enter. The tower itself was constructed so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, a period when the large towns of Germany were already palladianised; but not so the Saxon land, for this most curious monument had quite the cut of the German art that followed in the wake of the perfection of pointed architecture in the

twelfth century, and continued to the end of the sixteenth. It produced no Raphael, no Palladio and Michael Angelo; but what a crowd of curious cities, pictures, and edifices!—Nuremberg and Lübeck,—Memling,—Holbein and Dürer, and turning and carving of wood, that throws all the rest of Europe into the shade. The majesty of simplicity seems to be a comparative stranger to the Teutonic genius (for the modern exceptions are the imitators of Italy)—but what quaintness, what vitality, what ingenuity and what labour and perseverance in the old original German manner!

The inn was very bad, and was rendered even more uncomfortable by a battalion of infantry being on its march through the town, so that I had a room a few feet square; as to getting anything in my apartment that was out of the question. The tap-room was crowded with soldiers as I breakfasted, and each time that I required wood for my fire I had to give the Haus-Knecht a small present.

Schässburg being in the highland part of Transylvania, and it being Christmas, the cold was very severe, marking sixteen degrees of Reaumur, and next morning the Postmaster told me that the cold in the night had been nineteen degrees, and that the estafette from Keresthur had been lifted helpless off his horse, which by custom had rode up to the Post Office, the man being unconscious of even arms or legs, which were immediately put into snow-water, by which he preserved his limbs. But the town itself presented a gay, northern appearance, not unlike the winter scene of the "Prophet"; all were enveloped in furs, the atmosphere was perfectly clear, and the frost made itself not unwelcome, with azure sky and golden sunshine, while the sledges slipped smoothly along with no wheel-sounds, but the ponies' heads jingling with little bells depending from their gay bridles; and at night, being Christmas eve, there was masking and mumming, guises and guisards, and a good deal of laughter produced by a man dressed up as a bear, with his bear-leader.

I enjoyed the festivities of the season at the hospitable house of the amiable and accomplished Count and Countess Bethlen Gabor, the principal family in this neighbourhood, who are not Saxons, but Magyars, and belong to the ancient family of the renowned prince of that name, who governed Transylvania with such lustre, and was the bulwark of the Protestant faith in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. His history is well known. In 1626, he married Catherine of Brandenburg, of the house of Brandenburg, and repeatedly offered to join Ferdinand II. in a common war against the Turks, provided he would allow liberty of conscience to the Protestants, but the unhappy Jesuitical education of this narrow-minded prince was a barrier to every arrangement. The house of Bethlen is still the wealthiest and most considerable in Transylvania, although, from division of inheritance, several of them are in mediocre pecuniary circumstances. The conduct of the Saxons during the late crisis to this family was not very chivalric. When the troubles commenced the Countess had been but three days delivered of a child; they fled from the château to the town to avoid being murdered by the Daco-Romans, but on arrival at the gates they found them shut, and the calculating burghers, to avoid having within their walls a man whom they might be asked to deliver up to these hordes of barbarians, offered to admit the Countess and her family, but not her husband. On which this noble and spirited woman said: "If you do not admit my husband, I will not ask you to admit me, but with my infant child will share his fate whatever that might be." Being thus shamed into a more humane and liberal line of conduct, the gates were opened. Thus we see how this unhappy setting of race against race, which was begun by the ultra-Magyar faction, ended in a manner, which has involved in the reaction, the lives and properties of thousands of moderate and loyal Magyars.

What ever may be the political faults of the ultra-Magyar fanatics, there can be no doubt of the superiority of the

Magyar aristocracy to every other race in the land in the art of society. There is an ease and cordiality, without familiarity or bluntness, which no other race in all the land possesses in any thing like even a proximate degree. The Slaav has too much innate secretiveness, which in spite of every art oozes through; the German and Saxon is sensible and sincere, but he is dry, stiff, awkward, and ungainly; but the females of the Magyar aristocracy are certainly charming, and for the sake of my worthy friend Mr. Balfe, I was much pleased to see that the music selected on several occasions, in this delightful circle, was from his operas, and that no modern music of the lighter description was more popular in the recesses of this distant principality.

At a Saxon soirée I was struck with the plain good sense of the conversation, and the music was excellent, one amateur violin player being admirable, and while the attainments of the educated Daco-Romans tends to the showy and superficial, those of the Saxon are, more or less, those which demand perseverance. The passion of dancing and of singing simple airs is universal among the Daco-Romans; but an advanced cultivation of music or of any other art or science requiring lengthened and patient study, is almost unknown.

The more I saw of Hungary and Transylvania, the more the two figures of Bem and Georgey magnified in my estimation, and the more Kossuth shrunk to the proportions of those of the unpractical enthusiast and the revolutionary orator, with an utter lack of judgment in political or military affairs. This is shown in small matters as well as great; a strain of sentimental balderdash is to be found not merely in his addresses intended to move the masses, but in short business despatches to his own official subordinates, even on matters of pressing importance. There was no rhetorical nonsense about Bem and Georgey. *Le style c'est l'homme*. I saw the originals of many of the despatches of Bem, and they were models of luminous conception, of classical brevity and perspicuity

of exposition, and mostly written by himself in French, in a neat, clear hand upon a thin yellowish paper.

He lodged at Schässburg at the apartments of the Postmaster; small rooms fitted up with blue moreen. His history is so well known that I need not repeat a thrice-told tale. He was of the Roman Catholic religion up to his adoption of Islamism, and spoke Polish as a matter of course with vernacular fluency, French very well, but his German was, as the Postmaster told me, very slow and broken, but when he took time he managed to explain himself fully and intelligibly. His complexion was pale and sickly, and although the extraction of a ball from the bone had given him great relief, yet the wound never healed, and it required a full hour's dressing and bandaging every morning, by two female servants who accompanied him every where, and in consequence of this crippled condition he could not mount on horseback, but had to be lifted on by two men, which certainly adds to the marvellous of his marvellous campaign. His hairs were grey, his eyes blue, his lips somewhat turned up, and he never shaved, but kept his beard and mustachios close clipped.

His usual breakfast was coffee and a little broiled or roasted turkey; he then would frequently remain all day in his room writing despatches and sometimes working with his secretary, and did not like announcements to be perpetually made to him except they were of decided importance. In manner he was pleasant, but by no means conversational or social. He dined at four o'clock, alone, seldom or never with his staff, who ate in a side apartment, and with whom he had little or no conversation. His measures being entirely adopted after weighing the most important announcements, and ruminating by the hour over the maps. He carried very few papers with him, and usually comprised his archives in a piece of tape and stowed them into his breast-pocket, leaving no papers in his room behind him when he went out; and his superior officers and staff were often in perfect

ignorance of his intentions until the orders for their execution were issued. He told the Postmaster that he had no chance of living beyond the year 1850, and the recent account of his death shows that his prognostic, founded no doubt on the consciousness of a shattered frame, has turned out correct.

Bem, after receiving the army destined for the reduction of Transylvania, made for the defiles leading into that country from Hungary, with a small force of 6,000 men; his object being in the first instance the reduction of Clausenburg, the capital, which, having a large Magyar population, afforded resources, and a *point d'appui*, not only so as to give a preponderating decision to the Szeklers, but to undertake the more arduous operation of the conquest of the Saxon land in the south, where the Austrian General Puchner had concentrated his forces on the territory of a nation opposed to the designs of the repeal faction.

The first of these objects was rapidly attained. Not only did Bem scatter the reserve on which General Warden counted, but the moral effect of a blow so sudden and unexpected tended considerably to demoralise the Austrian troops; and, after a short struggle, Bem not only became master of Clausenburg, but General Urban's force,—which had been hemmed in by this sudden manœuvre, and had escaped in the night by the sagacity of this wily and indefatigable partisan,—was, along with the rest of the imperial troops in this part of Transylvania, driven out into the Bukovina. Thus all northern Transylvania was in the power of Bem—not only the capital where the sympathies of the population were with him, and which presented the resources for equipment, clothing, and artisans, but Bistritz, a Saxon ethnographical island of considerable territorial wealth, and abounding in supplies of corn, forage, and horses.

After refitting and increasing his army which, after the brilliant success of his first operation, had unbounded confidence in him, he proceeded southwards to the Kokel,

a considerable tributary of the Maros, which in two branches flows from the Szeklerland westwards to its confluence with this river, a little to the north of the Carlsburg. At a little place called Galfalva, Bem first met the Austrian army of the south. Having made his dispositions, the battle took place at the first peep of misty dawn—and victory again declared for Bem. The Austrians retreated, but not unmolested, as had been foreseen and provided for by Bem, who, by a *détour*, had sent a battery of horse-artillery, which opened upon them on their retreat; and as they retired along the valley, hotly pursued by Bem's cavalry and infantry, the artillery continued to move along the parallel ridge, and to pour a destructive fire on the Austrian troops in the valley below.

Encouraged by this success, Bem now made a decided movement to attack Herrmanstadt, the head quarters of General Puchner; but at a place in the vicinity of that town, called Salzburg, was so severely beaten by the Austrian general, that having lost the greater part of his artillery and baggage, he was compelled to retreat in the direction of Hungary, taking the high road to Arad and Temesvar, *viâ* Muhlenbach, his design being if possible to effect a junction with reinforcements which he expected from that quarter. So near was Bem to destruction at this point, that the Austrians looked upon his surrender as a matter of course. Bem might have been hemmed in and taken at Muhlenbach; but however distinguished Austrian troops may be in steadiness, discipline, stubborn valour, and a patience and constancy in difficulties that is worthy of all praise, the same phenomenon presented itself in the Transylvanian campaign which was so perceptible in the wars with Napoleon, and to which the career of Radetzky forms so striking an exception,—a singular lack of decision and rapidity, even when those qualities could be exercised not only with perfect safety, but with an unequivocal prospect of success, and the lack of which in the critical moment proved the loss of Transylvania.

Bem escaped out of Muhlenbach down the Maros to

Piski, not far from the frontier of Hungary; where, aided by Baron Kemeny, he made a gallant stand at the bridge of that place, which I passed on my entrance into Transylvania, and which is at the mouth of the romantic vale of Hatseg, where the ancient capital of the Dacians was situated. On the following morning, before daybreak, Bem re-crossed the river at a place and time that were equally unexpected, and, aided by the reinforcements from Hungary, turned the tables on the Austrian general, who now made a disastrous retreat to Herrmanstadt, and lost during its course 1,900 killed and wounded. After this, as many troops as the Russians could spare, occupied Cronstadt and Herrmanstadt, while Puchner with this support, after several operations on the Kokel, renewed the offensive against Bem, who, in order to place himself in communication with the Szeklers, had taken up the strong position of Schässburg. And the succeeding events formed the most brilliant episode in the career of Bem.

Puchner had received many hints from the people of Herrmanstadt, that they were tired of the inconvenience arising from the town being occupied by so large a force; and many representations were made of the necessity of his attacking Schässburg, and relieving their fellow Saxons from the presence of Bem: and as a courier had arrived from General Malachowsky, in Gallicia, stating that he was on the march from the Bukovina into Transylvania, and would operate upon Maros-vasarhely, the capital of the Szeklers, situated between Bistritz and Schässburg, Puchner at length considered that he was justified in resuming the offensive. The first operations on the Kokel were marked by vicissitudes; and I found it very difficult to make out this part of the campaign, and am, at this moment, in doubt whether the strong position which Bem took at Schässburg was from necessity or from choice; each party maintaining the one opinion and the other. At all events Schässburg being a strong position, Puchner did not consider himself entitled to attack it in front; he, therefore, perfectly depending on General Malachowsky

operating in the rear of Bem, made a fatal *détour* by the mountains to the right, which proved the loss of Transylvania, and which is commonly called, in that country, *Das umgehen bei Sanct Agatha*; and, probably, this phrase will acquire historic currency with ages yet unborn, in characterising this critical movement.

Deep snow had covered all Transylvania, in February, 1849; but as the spring approached, a thaw took place; and as even the high road from Herrmanstadt to Schässburg is none of the best, and as Puchner had been entirely deceived as to the practicability of the cross-roads (which, even in dry summer, were unfitted for artillery, and, after a thaw in spring, were all but impassable), it required twelve oxen to drag each gun through the snow, water, and mud, while the troops were discouraged by difficulties, unrelieved by the glorious excitement of warfare.

Bem, with the instinct of true military genius, at once comprehended that while Puchner was taking the *arc*, he could take the *chord*; and that while the former was adventitiously prolonged by the elements, the latter was relatively shortened by being a highroad, for the most part macadamised after an imperfect fashion. He, therefore, saw that Herrmanstadt lay open to him, in which all the material and resources of the Austrian army were concentrated. Knowing well the sloughs that Puchner had to pass, he was in no hurry to start, from fear that Puchner, timely averted, might retrace his steps, and meet him in the valley of the Kokel. He, therefore, gave his troops a good night's rest, an ample allowance of provisions, and, secure of the impossibility of being disturbed by Puchner, pushed on, with nearly all his force, to Herrmanstadt, drove the Russians out of that city, pursued them through the Rothenthurm Pass into Wallachia, and thus wound up the campaign by one of the most brilliant operations in modern warfare; for the Russian allies of Austria marched out to attack Bem, in front of the town, in the full persuasion that Puchner was following close at his heels.

When poor Puchner arrived at Schässburg, he found only a couple of battalions, as a mask, and then, fully sensible of the posture of affairs, made all speed towards Herrmanstadt, having received the disastrous intelligence that Malachowsky, instead of being in Maros-vasarhely, as he expected, had been, when on his march, recalled by General Hammerstein, as, on account of the state of Galicia, not a man could be spared from that part of the empire. But the march of the troops back from Schässburg, even although by the high-road, was a tedious operation; for the valley was flooded with the thawed snow from the mountains, and the troops were over the ankles in mud, and dreadfully dispirited by a long and fruitless march.

At a small village between Herrmanstadt and Leschkirch, Puchner, in a carriage, at two o'clock in the morning, met an officer coming from Herrmanstadt, to whom he said: "Here I am with my men. What news from Herrmanstadt?" "It was taken at ten o'clock last night," answered the officer; on which Puchner, who was an old man above seventy, and had risen up from a severe illness to undertake the last operation, suddenly grew faint, and appeared quite overcome with the intelligence, and immediately thereafter gave up the command to General Kalliani, and the whole Austrian force retreated into Wallachia.

The qualities which Bem showed in this campaign, were matchless daring, and imperturbable coolness and fortitude, when his fortunes were at the worst. Great skill in his dispositions, consummate ability as a director of artillery, and, at the conclusion of the campaign, a moderation, a good sense, and a humanity, which forms a most striking contrast to the ruthless fanaticism of the genuine ultra-Magyar repealer. On the other hand, his foolhardiness brought him to the brink of destruction at Salzburg. He generally expected too much from his men. He was a helter-skelter man of business, and had not the least idea of how the commissariat department of an army ought to be supervised—a most important part of the duty of a general—which exposed his troops to great loss and suffering.

It is by this brilliant campaign in which he trampled on seeming impossibilities, that his name is likely to go down to posterity as the Napoleon of Transylvanian guerilla. In the Russian campaign he does not appear in so favourable a light, having committed the great error of scattering his force to such an extent, that in the decisive battle which took place near Schässburg, and in which he was annihilated, he brought into action only 4,000 troops of the Transylvanian army, amounting to between 30,000 and 40,000 men. It was, however, merely a question of time, as ultimate defeat was certain, the Russian corps amounting to 60,000 men, under generals such as Luders, Engelhardt and others of tried ability, and assisted by not less than 120 of the best officers of the Caucasus, who had been transferred to the Carpathians for this purpose, while the troops themselves were peculiarly fitted for this service; including several *polks* of Cossacks, which, although like cavalry, natives of steppes, had been trained to go up the highest mountains; and although the Tömös and Törzburg Passes from Wallachia, leading to Kronstadt, were defended with the greatest obstinacy by the brave Szeklers, yet they were found untenable when the peaks of the mountain by sun-rise were seen to be occupied by light troops, horse and foot: the Finland riflemen pouring down a well directed fire on the heads of the Szeklers who served the artillery that was intended to mow down the regular troops that advanced with fixed bayonets by the high road.

A successful campaign against such overwhelming numbers of an army, trained to mountain warfare, and supported by reserves stretching in columns to Moscow and the Caucasus, might be expected by a statesman of the Kossuth stamp, in whom incendiary rhetoric occupy the place of a rational estimate of military possibilities, but could not have been counted on by any man in his sound senses. At the same time, a greater concentration of Bem's troops and a sudden outburst upon one of the *corps d'armée* would certainly have prolonged the contest.

Maros-vasarhely was the head quarters of Bem, and General Luders having occupied Schässburg with 12,000 men, Bem advanced along the plain of the Kokel to attack him with a force of only 4,000 men. Luders knowing the force of Bem's Transylvanian army, never supposed for a moment that this was all the troops that were to appear, and he said to his officers, "The old fox will not deceive me in this way;" and fully expecting that some other corps was about to make its appearance at the decisive moment, he sent down only 4,000 men into the plain, and, at the same time, sent a small force of light troops to dislodge a similar force that Bem had sent to make a demonstration on the wooded heights; but when it at length appeared that it was a mere fit of desperation in Bem, the Cossacks rushed up to the muzzles of the artillery, where Bem was himself stationed, and the general being compelled to retreat, the whole force took to flight. Nine out of his twelve guns being taken by the Russians, and a considerable portion of their force having never quitted the character of a reserve corps, or fired a shot.

When I passed the field of battle I was shown the spot where the Russian general, Skariatin, was killed on a slight eminence just under a wood. The cannon ball, said to be pointed by Bem himself, struck the hillock in front of him, and brushed diagonally past his padded breast without striking the body, but the concussion was so great that death ensued. The fall of night saved Bem from being taken; abandoned by his officers, he stuck fast for two hours in a bog, which was shown me, on the way to Keresthur, the crippled condition of his limbs having resisted all his efforts to escape during that period. He passed the night after having been relieved, at the residence of Count Matskasy, a conservative Szekler nobleman, to whom I was introduced by Baron Heydte, and in answer to my eager questions during the day that I spent with him, relative to the condition of Bem when in this plight, the family informed me that he arrived at about ten o'clock at night, dreadfully exhausted in body and alter-

nately dejected in mind at the disaster of the day, and irritated with his staff. After a bath and change of clothes he sat down to supper, but only took a little soup and declined all other dishes. His look contrasted with his usual animated and intellectual expression, and when he awoke out of his stupefaction, it was either to complain loudly of his personal staff or to reflect upon the battle, having said three times in the course of the repast, "*Quelle honte! J'ai perdu dix pièces d'artillerie.*" "*Quelle honte! Une cinquantaine de Kosagues m'ont pris dix pièces d'artillerie.*"

It appeared that the bog was a dead arm of the Kokel, a river in winter and a morass in summer; having been compelled, by the rapid approach of the pursuing Cossacks, to leap out of his carriage and leave it behind, making the best of his way across an Indian corn-field, until stopped by the bog. At Keresthur, instead of continuing his rout, he undressed and went to bed, saying there was no danger of the Russians coming up with him, and next morning before day-break he left the house.

The rest of his career may be described in a few words. Collecting 7,000 men from Clausenburg and other places, he attempted to repeat the manœuvre, which had been successful with Puchner, and marching suddenly to Herrmanstadt, compelled the Russian general, Hassford, then and there in charge of the Russian resources, to retreat with his 800 baggage waggons to the Rothenthurm Pass; and Bem kept Herrmanstadt until Luders, by rapid marches, brought his 16,000 or 18,000 men to that town. But Bem's back had been broken at Schässburg, and the march to Herrmanstadt, with the certainty of his being driven out by Luders, was like the vivid contortion of an animal, who is struck down and is between life and death. Bem arrived at the head quarters of the army of the Banat a totally defeated fugitive, and nothing but the most contemptibly crass ignorance of the position and prospects of the armies in the plain under Georgey could suggest the possibility of a ray of success for the armies

of Hungary with the Transylvanian mountain bastion in entire and complete possession of the Austrian and Russian troops.

This short sketch has been suggested by my visit to Schässburg, in the environs of which were the decisive operations by which Bem first gained, and then lost Transylvania; but the long siege of Carlsburg, and an account of what passed in the Szekler-land and around Cronstadt, Bistritz and other places, would require volumes instead of a chapter. The most distinguished officers on the Magyar side, were Kemeny, Kis, who defended the Carpathian Pass, and for personal courage, Counts Mikes and Gregory Bethlem. Worthy of praise on the other side, is General Luders, who showed himself to be practical and skilful. General Engelhardt distinguished himself by great personal bravery. With regard to General Hassford's able retreat from Herrmanstadt through the Rothenthurm Pass there is a difference of opinion; some severely censuring General Luders for leaving him with so small a force and so heavy a baggage train, which but for Hassford's prompt dispositions, incurred the risk of the Russian army losing the greater part of their baggage. However this may be, success has ensured General Luders the prominent place. Of the unfortunate Puchner, who in youth had an active and successful career, I have already spoken, and report was highly favourable to General Clamggallas, who commanded the Austrian troops in the Russian campaign, as well as to Baron Heydte, who during all the war proved himself an excellent partisan leader. Of General Urban, who demands a more especial notice, I shall have something to say at Clausenburg.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SZEKLER—UDVARHELY—THE SZEKLER CONSTITUTION—
KERESTHUR—UNITARIANS—SZEKLER NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

Brave and hardy in physical constitution, the Szekler is the inhabitant of the mountain region that approximates to the mouths of the Danube, and the streams from which water a considerable portion of the principality of Moldavia; and as Udvarhely and Maros-vasarhely are towns of which many readers have never heard, I hope they do not consider me as losing my time on subordinate places, when taking a look at the permanent garrison of the great bastion of forests and precipices that juts out into that part of the Ottoman Empire which adjoins Southern Russia. I had heard many rumours of robbers and dangers when in Herrmanstadt, and was advised to let the Szeklerland alone, but no accident of an adventurous description occurred to me in the course of my tour, and after the war there seemed a general disposition for a sleepy tranquillity. Much was no doubt owing to the exertions of Baron Heydte, a man of popular and conciliatory manners, who speaks the language fluently, and proved himself a gallant soldier during the war.

The origin of the Szekler nation is involved in a dark obscurity; some writers maintaining, that they are the true descendants of the Huns of Attila, who, after overrunning the Roman Empire, permanently settled in the romantic vales of Dacia Transylvania. If such be their origin, habit has considerably altered their character from that of a nomade race, that encamps on the steppes, or *pusztas*, as attempts were made during the revolutionary crisis to transplant this dense compact population to parts of Hungary, such as the Bacska, where the Magyar population is largely mingled with Servians and Germans; but the question always was, "Has the Bacska mountains? Has the Bacska forests? If not, it has no charms for us."

Certain it is, that they preceded the Magyars, by probably a century; and although having a different dialect of the same language, now speak the Magyar in the same manner as the inhabitants of Hungary, but with a slight singing twang.

Udvarhely, the ancient capital of the Szeklers, is surrounded by hills, and has 8000 inhabitants. Most of the houses are built of, or roofed with wood, and with the exception of the church, the Calvinistic college, and half-a-dozen other houses, looks just like a Turkish town. The fair was held while I was there, and the streets were crowded with male and female Szeklers, who are certainly a fine race, the women being handsome, and the men compactly built. Nearly all were dressed in homewove and home-made cloths. The webs of coarse iron-grey cloth piled up in booths, and a large traffic going on in small Transylvanian horses, but there was a great want of those colonials and manufactures which betoken civilisation. For the Szekler dresses himself in his drugget and sheep-skin, or Saxon home-made linen, and instead of coffee and sugar, makes a large consumption of bacon and home-made brandy.

On the great square is the Calvinistic college, which was shown me by the professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, a very intelligent man, who had studied in Berlin. It is a quadrangle with a monument to the builder of the edifice in the centre, but no lectures had been given for some time; the events of the war having dispersed the college, and professors, and all the students having been enrolled in Bem's army. The subjects taught are theology, mathematics, physics, and law; and on examining the library, I found very few Magyar books, most of the works being Latin and German ones of the seventeenth century. All the class-room windows and stoves had been knocked to pieces by the barbarous Daco-Roman militia.

The Catholic church is situated at the top of the hill on which Udvarhely is built, and is such a remarkable

instance of good taste, as struck me with surprise in the Szekler land, and made me ask myself if accident had produced those pleasing proportions, or if a mute inglorious Wren or Perrault, building a Catholic church at the other end of Transylvania, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, had gone backwards in search of the simpler forms of preceding periods. In Udvarhely it certainly was a wonder, for the modern churches of Hungarian country towns are generally the choicest models of the worst taste imaginable.

All the rest of Udvarhely was miserable in the extreme; and the sun having partially thawed the snow, this circumstance, along with the great traffic of the fair, rendered the streets ankle deep with mud; against which even the fair sex were well provided, as many a young girl, with delicate features and fine complexion, was seen trudging helter-skelter through the mud, in her enormous thick soled boots that came up to the knee.

There is no middle class in Udvarhely. It has no Casino with newspapers, or any class having intelligence, so as to make it worth the traveller's while to remain for a short time and cultivate acquaintance. The Szekler is a soldier-peasant; persons of education are the rare exception; the only seat of anything like a middle class is Maros-vasarhely, which was for a long period considered the capital of the Szeklerland; but Udvarhely in antiquity has the precedence. The Szekler has several points of difference from the Magyar, as well in geographical peculiarity as in local and municipal institutions. They had no magnates, that is to say, princes, counts, and barons, in their ancient constitution, and the *primarii*, *primipili*, and *piccidarii*, were knights, yeomen, and footmen or infantry, and the land was not divided into counties, but into six *stools*, or Sessions of Justice—magnates and serfs being equal strangers to the aboriginal constitution, which was of a more republican cast than that of Hungary, and the traces of which spirit pervaded all their legislation; for instance, in Hungary the king is, as with

us, the *ultimus haeres* when a person dies intestate without lawful heirs; but in the Szekler-land, when such a contingency occurred, the land was divided among the next neighbours.

But there are several Hungarian magnates of Szekler origin and property. The principal family of this description in the neighbourhood of Udvarhely, are the Counts Matscasy,* at whose house I spent a day at Keresthur, which, for a wonder, was not burnt down or destroyed; for, being in the Szekler-land, it was more secure than those residences in the Daco-Roman districts. In order to give an idea of what such mansions are, I may mention, that they are usually, like the French châteaux, close upon the road, and are built no higher than one floor, forming three sides of a large court-yard. A large hall leads from the central door to the back of the house, and is of such extent as to be a ball-room in case of a festival occasion, and leading from it, on the right and left, are dining-room and drawing-room, beyond which are the private apartments of the family, and on the other side of the hall those of the guests. Previous to the revolution it was a common thing for persons of good landed property to keep open house; but with the spread of better inns, and the greater frequency of communication, this custom had for some years been much circumscribed; and, since the revolution, the perpetual visiting that went on among county families, and even the unceremonious reception of all strangers, necessarily gave way, after a large proportion of the incomes of the landed proprietors were swept away by the Batthyany-Kossuth legislation.

The position of the landed proprietor in this part of the world is any thing but enviable; he is not like the British landlord, deriving a fixed income from farms let to parties at a stated rent; he is, in some respects, himself a farmer; and, therefore, compelled to cultivate by the means of persons whom he employs, or his income is made up by payments in kind. All this compels the landed

proprietor, either to go through a great deal of drudgery in order to raise his income or to delegate the management of it to others, who, by collusion or speculation, manage to enrich themselves, while there are endless lawsuits about the proportions due to peasant and landlord; for the Szekler is very litigious and obstinate, and I heard at this place of a law-suit about one fowl, the expenses of which amounted to 12*l.* sterling. And I do not believe, from all I have seen in the various customs of Europe, that there is any landed proprietor whose position is equal to those in the lowlands of Scotland and the North of England, who receive their incomes without trouble from a capitalist tenantry, and know almost to a certainty what their income is. As for the landed proprietor in Hungary and Transylvania, the worry and vexation of such a system, and the certainty of being deceived, perhaps ruined, if a diligent supervision be relaxed, renders his position the reverse of the easy life of what we associate with the idea of landed propriety.

At Keresthur the day slipped rapidly away in the society of my host and hostess, the lady being acquainted with English and French literature, and rather complaining that her lot was cast so far away from the brilliant intellectual circles of the capitals of Europe, while I was all curiosity to learn how they had felt during the war.

"It was a dreadful time," said the lady. "We escaped as far as life and our homes were concerned, but the year of perpetual terror and anxiety has made me at least ten years older in constitution; and yet, we ought to be thankful for having escaped the fate of so many others. You are a young man, and I will not waste wishes on your being a rich or a great man, but if you are disposed for the best specimen of my good will that my experience has furnished, God preserve your country from a murderous civil war of race against race, class against class, and religion against religion."

In the afternoon Baron G——, the son-in-law of this worthy couple, took me out to see the village, in which

is a Unitarian college and church, for this is one of the four established religions in Transylvania; this principality being, as far as I have been able to learn, the only portion of Europe, with the exception of Switzerland, in which this sect has a distinct recognition by the state; and, at first sight, this looks like a more enlarged spirit of toleration than would be congenial even to the feelings of a large portion of the Protestants of Great Britain; but any scheme of religious equality in Transylvania, which excludes the Greek faith of the Daco-Romans, is like the tragedy of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted. There are thirty-six Unitarian churches in the curule session of Udvarhely; and in the one which I visited at Keresthur, I found an organ, but no altar; and in the library, many English books, presented by the London Unitarian Association. The Szekler Protestants are all either Calvinistic or Unitarian, and are, as far as I could learn, without Lutherans; and as the Saxons are almost all of this confession, Lutheranism is denominated by the Szekler, *Szas wasas*, or Saxon religion; and Luther is to this day regarded by the whole Saxon race in Transylvania with a sympathy, veneration, and affection, which three centuries have scarcely cooled.

As we are on the topic of religion, I may mention, as an instance of the petty fanaticism which politico-religionism engenders to the detriment of the christianity of Christ, that close crafts or guilds flourish in all their exclusiveness at Udvarhely, and that Catholics and Calvinists are quite agreed in shutting out Lutherans and Unitarians as much as possible from their guilds, and even until within the last twenty years, not even a Calvinist could be a bootmaker in Udvarhely, which is an important trade, as all the men and women here wear these large boots. This was in consequence of a by-law that every bootmaker must have a crucifix in his shop. The obligatory crucifix fell at length into desuetude and Calvinist bootmakers were admitted, but they were equally ready to join with the Catholics in excluding Lutherans and Unitarians, on

various shabby pretexts, such as declaring that the boots are not well made. It is to be hoped that the new organisation will put an end to these abuses.

When I was at Udvarhely, Baron Heydte, the new governor, was going on as well as could be wished; his first step was to improve communications, for the road to Schässburg was an *ad libitum* track in the plain, almost impassable in bad weather; but he collected, in the course of the autumn, 1500 labourers, with 300 carts, dug two parallel trenches, and scattering gravel from the neighbouring river in the middle of the road, made a well-drained practicable road, over which I passed in thaw weather, so well as to excite my surprise.

On this line of road I saw the celebrated field of Egyagfalva, on which the national assemblies of the Szeklers are held, and which is a plain, situated between the road and a hill. Here was held, in 1506, the National Assembly, in which, after a revolt caused by the levying of the sixth ox throughout the realm on the birth of an heir to the crown, according to ancient custom, the Szekler nation renewed its fealty to the sovereign. There in 1848, on the 16th of October, 60,000 Szeklers assembled to resist the Daco-Roman insurrection. The meeting in question was harangued by Berzentzy, a fiery agitator of great eloquence, and as an instance of the phrenzy of the occasion, I may mention that a platform forty feet high had been erected, and that a man standing on it cried out, "I will throw myself from the platform, and if I am killed the Magyar cause is lost, but if I escape alive the Magyars and Szeklers will gain the day." On this he leaped from the scaffold and was not killed, and having been cured of his fractures, is, I believe, still alive.

In short all parties seemed to have taken leave of their sober senses, and when the mind seeks for revolutionary parallels to what has passed during the Kossuth orgies of liberty, it goes rather to the spurious sentimentality of the Palais Royal, in the days of Camille Desmoulins, and

Barrere, than to the plain unvarnished acts and facts and natural dignity of the English revolutionists of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAROS-VASARHELY — APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN — TELEKI LIBRARY—LEARNED SZEKLER — NATIONAL FANATICISM — JUDICIAL CORRUPTION.

I now quitted the vale of the Great Kokel, and crossed over to that of the Little Kokel, and put up at the solitary inn at the passage, the accomodation as usual being very scanty. The inn-keeper was a Bohemian tailor; the tap-room was his work-shop, and at the same time the kitchen of the establishment. So that the goose revolving at the spit had a double reposing on the shopboard. There was but one table for the accommodation of the guests, and I had for messmates my own coachman; three drunken Szekler peasants, and a female camp-follower, who had gone through all the campaign, and was a fierce and determined enemy of the house of Habsburg and of the traitor Georgey in particular, whose base surrender had produced considerable havoc in her revenues. As my coachman spoke Magyar, I afterwards asked him why he did not join in conversation with the Szeklers? But he said, with a surprise something like alarm, "Good God, sir, how could you suppose that I could ever *grease* myself with them; for if we begin ever so civilly, we end in blows." The Saxon has not the deficiency of manly courage which disfigures the Daco-Roman, but he certainly does not possess the warlike energy of the Szekler, and an officer of the army told me, that if you put a Szekler, a Saxon, and a Daco-Roman into the same prison together,

you will find, after the lapse of three days, that the Saxon . . . is the master of the Daco-Roman, but the Szekler is the master of the Saxon.

The road then ascends a considerable chain of hills, and, after a similar descent, I found myself once more in the principal basin of the Maros. At the foot of the hill is the spot on which the meetings of the Szeklers of the session of Maros-vasarhely were held, and, at every step, I see reason to believe that the King's name is a "tower of strength" in this country. At a great meeting of Szeklers, held to concert measures to resist the Daco-Romans, the people were not satisfied with the oath to the King of Hungary, but insisted on the name of the Emperor being also added. With a little more timely energy on the part of the Austrian military authorities, the efforts of the emissaries of Kossuth would have failed, for nearly all the wealthy landed proprietors were against the political union with Hungary, and against the disruption of the military union with Austria. But, by a strange perversity, the Austrian troops were concentrated at Herrmanstadt, which was well affected, and at Clausenburg, which was the focus of the revolutionary party, the government of the principality, composed of loyalists, was left with an inadequate supply of military.

Maros-vasarhely is, at the present time, the principal seat of the Szekler property and intelligence, and is very superior to Udvarhely, which is the ancient capital of the Szeklers, and was, up to 1790, the session that had the precedence of the others, and which has also the advantage of a more central position in the Szekler-land; but Maros-vasarhely is the real capital of the Szeklers, being a place of 20,000 inhabitants, with a large square, in the middle of which is a handsome ornamental fountain, and around it many good modern houses, as in the Magyar towns of Hungary, standing cheek by jowl with old, wooden, Turkish-looking cabins, which look like those eye-sores, called condemned houses, in a half-built new quarter of a town.

The principal lion of the place is the library, founded and liberally endowed by Count Samuel Teleki, which the attendant estimated to me at 100,000 volumes; but I really do not think, from its appearance, that it contains above a third of that number. The internal architecture is uncommonly light and elegant, with a double row of round, stilted arches, and symmetrically adorned with busts and pictures, the principal one being a portrait of Prince Bethlen Gabor, his costume being exactly the same as that of Turkish dignitaries of that period. But I could not forbear a smile on seeing a copy of one of the well-known Dutch Cavalier portraits of Rembrandt, inscribed, with large capitals, "Attila." But this is a small matter; and the institution is a noble and patriotic monument of the taste and munificence of the founder.

There is a very pleasant society at Maros-vasarhely, composed of a few families of the landed gentry, and the Professors of the College at this place, and Count Toldalagi and his family did the honours in the most charming manner; but even in the midst of luxury, *Surgit amari aliquid*: in the lofty and well-proportioned rooms, might be seen a handsome cabinet, imperfectly repaired, after the blows of the barbarous hordes of the Daco-Roman militia, in their search for plunder; and among the large party that encircled the sumptuous board, might be seen, in weeds, the pale widow of one of the massacred of Zalatna.

The domestic manners of such a family may be described as follows. In the morning earlier afoot than is usual in capitals. Coffee is taken about eight o'clock, and the landlord spends all his forenoon in tenantry business. Two o'clock is the dinner hour, and after coffee and pipes the carriage is at the door, and a drive is taken until sunset. At eight o'clock in the evening the circle re-assemble—one end of the table being covered and served with dressed dishes and wines, and the other end provided with tea service, so that the guest has his choice, and in a short time, cigars and punch are introduced for the gentlemen; which does not drive the ladies away, but

they remain knitting, talking, and making an occasional excursion to the pianoforte, all which is different from our habits; but—*chaque pays chaque usage*; and although those hours would not suit the business of the Englishman, whose forenoon must be much longer and more undisturbed by a formal entertainment, yet I found the evening to slip most pleasantly away, between politics music, and other sociabilities.

The feelings of this class of persons is that of strong loyalty to the reigning house, complete disapprobation of the violent revolutionary measures of the ultra-Magyar party; but at the same time a strong pride in their own nationality, a great horror of the prospect of anything like Saxon *employés*, and of the substitution of centralisation for the municipal principle—in short, feelings akin to those which would be manifested by the great majority of the persons of property and intelligence in this country. Not a word against the reform of real abuses—not a word against the real abolition of feudalism, by the enfranchisement of the serf, and his elevation to the condition of the citizen of a free country—and not a word in favour of the misnamed, new-fangled abolition of feudalism, which, instead of commuting labour into money-rent, according to fair valuation, by deliberate enactment, turns the farmer into the landlord by a hop-step-and-a-jump, leaving the freeholder who, perhaps six months before, had purchased a property with hard cash, to the revolutionary chapter of accidents.

At Maros-vasarhely I also made the acquaintance of Dr. Dosza, the most learned lawyer of the Szeklers, who belongs to the constitutional liberal party, and is the most erudite of them in the laws and constitution of Hungary and Transylvania. He admitted to me the perfect illegality of the proceedings of the repeal faction in Hungary, but deeply regretted that the Austrian cabinet had not been more early and explicit in their declarations that the vast changes in the military power of the Austrian empire were not regarded by them as a purely Hungarian question;

and I must say that I perfectly agree with this opinion: for I look upon the legal and historical rights of Austria and Hungary to have been of far greater strength, than perhaps even such persons as the professor would admit, and that an early and forcible appeal, not only to the patriotism of the Austrians, but to the loyalty of the great majority of the Hungarians, would have had the happiest effects.

The inn of Maros-vasarhely is large and well-built, but gloomy, from the want of furniture and guests. One evening a man came to me with a mysterious look, glancing round to see that no one listened, and addressing me, said, "As I understand that you are an Englishman, I suppose that you are tri-color;" but I assured him that I identified myself with no party, but was willing to hear intelligence from all. On which he answered, "That he came to get intelligence from me; for there was a report that Bem, at the head of a Turkish force, had penetrated into the Csik-sereda, and had raised the tri-colored standard;" but I assured him that it was fudge, and advised him, if he wished to avoid getting into trouble, to give himself no further concern about the tri-colored flag.

Maros-vasarhely is celebrated as being the place where, during the Diet of 1571, the celebrated act was passed, when Catholicism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, and Unitarianism were made state religions, and which would deserve the name of an act of toleration if the faith of the great majority of the people, who, as already said, are Greeks, had not been totally forgotten. But tranquillity, like the tubs of Tantalus, is as far from tightness as ever; and the bump of destructiveness, no longer developed in the struggle of Pope, Prelate, or Presbyter, takes the direction of language and nationality. Not a word of transubstantiation, or predestination, but *honi-nyelva*, or land-tongue; *mutter-sprache*, or mother-tongue, set all parties by the ears. The ultra-Magyars thrust Magyarism into the schools and churches of the other nations, and compelled the burly Saxons to give up their native parliament, and to

fashion their uncouth dentals and labials in an Asiatic mould. Then was the fusion, or, as the Saxons called it, the *gehässige verschmelzung*; then the "Transylvanian Messenger," under revolutionary influence, held strange language, unknown to the traditions of Saxon journalism, and said, "All historical right is overthrown; whoever appeals to it makes himself ridiculous." These were the days when the liberty of the press was to shed its benign influence over Hungary and Transylvania; and when it was illustrated by the only organ of the press in Herrmanstadt, putting forth a class of opinions and principles abhorrent to the whole nation; and when the gallows or the bullet was the reward of those who like the pastor Roth maintained the doctrine, "That no set of free men would submit to the loss of either their religion or language:" but as Lord Bacon says, in his remarks on *Compositio et Mistio*, "Therefore we see those bodies which they call *imperfecte mista* last not, but are speedily dissolved. . . . For manners, a consent in them is to be sought industriously, but not to be enforced; for nothing amongst people breedeth so much pertinacy in holding their customs, as sudden and violent offers to remove them." In short, the Saxons said, "We are Transylvanians, and not Magyars," just as the Croats and Slovacks said, "We are Hungarians, and not Magyars."

But no sooner are the tables turned, than we find discontent taking another shape. The people of Maros-vasarhely, when I was there, were full of the most violent resentment at several Saxons being employed in the Szekler-land. I asked if there was any objection either to their probity or capacity, but found none assigned; the truth being that the Devil, instead of putting on the purple of Pope, or the sober black of Presbyter, has now taken a fancy to change his clerical for the lay costumes of the frogged and furred Magyar, the flanneled Saxon, and the sandaled Daco-Roman; so that another Diet is much needed at Maros-vasarhely, to bring some accord into the jarring creeds of the religion of nationality. But

all will be insecure, and to be done over again, if, like the Diet of 1571, they forget what is due to the most numerous nation in Transylvania.

The dispositions of the Szekler nation I look upon as of the greatest importance to Austria. A portion of the land is in the military frontier, and therefore has been for many generations under the War-office of Vienna, and forms, from the bravery of the inhabitants, a valuable item for or against any government in Transylvania; and the discipline and obedience of this force, in a time of emergency, depends very much upon the disposition of the civilian part of the population. Unquestionably the employment of any Saxons, however able and meritorious, is a mistake. Nothing could be worse than the standard of probity among the legal functionaries of the Szeklers. For instance, there is a law at Udvarhely and elsewhere, that smoking in the street was not permitted, and punishable by fine. Instances have been known of a man smoking under his own archway, being pushed into the street by a person from behind for the sake of recovering the fine; and justice was most universally polluted by bribery. But with the keen susceptibilities of the Szeklers in matters of national pride, and as the population is less mixed than that of any other territory in Transylvania, it would appear a wise policy to have only Szeklers as civil functionaries, however corrupt they may be. ¹

¹ In conversing with a Szekler on legal procedure, he informed me that the number of offences against the person are, proportionally to other countries, much larger than those against property, from the excessively quarrelsome disposition of the nation. But, by a curious regulation, no complaints are allowed on a Monday. So that the resentment arising from injuries inflicted under the influence of wine on Sunday has time to cool; and thus a great many petty complaints which would otherwise be made do not encumber the roll.

CHAPTER XVII.

CLAUSENBURG — GOLDEN RIVER — DESCRIPTION OF CLAUSENBURG — THE ARISTOCRACY — THEIR LOSSES — GENERAL URBAN — ENGLISH OFFICER — POLITICAL RELATIONS.

The ethnographical division of Transylvania is not so difficult of comprehension, when we recollect that the *southern* part of it is Saxon, that is to say, the country round Herrmanstadt and Cronstadt, with Fagaras in the middle, which is almost purely Daco-Roman. On the east of Transylvania, all the country between Maros-vasarhely and the Wallachian frontier is Szekler. In the north-east is a Saxon island, Bistritz, quite separated from the Saxons in the south. All the rest of Transylvania is Daco-Roman in substratum, with a Magyar proprietary, and a sprinkling of Magyars in the towns and villages.

After quitting Maros-vasarhely, I descended the Maros, and, leaving the Szekler territory, entered that of the mixed description last-mentioned. The hilly country to the right is called the Mezoszek; has a scanty population, and is rich and fertile, and therefore very different from the Szekler-land, which is overstocked with population, and has no ground to spare; so that the Szekler ekes out his subsistence by wood-cutting, not only in his own forests, but also on the Upper Maros, in the north-eastern part of Transylvania, and is altogether much more laborious and industrious than the sauntering Magyar peasant of the plains of Hungary. In Mezoszek food is so abundant, and the population so lazy, that Count K—— assured me positively that he had a fine field of wheat in this district, which rotted in blackness on the ground, because, it being allodial, the peasantry would not cut it down, although he repeatedly offered them a share of the product. Such are the contrasts which a single day's journey offer to the traveller. In one district, every patch of cultivable territory utilised by over-population; and in the next county, separated by a Chinese wall of national antipathy,

a deliberate neglect of resources lying at the hand: and I noticed many cottages in this district without even the kitchen garden, which, with the smallest trouble in the world, would have produced a wholesome and agreeable variety of vegetables.

I then ascended the Aranyos to Thorda, which river is called "Golden," from its sands abounding in this precious metal. All that group of mountains to the westward of Transylvania, that separates it from the plains of Hungary and the basins of the Koros, abounds in the precious metals, more particularly gold. But although the Aranyos has a large Daco-Roman population, the laborious process of gold-washing is in the hands of the gipsies, who, if industrious, more particularly after the heavy rains of spring and autumn, make a good revenue, the grains being sold at a fixed sum to the Director-General of the Royal Mines at Zalatzna, a place which, during the disastrous anarchy of the autumn of 1848, excited the cupidity of the Daco-Roman hordes, and was accompanied by a horrible massacre of those employed in the direction of the gold production.

I now arrived at Clausenburg, the ex-capital of Transylvania, and had a most kind reception from the Bethlen, Teleki, Wesseleny, Kemeny, Miko, Nemes, Bornemissa, and other families, and who have all suffered more or less severely; first, by the so-called abolition of feudalism, and, subsequently, by the devastation of their property during the Daco-Roman anarchy: and who not only showed the utmost willingness to give me every information, but did all that could be done to render my short residence agreeable. The town itself is exceedingly well built; and, without reckoning Pesth, Presburg, Kashau, and Temesvar (which have a large majority of German population), Clausenburg is better constructed than any Magyar place that I know, either in Hungary or Transylvania. It was also one of the original seven boroughs of Transylvania; but the Saxon element has almost entirely disappeared, and the principal Transylvanian nobility, having resided

here, built large and substantial houses, many of them distinguished by considerable elegance, both internal and external. The great square is large, and just looks like that of a German principality, and, therefore, has no resemblance either to the middle-age solidity of the Saxon towns, or to the Turkish-looking collection of houses one sees in the Szekler-land, or on the Theiss.

The inn, a large modern edifice, was very good, and conducted with great regularity and cleanliness, by an Italian who, having grown rich, had built the establishment, so that the complaints that travellers make of deficient accommodation, everywhere out of Pesth, were not applicable here. A curious adventure occurred to me in this house. The Zimmerkellner, or chamber-man, who struck me as being polite and gentlemanly in his manner, came to me one morning, with a long face, saying that he was not a waiter by profession, but had adopted the dress and occupation as a disguise, having been an officer in Bem's army, and, having been recognised, he was about to be enrolled in the Austrian army as a private soldier, unless something could be done to keep him out; and as he had seen that I had struck up an acquaintance with the recruiting captain, in the coffee-room, he begged me to speak to him to see if he could be got off; but, on pointing out to him the absurdity of a foreigner thrusting himself into a matter that did not concern him, on the strength of a coffee-house acquaintance, he said, "He saw that there was nothing for it but to shoulder a musket;" which I told him I thought more like the occupation of a gentleman than the domestic service of an hotel.

The recruiting captain in question was one of the amusing originals that I met in the course of my tour; and, with a saturnine countenance, was by no means deficient in homely good sense. He told me that he was taken prisoner by the Magyars, and kept at a place called Zillah, where, on his arrival, an ultra-Magyar female fanatic said, "She would stake her salvation if she could see "the captain hung on a gallows, and Kossuth elevated to

“supreme power.” And it so happened, that, after the war, Zillah was the very place to which the captain was sent as imperial commissioner to apprehend the principal rebels. So one of the first persons he sent for was the fanatical woman, and he said to her, “You said that you would stake your salvation on my elevation to the gallows. Somebody will certainly hang from the gallows—but not I.” On this the woman grew deadly pale and frightened, and the captain resumed: “As for your salvation, which you proposed to stake, first catch it before you propose to dispose of it: the state punishes high treason—but not stupidity; so go about your business.”

While at Zillah, in custody, he told me that he was much pressed to be an officer in the Hungarian army; and that one insolent person said, “What if we should hang you up to that tree?” To which he answered: “If I hang as an Austrian officer, the Austrians may give me an honourable burial; but if I join you, I may be hanged as a rascal.”

Clausenburg subsists almost entirely by what is spent by the resident landed proprietary; and, therefore, there were many complaints of deficient incomes. The Transylvanian nobility is not so rich as that of Hungary and Bohemia; but a considerable number of families of several thousands sterling per annum resided at Clausenburg. It may, therefore, easily be conceived what a blow the revolutionary legislation and subsequent anarchy was to them; and little did the town mob suppose, when they were terrorising the legislature under the influence of the agitators, the extent to which they were quarrelling with their own bread and butter. In the few principal families who receive a well-recommended stranger, no traces are visible of the distress that has been produced; for several of them have estates in parts of Hungary that have escaped ravage: and I never saw, in any capital of Europe, a more artistic French *cuisine* than that of Baron B——, a well-known *bon-vivant*; but this is the rare exception. The great majority of those classes who expended in Clausenburg,

the rents of Transylvania, declare themselves ruined; and every tradesman in the town has suffered by the change. Had they consented, with a free will, to the revolutionary intoxication, one could have contemplated their "blue devils" as a retribution, however painful; but most of the principal families, admitting that great reforms were needed, constantly speak of Sechenyi as the first of Hungarians, and the skilful state physician, who would have effected a cure of the ills of the state; and almost as unanimously consider Kossuth as an arrant quack doctor, whose eloquence was a drug that produced a pleasant momentary intoxication, but the certain dissolution of society in the sequel. For although the union of Transylvania with Hungary took place during the revolution, all the previous impulse to reform came from Sechenyi, and all the previous impulse to revolutionary separation from Kossuth.

The condition of the Magyar proprietary in Transylvania is truly deplorable, and since the fall of the old French noblesse at the first revolution, I much doubt if there is any proprietary in Europe that have suffered so severe a reverse. "I cannot," said count B—— P—— to me, whose income of 4000*l.* sterling was reduced to 800*l.*, "approve that a horde of Asiatics should have come into this country and violently dispossessed the aboriginal inhabitants; but it has been so for a thousand years." And it is impossible for any traveller who looks upon respect for property as indisputably the highest of all the tests of civilisation, to follow the whole concatenation of the Transylvanian revolution without a feeling of the most poignant description. The Daco-Roman treated as a helot by the Magyar—the Saxon denationalised by the ultra-Magyar faction—the Daco-Roman put in sudden possession of the property of his Magyar landlord by a set of shouting landless ultra-Magyar terrorists—the Daco-Roman, like a beggar on horseback, riding to the devil with blood-stained hands, and lastly, the unfortunate Magyar proprietor, even of conservative opinions, paying the penalty of the repeal faction having sought to identify the Magyar name with

the disruption of the Austrian monarchy, by being viewed with coldness and distrust by the partisans of centralisation, and according to the law of all political reaction, finding a great difficulty in getting the agents of government to give a hearty and effective support to the pecuniary claims of even the untainted members of a nation so identified with hostility to the empire at large.

In spite, however, of all these distresses, dinners, conversaziones, and musical soirées, went on just as usual. General Urban, the civil and military governor, was at daggers-drawn with the Clausenburgers, and they lived quite apart, as they could never pardon him his active partisanship at the head of the Daco-Romans, who, on the other hand adored him for his daring bravery and an activity that is perfectly indefatigable; as no sort of hardship, either hunger, cold, or fatigue, seems to have the slightest effect on his iron constitution; while he was so terroristic a disciplinarian that these hordes were afraid either to plunder or to massacre the innocent, when under his orders; but he was so identified with these Daco-Romans in the eyes of the people of Clausenburg—constantly turning up and appearing during the whole war, when least expected and supposed to be annihilated,—that their antipathy is inextinguishable.

I cannot, however, approve of the policy of his having been made governor there; for his services as a brave and indefatigable partisan leader he was clearly entitled to a handsome military promotion at the hands of the Emperor, but I think that his retention in a civil capacity has produced a large and most unnecessary amount of irritation, and that a stranger to Transylvania, of cool temper, with the requisite firmness, would have suited the purpose of the government better on the arrival of the pacific period. I unwillingly make this observation, on the report of many undoubtedly moderate and respectable persons in Clausenburg, and from a genuine desire to see all done that can be done to close the breach between Austria and Hungary, for, as far as my personal know-

ledge of Urban was concerned, I was struck with his intelligence, decision, and mental activity, which qualities, along with his previous services, clearly entitled him to a high military promotion.

The bitter things said of him being constantly repeated to him did not contribute to his favourable disposition, and thus in spite of his merits during the war, he became the conductor of a large amount of odium, superfluous and unnecessary to the government; for in every case a reactionary government is unavoidably unpopular in a town which was the focus of revolution. But the irritation that existed even in wealthy and conservative families convinced me that a promotion elsewhere, or a purely military position even in Transylvania, would have served the purpose of the government better. It is unpleasant to make such observations, but my motto being—fearless truth and strict impartiality, I have not shrunk from stating my candid opinion in relation to a distinguished officer, from whom and from whose subordinates I received every possible courtesy and information.

The commander of the cavalry force at Clausenburg was Baron Gablenz, a Saxon by birth, and one of the most distinguished officers in the Austrian army. He had been the quarter-master-general of General Schlick during the whole of his arduous campaign in the north of Hungary, had gained the cross of Maria Theresa, which is never given except on rare and extraordinary proofs of personal courage in the field of battle; and having had the whole of the responsibility of the details that preceded the battle of Kaschau, which terminated the career of Meszaros in a manner so unfortunate for that general, it may well be believed that he has a knowledge of the higher branches of his profession. I had made his acquaintance at the head quarters of the Russian army under General Grabbe, to whom he was attached, as the representative of the Austrian army in order to facilitate the local relations of the Russian army, and for which only an officer of high intelligence would be thought of. General Schlick told

me afterwards at Vienna, that he did not think that he could have got in all the Austrian army an abler quarter-master-general. Of his military capacity, an unprofessional man cannot form a certain estimate; but on all political questions I found his judgment cool and clear, and when I add that he is still a young man of five-and-thirty, and that an almost feminine polish of manners covers a constitution of iron, I anticipate a most brilliant career for this highly distinguished officer; his position, being strictly military, brought him into no sort of collision with the personal interests and prejudices of the various classes of the population. I met at his house natives of all classes of opinion, and as he occupied the palace of Baron Josika, the ex-chancellor of Transylvania, during his absence in Vienna, the apartments of which have a sort of palatial splendour,—his soirées were among the most brilliant in Clausenburg.

One is always happy to see a fellow-countryman in any place where he is a rarity, as in Clausenburg, and I was much pleased to make the acquaintance of one of the officers of light dragoons, in the person of Mr. N——, who had been taken prisoner by Bem's army, and who gave me much valuable information, and who, faithful to the government he served, was not blind to the difficulties that beset its path. Like all our fellow-countrymen in the Austrian service, he spoke of the excellent treatment that English officers invariably receive at the hands of their messmates, with whom no freaks of radical journalists eradicate the idea that Great Britain and Austria are natural allies, if the two countries understood their interests, and that it is impossible to imagine two great states that have fewer points of collision with each other, and that if any Englishman is wrong or mistaken on this point, he has the satisfaction of knowing, if he open the page of history, that his error or prejudice on this head is shared by those statesmen, whig and tory—tory and whig, who presided at the direction of the affairs of Great Britain, when Marlborough conquered at Blenheim,

and when the Sierras of the Peninsula re-echoed the thunders of Trafalgar and Salamanca; and that the fortunate exchange of active hostilities with France, for an attentive observation of what is passing in the east of Europe, has in no way diminished the value of the Austrian alliance and the importance of a good understanding between the two countries.

In the course of my tour I took every opportunity of getting a knowledge of what were the real opinions of our fellow-countrymen, resident or employed in Hungary and in the Austrian empire, and I found that they were nearly all the same; that they looked upon the Repeal emigration in London as not by any means entitled to set itself up as representative of Hungary, whether we take the property and intelligence of the Magyars, or of the great bulk of the common people of all nations. That although Austria was far from being an adequate counterpoise to Russia, yet, that Magyar supremacy in Hungary had still more slender pretensions to have any value as an element of steadiness in the balance of power, for, the other nations would never submit to the Magyar yoke; and that there is as much chance of Austria giving up Hungary, as of Queen Victoria giving up Yorkshire or Lancashire. And these opinions derived from impartial persons, certainly tally with my own impressions—for if the very worst came to the very worst, Austria might give up Italy, which has a population that can never assimilate with her own, but would never give up Hungary, which in spite of many antipathies has so many elements of assimilation, and ample room for a large influx of population, not only from the more crowded parts of the empire, but from the over-populated districts of Würtemberg and other German kingdoms and principalities.

The independence of Hungary being therefore a chimera, the only result of the advocacy of this bubble by the English radical press, is to keep up an alienation of Austria from her natural ally, which is a consummation most unfavourable to that moderate, rational, and conser-

vative constitutional liberty, which would cement the bonds already existing between the Austrian and British empires.

In spite of the personal merits of Prince Metternich, the machine which he guided was *absolutism*, every crank and wheel of which he kept carefully oiled, so as to make it go as smooth as possible and he was deterred from altering the essential principles of the machine, because all history shows, that those who commence a great reformation of a radical principle can never see their way clearly or foretell when it will stop—where it will stop, what it will knock down, and what it will leave standing in its progress. The histories of nations, like the mighty floods of the Nile and the Niagara, are broken by cataracts, and the passage from absolutism to constitutional government is like the adventure of a bark over the precipice.

But after the sacrifices were made—after the terrific leap was taken, or to leave metaphor—after the revolution had taken place, after blood had flown, after absolutism had ceased, and the minister with his cabinet was dispersed, and such men as Stadion, Wessenburg, Schmerling, Bruck, and other enlightened, liberal, yet moderate and prudent men rose to power, it certainly was in the highest degree provoking, to see the whole thing marred, by the adulteration of the sound principle of constitutional government, with the unsound principle of the disruption of the integrity of the empire. Every true patriot looked with disgust on the words, *reform* and *constitution*, being associated with the destruction of the imperial edifice in a manner as repugnant to the nations of Hungary as to nearly all the largest landed proprietors of the Magyar race. And they said, “We may lose Lombardy and still exist, as a man may lose a limb and still live. But the repeal of the military and financial union with Hungary, is a sawing asunder by the waist, after which, existence as a first-rate European power is impossible.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLAUSENBURG CONTINUED—MR. PAGET—CLAUSENBURG STUDIES
—THE LUTHERAN PASTOR—THE DEATH OF ROTH—CON-
CLUDING POLITICAL REFLECTIONS—THE FUTURE GOVERN-
MENT OF TRANSYLVANIA.

The female society of Clausenburg is most agreeable, being musical and not unliterary; while all the principal families being well acquainted with each other, there is a total absence of coldness and formality; but however agreeable my reminiscences may have been, it would be *mal-apropos* to introduce any of the charming Clausenburgers personally to the public. But in the midst of tableaux or of music there was always something to carry the mind away from the festivity of the moment, to the tremendous catastrophe of the revolution. One lady was in mourning for a relation that had died on the field of battle; another, who had escaped poignant grief, was under the wearing anxieties of having a relative in a state of *untersuchung*,—either under actual inquiry for part taken in the revolution, or out on parole, or under surveillance. One evening I said of a young lady of great beauty, that her timidity and silence prevented me from forming an estimate of her character. On which her father said, "I don't know much about her timidity. When the Roman hordes broke out, she was the very first of the family to provide herself with a pair of pistols, learned their use, and kept them in perfect order until the end of the war."

In the course of my residence at Clausenburg I heard many and high estimations of the character and talents of Mr. Paget, the author of "Hungary and Transylvania," who had bought property in this part of the country, which had been ravaged by the Daco-Romans, and I can bear my testimony as a fellow-countryman, long and widely travelled in Hungary, to the great value of his work, and to the large amount of valuable information on the history,

geography, resources and manners of Hungary in general, and of the Magyars in particular. Whoever reads through the present work may easily perceive in what my political opinions differ from his, and will not be surprised at my entertaining the belief, that he has committed a serious error in looking at the different nations of Hungary rather through Magyar spectacles than through a merely neutral medium; which, under all circumstances, is scarcely to be expected from a foreigner, who, settling in Hungary, makes a semi-adoption of one nationality in preference to hearing all nations tell their own story, and collating, contrasting, and analysing them. But Mr. Paget is a conscientious opponent; and although he does not share my opinions on the best way of furthering the interests of Great Britain on the Danube, in relation to the integrity of the Ottoman empire, yet no work has appeared on Hungary and Transylvania which gives so much valuable and special information on the Magyar nation. My estimate of the warlike qualities of the Magyar race is quite as high as his, nor do I yield to him in sympathy with the superior ease and sincerity of the tone of Magyar society; and undoubtedly and unquestionably, although he was a Transylvanian landed proprietor, his opinions on the subject of the sanctity of the rights of property cannot be of a more unswervingly religious character than mine. Nor is he more sensible than I am of the weaknesses and defects of Austria, past and present. But after as large and practical an experience of the Austrian and Ottoman empires in all their internal and external relations as usually falls to the lot of a British subject, I feel persuaded, that Mr. Paget, and those who think with him, underrated the toughness of the Austrian empire as much as they overrated the capability of the Magyar nation to absorb the other elements in Hungary; for, as Lord Bacon says, "There remaineth only to remember out of the grounds of nature the two conditions of perfect mixture, whereof the former is time; for the natural philosophers say well, that *compositio* is *opus hominis*, and

mistio, opus naturæ. For it is the duty of man to make a fit application of bodies together; but the perfect fermentation of them must be left to time and nature; and unnatural hasting thereof doth disturb the work and not dispatch it."

My time in Clausenburg was divided by studies of the past and the present, hearing from one party a vindication of the union of Hungary and Transylvania on the footing of Magyar supremacy; from Daco-Romans, Germans, and Austrians, the reverse; and from conservative Magyar and landed proprietors, complaints of the sufferings inflicted by both extremes on the unoffending moderates, who wished to see the domain of property and intelligence neither subjected to imperial martial law, nor invaded by city democracy nor agrarian barbarism. The massacre of Zalatna by the Daco-Roman hordes was most frequently brought upon the tapis by the opponents of that nation. I heard from the lips of Baron Kemeny, the lieutenant of the county, the account of this deplorable catastrophe, and one morning he called on me at the hotel, with a little boy in his hand, who could not be above seven or eight years of age, and taking off his cap he showed me a large white mark without hair, where a Daco-Roman lance had been driven into the skull and the boy left for dead, having recovered by mere chance, a part of the skull having been actually knocked out. His father, Johann Nemegya, had been head of the mining administration at Zalatna, and it appears to have been plunder, and plunder alone, that attracted the Daco-Roman hordes, who on the 22nd of October, 1848, surrounded the town, set it on fire, and signalised the sack of the place by a massacre of 640 persons, either there or on the march to Karlsburg. At a place called Praszaka, the people of Zalatna passed the night on a boggy meadow, surrounded by the hordes, whom they heard in council as to whether they should be killed or not; and in the morning, one Juliana Bihary, who had a thousand ducats in her girdle, being searched and the money scattered on the ground, this served as

a signal for the final massacre, in which the administrator, before mentioned, the father of the boy, was shot down and attempted to escape into the wood, with his little son in his hand and his wife grievously wounded.

Had every one of these monsters,—who, summoned to combat rebellion, disgraced and degraded the loyalist cause, by the gratification of their individual mercenary appetites,—been consigned to the gallows, no moral stain would have rested on the ultra-Magyar bloody tribunal of Clausenburg; but its insane national fanaticism—its confounding of innocent with guilty must ever remain a black spot in the history of Transylvania. One day the Saxon pastor called upon me, and we visited the spot where the Reverend Mr. Roth, the Lutheran clergyman of Meschen, in the Saxon land, and who was looked up to by the whole nation for his piety and benevolence—met a felon's doom.

Clausenburg is picturesquely situated on a plain surrounded by hills, partly wooded, and with villas and plantations scattered all around. It was now the month of January, and therefore the trees were in their wintry skeletons, a white robe of snow covered all the hills around, as well as the roofs of the town, as we slowly ascended a steep acclivity that led up an eminence, crowned by a fort that commanded the town. It was when we had toiled to the top and taken breath to look all around, that I heard the accounts, which the pastor gave me, of his pious and venerable colleague. He was in no way mixed up either directly or indirectly in the atrocities we have described; but for years before the revolution he had been by all fair arguments a champion of the nationality of his own people against the newfangled efforts to absorb two-thirds of the people of Hungary and Transylvania into the nationality of the third. Kossuth, a born Slovack who renegaded from his own illustrious nationality, is the popular hero in England, although he strangled almost at its birth the constitutional principle in Austria by the bow-string of Repeal. But, according

to my humble opinion, the true moral heroes of Hungary are those noble souls of the Croat, Slovack, Saxon, and other nationalities, who stood forth as the champions of Hungarian nationalities and liberties for a period of a quarter century, and who fought the good fight with the weapons of history, of equity, morality, and Christianity. Such were Kollar and Gay; Schaffarik, Roth and Stur; they have neither high-sounding titles, nor lands broad and wide; but neither had Luther nor Melanchthon, Loyola nor Xavier this adventitious lustre. But they had *true souls*—they loved their species; they loved their mother-tongue and their nationality; they neither sought to make them dominate over other nationalities, nor would they, as citizens of a free country, patiently submit to extinction of nationalities, as high, as noble, and as ancient as the Magyar.

Roth had read history: he knew that it was to the Germanic element, and to the old German empire, that Hungary and Transylvania were indebted for their liberation from the Turkish yoke, and constantly declared that his objection was not to the Magyars having a sympathy for their own liberty and nationality,—but to their antipathy to the liberty and nationality of the other races. Such was his unswerving course during the struggles of his life, and such his noble and patriotic language in the melancholy glory of martyrdom. For he had been long marked out as an object of hatred by the ultra-Magyar faction; and on the most frivolous pretexts, of which even a Fouquier Tinville would have been ashamed, he was condemned to death; and, in the few hours allowed him to prepare for another world, he penned the following lines:—

“DEAR CHILDREN,—I have just been condemned to death, and in three hours the sentence will be executed. If anything pains me, it is the thought that you, who are without a mother, will now be without a father; but powerless in the hands of the force that leads me to the shambles, I yield to my fate, and to the will of God, by whom even my hairs are counted.

"Hold fast to Sophia, all of you, and look upon her as your mother. Be obedient to God, and humble with every man. Take counsel on the subject of my fortune, which I leave in the greatest disorder, in order that you may have the means of completing your education. There are many good men, who, for the sake of your father, will counsel, and help you.

"To my kin in Kleinschalken, Mediasch, and Holdvilag, I send thanks in my last moments for all they have done to me, and may yet do for my children; and my house-keeper will do me a favour, if she remain until my household get into some order, and each of my chickens under some wing.

"The Hungarian foundling, the education of which I have undertaken, I wish to have continued, unless its parents should appear to claim it. Of the children of my church in Meschen, I think with love. May they be enriched with the fruits of godliness. I have sown but little seed, and done too little for their spiritual culture. May the Almighty make the harvest richer! I have preached love and virtue: may my death give a greater value to the word I have spoken.

"Farewell, dear people!

"I have meant well for my nation, without seeking the evil of other nations. My functions in Elizabethstadt and Kokelburg have been performed in obedience to superior will, which has brought me to death. Of any crime I am unconscious; mistakes I may have made, but no injustice have I done; and it rejoices me in my last moments, to think that I have protected the property of the landed aristocracy to the best of my power.

"In my desk are my programmes of the Educational and Ecclesiastical Journal.

"The national body is shattered, and I believe in no future re-composition of its limbs. I therefore so much the more wish for the preservation of the Spirit that dwelt in these forms; and I beg my remaining brethren to carry out this Journal, in order to maintain purity of manners

and honesty of intention in the people. If we are doomed to fall, let it be in such a way that our children will not be ashamed of their fathers. Time presses—I beg pardon of all whom I have offended, and leave the world, praying to God to pardon my enemies.”

The letter concludes with some minor dispositions, and is signed, “In the name of God, Stephen Ludwig Roth, Evangelical (*i. e.* Lutheran) Pastor in Meschen,” and is followed by a postscript, which runs thus:—

“I must, in conclusion, say, that neither in life nor in death have I been the enemy of the Magyar nation. May they believe this as the words of a dying man, at a moment when hypocrisy is useless.”

“It was on this very spot,” said the Saxon pastor to me, “that Roth stopped to take breath as I accompanied him, and gave him spiritual consolation in his last moments; and being the month of May, the foliage had just come out. ‘The world is beautiful,’ said he, as he looked round the valley; ‘but let my humanity stand confessed—how much more beautiful when one sees it for the last time;’ and within a few minutes, Roth was shot on the ramparts.”

Let me now bid adieu to Transylvania, that fair and unhappy land, which has my warmest wishes for its prosperity, and collect a few of the ideas which remain after the precipitation of the mud of minor details; for the question of Hungary is a much clearer one than that of Transylvania, the difficulties of which are so great as to puzzle the ablest head; therefore, the suggestions which I offer for the re-construction of order in this principality, are made with a diffidence in the soundness of my own proposals, which must be felt by every traveller who has gone through this hot-bed of national fanaticism.

Austria must return to her natural political condition, which, like that of her geographical situation, lies between the absolutism of Russia and the democracy of France. With these masses of semi-barbarous population, unfit for

the exercise of the functions of constitutional citizenship, I do not think (however desirable it may be) that it is possible for Transylvania, for generations to come, to enjoy anything like a British system of liberty. But if, on the other hand, Hungary should become a larger Poland, the Austrian monarchy becomes a stifled volcano.

I begin with the region of the Szeklers, which is tolerably compact, and, therefore, offers less difficulties, as this people is less scattered among the others. They have a strong feeling of nationality, but are, although laborious and persevering, less honest and more calculating than the Magyars. Provided, therefore, they get their salt cheap, and be materially comfortable, it will not be so easy to gain them to the cause of the revolution.

As regards nationality, the Szeklers live in so compact a mass, that there is no possibility of a German colonisation of this territory. The interests of government would, therefore, be much better served by the exclusive employment of loyal and well-disposed Magyars and Szeklers, of whom, I maintain, with proper management, there would be no lack in Transylvania. The hands of the Kossuth party having been principally strengthened by the massacres of the Daco-Romans, which drove many well-disposed persons to support the revolutionary government, in spite of their own antipathy to republican tendencies. The Szekler-land would, therefore, be most useful to Austria, by a free development of its nationality, and a very light direct taxation, on condition of their furnishing, in return, a large number of recruits, which, with proper discipline, make the best troops imaginable, when away from home.

The Saxon land offers, also, less difficulties, by a simple adherence to their ancient municipal system, within the ancient limits; and, if allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way, will, probably, prove far more loyal and pliable subjects of the house of Austria, than if knitted to her by bureaucratic centralisation. They certainly cannot

be more loyal than they were during the late struggle. Their loyalty, under the municipal system, is an undoubted historical fact. The continuance of this feeling, under the system of centralisation, is an experiment of which, if tried, time alone will show the result.

I now come to a far more difficult subject, the relations of Magyars and Daco-Romans, in the central and eastern parts of Transylvania, in which the great questions of protection of property and justice to nationality, have been complicated. The Daco-Romans not only claim the supremacy of their language, grounded on the supremacy of their numbers, but are most deeply infected with a desire to retain possession of the allodial lands and forests which afford the principal revenue in many parts of a wooded and mountainous country. An effective protection of the landed proprietor, in his capacity as *proprietor*, supreme over his *land*,—but not in his character of *Magyar* supreme over the *Daco-Roman*,—is requisite under the new system. He possesses the right to enjoy, to the last *kreutzer*, the product of such and such land; but when the Daco-Roman population is so large, it is clear that, after such a revolution, the restoration of the supremacy of the Magyar language and nationality would be neither prudent nor just. Land is the right of a few; but nationality is the right of the many; and the official language ought, clearly, to be that of the people, rather than that of the aristocracy. *The establishment of this principle, so far from being an infringement of Magyar nationality, indirectly assumes the injustice of ruling the Magyar districts of Hungary through any other medium than the Magyar language.* The official language, therefore, of the greater part of Transylvania ought to be Daco-Roman, which every Magyar landed proprietor speaks fluently, and can also write, if the Roman letters be used instead of Cyrillian, which certainly ought to be the case with a Latin dialect.

The solution of this difficult problem seems, therefore, to me to lie in a distinction of the just claims and unjust

pretensions of both parties—in the protection of the Magyars in their lands from Daco-Roman invasion, and in the protection of the Daco-Romans, in their language, from ultra-Magyar invasion.

CHAPTER XIX.

GROSSWARDEIN—THE DEFILE OF CSUCSA—INTENSE COLD—
DESCRIPTION OF GROSSWARDEIN—CARNIVAL BALL—LI-
BERTY AND NATIONALITY—THE MAGYAR ARSENAL—CO-
LONISATION OF HUNGARY.

I now left Transylvania and took the diligence to Grosswardein in Hungary, the nearest large town on the other side of the frontier, and important not only on account of its having been the arsenal of the Magyar army during the late struggle, but from being at the present time the capital of the largest civil and military province in Hungary under the new organisation.

The weather was intensely cold, and the diligence, rather a sort of Irish car, protected from the weather by leather curtains, and as the thermometer fell to twenty-four degrees Reaumur, the reader may imagine that a passage through the defiles of Csucsza was anything but pleasant. I slept a considerable part of the time almost unconscious of the possession of limbs, and the journey seemed like a dream, presenting a confused recollection of steep hills overhanging a frozen river and endless forests of pines candied with snow, half melted and bound with frost again. As we came to a village, an old Magyar fellow-traveller called my attention to it, and to the Daco-Romans, shivering about, even in their sheep-skins, and I again fell asleep, after he had told me a frightful story of the bride to whom he was about to be married having been murdered in this neighbourhood.

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So, confounding times and places, I seemed, in a dream, to have been invited to the feast, and saw a white pony led up to the door, on which was carried the corpse of the bride. The women began to weep, and the bridegroom to storm, and, drawing his sword, threatened vengeance. Here I awoke, and found the diligence, no longer in the woody defiles, but on a wide, white, snowy, treeless plain; and the bridegroom, with a hearty laugh, unconscious of whither my thoughts had wandered, with neither drawn sword, nor irate countenance, but jolly good humour, saying, "*Bey Gott*, you are a sound sleeper, do you see where we are?" And a slender, tapering spire, rising out of the distant horizon, showed that we were approaching the ancient city of Grosswardein.

At length so benumbed as to have escaped being frozen only by wearing a superabundance of coats and two pair of thick woollen stockings, I alighted at the inn of Grosswardein with a degree of satisfaction I never experienced on entering the most luxurious hotel; but it was in vain to attempt to keep myself warm in my room, for it opened on one of the unglazed corridors, and although I kept the stove well filled with faggots, all the bolts of the door were covered with hoar frost, even on the inside, during three days; and I was informed that this was the coldest winter that had been known in Grosswardein for seventy years, as that period had elapsed since hot springs in the neighbourhood had been frozen as they had been in February, 1850.

Grosswardein was a great city in the middle ages, having had, according to tradition, seventy-two churches, and having been the residence of several kings. This ancient city was for the most part destroyed by the Turks, who built the present fortress which adjoins the town, and is on perfectly level ground, as well as the immediate neighbourhood, for at a very short distance commenced the last undulations of the mountain region of Transylvania, which is a sort of Switzerland to the Carpathians; but through all Hungary the traces of the Royal Hungarian

or pre-Turkish period, have little or nothing that denotes civilisation. Most abundant traces of castellated feudalism; almost nothing of ecclesiastical art, baronial taste, or civic industry and luxury. In short, the ancient and renowned Grosswardein must have been a large collection of wooden houses, with a barbaric pomp in costume, armour, horse caparisons, and personal ornaments; but not of the monuments of a civilised people which remain on the face of the earth and may be defaced by barbaric invasion, but even in ruins attest more or less the material and intellectual condition of a people.

The cathedral is modern, and is a large edifice not very remarkable for its good taste, being, as well as the bishop's palace, in the style of Louis Quinze; but in Grosswardein, where there are no purer specimens of architecture to be seen, they give a sumptuous and town-like air to the place, which although containing about 20,000 souls, half of whom are Magyars and the rest Daco-Romans, with some Slovacks and Jews, is yet a very scattered place, extending on both sides of the river Koros. The most compact portion of the town is that of the principal square on which the Greek Catholic church is built, and which is surrounded by well built modern houses of the Vienna and Pesth pattern. The cause of this dispersion being that so many of the houses have a piece of ground attached to them, but in summer Grosswardein has a pleasant appearance from the mingling of town and country. The garden trees overhanging the lanes, and the Koros bordered with vegetation, and pleasant houses mingled with each other.

The principal resource is the Casino, where newspapers are taken in, and the Ridotto hall, where the carnival balls were given, but it will not surprise the reader that the people of Grosswardein assured me that this was the most melancholy carnival that had been seen in the town for many a day, for this place was one of the last that was occupied by the Russian troops during the concluding campaign, and consequently there were great losses in

Kossuth notes, from which the place had not recovered; for like all other financial bubbles, the sudden expansion of the medium caused a correspondingly great neglect of labour and a correspondingly large consumption of the fruits of labour; in short, a financial wheel of ruin within the greater wheel of the civil war. Cobbet used to laugh at "Prosperity Robinson" of 1825, but the fallacious wealth of Prosperity Kossuth was relatively of much more gigantic proportions, and the collapse of the bubble quite independently of politics, has been proportionally more disastrous, even to those who have not directly suffered by the horrors of war or the penalties of treason.

I was at one of the balls given by subscription, and although it in no way was a success as a mere ball, yet it presented an opportunity of seeing the people brought together: The hall is very large and not being over full nor over well lighted, was somewhat dreary, especially as the cold continued to be so intense, that those who did not dance stood within the side room wrapped up in cloaks. When I was promenading during the interval after the first dance, up came a tall thin gentleman, who spoke English and told me that he had been settled for a number of years in London, conducting a hydropathic institution, and seemed quite pleased to find somebody who could tell him what London looked like since he left it, and invited me to call on him.

The belle of the ball was the Countess Wallmoden, wife of the governor of the district, who is the younger brother of the venerable General Wallmoden, who so distinguished himself in the campaign of 1813, and who, as most of my readers know, is a Hanoverian; but the great majority of the ladies were native Magyars, many of whom wore native costumes, and in point of good looks, would have given any stranger a favourable opinion of the female beauty of that nation. Several people whom I did not know, came up to me and asked me in the course of conversation, if there was any prospect of the old constitution being restored, and seemed very much

averse from the idea of a parliament in Vienna, and the deputies having to talk German there. I had already presented my letters to Count and Countess Wallmoden, and made the acquaintance of their hospitable circle; and at this ball I fell into conversation with General Braunhofer, the commandant of the district, who without farther ceremony, and to save me the trouble of making any approaches to politics, at once plunged into the condition of the country, its state and prospects, with his plans to mitigate the material sufferings of the people after such a war; so that although the waltzes and quadrilles succeeded each other in rapid succession, it was the most political ball I ever was at, and the grave situation of the country seemed to occupy the people much more than the carnival. I here saw danced in perfection the *csardas*, or national dance of the Hungarians, which is certainly not ungraceful, beginning very slow and gentle, like the gavotte, culminating in spirit as it goes on, and at last ending with quick and brisk motion like a Scotch reel, the music of which, from beginning to end, has a character quite distinct from that of the west of Europe, and closely resembling Turkish music; for I recollect well on my first residence in Hungary, I never could bear their airs, but after my ears had been educated to its modulation by long residence in the Levant, I came to like it. Every step I take I see that the Hungarian question has very little to do with liberty, and is an affair of national hatred, for at Herrmanstadt, when the *csardas* was attempted at the Casino balls there, it was hissed down by the Saxons. There can be no liberty where there is not an amount of mutual forbearance in matters of personal pride and susceptibility; for what is liberty but a sober respect for the right of the free action of others, in so far as no wrong be done either to individuals or to the state; but real liberty during a fierce national warfare, vegetates with difficulty. There was no true liberty in Hungary before the revolution when the national fanaticism of the Magyars refused to

allow the great Slovack nation to have a single newspaper in their mother tongue, and the reaction against Magyarism was then far too violent and vehement to offer any prospect of the introduction of a system of liberty that even approaches our standard.

To turn this matter to its moral use at home: would the repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland add to the liberty of the latter country? Unquestionably not,—because the *mutual forbearance* which the large neutral element in Great Britain compels both parties to maintain with each other, would cease to be enforced, and there would ensue either a supremacy of the Celtic majority over the Anglo-Saxon minority, or an iron rule,—a terroristic domination of the superior energy and civilisation of the Anglo minority over the Celtic majority; in short the repeal of the union would be the end of liberty in Ireland. So in Hungary, there was no true liberty between 1828 and 1848, because there was no respect for the national pride and susceptibilities of the other races of Hungary by the Magyars, and as there seems to be now as little prospect as ever of that mutual forbearance which is the *sine quâ non* of liberty, generations must elapse before true liberty be realised.

Much as I scorned before the revolution the fallacy so popular in England that associated ultra-Magyarism with liberty, I must say, that it is impossible to travel through Hungary without having one's commiseration daily taxed for the innocent sufferers of the Magyar nation. One day I was asked to the house of a physician, a friend and co-religionist of the Jew who had been in England, and of whom I had heard from all the town the most eulogistic accounts; being possessed of a good private fortune, he had with praiseworthy munificence established an hospital and dispensary for the poor at his own charges. He was quite Magyarised in appearance, and received me with the honest joy that characterises this race in social moments, tempered by Oriental gravity. His daughter, a young lady in all the bloom and beauty

of first youth, received me with the unembarrassed modesty of good society, and spoke French charmingly; but the mother, who sat in the large chair and smiled languidly as the husband introduced me, was evidently under the leaden pressure of sombre cares or declining health, taking little part in the conversation; but the secret of her melancholy soon came out. Her only son had been engaged in the revolution, had retired into Turkey along with the refugees, and had turned Moslem.

"For my own part," said the worthy old man, who had taken no part in the revolution, "I cannot suppose that I am to be separated from my son for ever, and therefore, although he is my only son, I bear up as well as I can; but my poor wife,—you know that womankind has not so robust a nature as we men——" And he no sooner said this than, as if to show how weak philosophy was in the battle with nature, the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "So," continued he, "I am just about to take a journey to Vienna, in order to see if it be possible to get him back to this country, no matter what sacrifice it cost me."

I need not say how, in such a scene as this, my obdurate fanaticism of impartiality in Hungarian politics at once gave way to a feeling of sympathy for the Magyars in their sufferings, which I scarcely ever felt in reading and hearing the accounts of the Magyar reign of terror over the other nations, and how I told these people all that my ingenuity could suggest as to the likeliest way to restore the lost son to the mourning mother.

Grosswardein, during the Magyar movement, was the great arsenal of the army; and having applied for permission to see the fortress, and the various localities of those extensive operations, I devoted a day to this object. I first went into the fort which still has the old Turkish curtains and bastions, constructed after the feudal system of high walls and towers had passed away, and before the mathematical ingenuities of Vauban and Cohorn had completed and complicated the new system of defence.

But the centre edifice forming a pentagon was modern. Here during the winter that preceded the Russian campaign, the bank-note press, the percussion-cap manufactory, and other handicrafts of war were in full operation. The first being the most important of all the munitions, and the secret of the procurement of all the rest, and thus times are altered from the period when Croesus showing his hoards of gold, was informed that iron would command them; for in Hungary paper commanded iron, not representatively of capital, according to the British system of banking, but *eo ipso* in a manner unknown to our canny northern habits. In short, Grosswardein was Brummagem in more ways than one. The cannon were also bored here after being cast in the wood of St. Marton outside the town; and various buildings were pointed out to me as the seats of various operations, but no signs of those gigantic works were then visible, except a few unused church bells untransformed from their sabbath occupations to the mission of wounds and death.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HUNS IN HUNGARY.

If we go back to the period of Attila, the most notable of the Asiatics, who first confronted the decrepit civilisation of Europe with the barbarous valour of the Huns, we find that his head quarters must have been somewhere to the north of Grosswardein, and the account given by Priscus, of his visit to this part of Hungary at that remote period, is so full and minute, that I reproduce for the general reader the abstract of a document well known to all scholars. The Romans were in the middle of the fifth century no longer the haughty masters of the world; the division between the eastern and the western empires

had taken place. Attila, the King of the Huns, pressed upon both; and in the intervals of war, received their embassies with the gravity and occasional insolence of a superior.

The embassy in question started from Constantinople under the reign of the younger Emperor Theodosius, traversed Thrace, and at the modern Nissa entered the dominions of Attila; in other words, Servia belonged no longer to the Emperor of the Greeks, but to the King of the Huns (A.D. 448). The object of the embassy being to satisfy Attila on the subject of his demand, that all the deserters of his nation or territory, residing in the Eastern Roman Empire, should be delivered up to him, a Scythian, called Edecon, accompanying Maximin, the Greek ambassador, into Hungary.

They found the city of Naissus ruined, and without inhabitants, except a few sick who had taken refuge in the remains of the temples; and, near the river, the bones of those who had fallen in the recent war. In Servia, through which they passed on their way to the Danube, we recognise the passage from the wooded and mountainous environs of the Morawa to the marshy plains of the Danube, which they crossed somewhere between Semendria and Passarovitz, in canoes formed of trunks of trees hollowed out, such as I saw on the Theiss and on the lakes of the Switzerland of Croatia.

They then passed into what is now the Banat of Temesvar, where the tents of Attila were pitched near the hills, and consequently in the eastern part of this Duchy, for there are no hills in this part of Hungary except the slopes of the Carpathians, between Lugos and Oravitza; and here the Greek ambassador, with his suite, wished to pitch his tent on the high ground, but was prevented by the Huns, because Attila was on the plain. It appears from the account of Priscus, that one of the Huns of Attila, who had been sent to Constantinople, had been promised by a eunuch of the emperor a large weight of gold and an asylum in the empire if he would assas-

sinate Attila, the terror of the Roman world, who, after having murdered his own brother, was now the King of the Huns, at the head of 700,000 fighting men; and being a man, not only of the most daring bravery, but consummate astuteness, it was supposed that at his death the empire would have an easier position. But Edecon, the Hun in question, had revealed his project to Attila, who was thereupon highly incensed, but nevertheless sent the embassy that night an ox and Danube fish for supper, but refused to see the envoy of the Greek Emperor (Maximin), who was not in the secret of the intended assassination of Attila.

“When we were permitted to enter,” says Priscus, “and were presented, we saw Attila seated on a wooden chair, and remained at some distance. Maximin (the ambassador) then advanced and saluted the barbarian, handing him the letter of the Emperor, and saying, ‘that the Emperor wished him and his, health and prosperity.’ ‘May the Romans enjoy all they wish me,’ answered the barbarian; and, turning to Vigilius (who was in the secret of the intended assassination), he vented abuse upon him, and asked him how he dared to enter his presence, as he had accompanied a former embassy, at which it was agreed that all the Hun deserters should be delivered up? Vigilius attempted to reply, ‘that they had all been delivered up, and that not one remained among the Romans;’ but Attila, getting heated with anger, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and said, ‘that, but for his respect for the character of an ambassador, he would crucify him, and deliver his body to the vultures.’”

The embassy, after this inauspicious commencement, then proceeded along with Attila to his capital, or rather palace, and head quarters in the north of Hungary; and in the description of the route we easily recognise the unchanged and unchangeable character of the physical geography of the district:—the wide-spreading plain, the three navigable rivers,—one of which is the Tiphisas or Theiss, the Drecon, and Tigas; which are no doubt the

Maros, and either the Great or the Little Koros. We learn that maize, or Indian corn, was cultivated instead of wheat, and a barley drink is used, called Kam. It appears that then, as now, marshes were abundant; and that a storm coming on in the night, the tents were blown down, and, presenting themselves at a village, they were received with hospitality, and a fire made of dried reeds. The mistress of this village was one of the widows of Bleda, the murdered brother of Attila, and she sent them, not only provisions, but beautiful females, according to Scythian hospitality; and the ambassador presented her, in return, with red sheepskins, Indian pepper, dates, and other dried fruits.

After a week's march, they came to a considerable town, in which was the house of Attila, which was much more lofty and beautiful than the others of his empire. It was, however, built of wood, and surrounded by an ornamental paling, and adorned with towers. At some distance was the bath, which Onegesis, the wealthiest and most powerful of the Huns, except Attila, had built of stones brought from Pannonia; "for there are neither," says Priscus, "stones nor lofty trees in this part of Scythia," which seems to me to be conclusive against the supposition that the head quarters of Attila were at Tokay, which is within a convenient distance of both wood and stone; so that it must have been farther south in the plain, probably not very far from Debreczin. It appears that the builder of this bath was a Roman, made prisoner at Sirmium, who had hoped that liberty would be the prize of his labour; but Onegesis had made him the scrubber of his bath, which is an art in itself, and thus the Roman remained in durance vile.

When Attila arrived in this village, young maidens came to meet him, walking in rank and file, under a canopy of fine white linen, held up on each side by the hands of women. When Attila passed the house of Onegesis, the wife of the latter came out, followed by a crowd of female slaves, who presented him with meats

and wine, and, saluting the King, begged him to taste them, which he did, without alighting from horseback, his men holding up to him the silver table on which they were placed.

Priscus then relates an anecdote of an encounter with a Greek, naturalised in the capital of Attila. Waiting at day-break to get admission to the house of Onegesis, the gates of which were shut, he saw a man whom he took to be a barbarian of the Scythian army, and who saluted him in Greek, which produced surprise on the part of Priscus, for the barbarians only cultivated the language of the Goths and the Huns, and those who had relations of commerce with the Romans, spoke Latin, but none of them spoke Greek, with the exception of the captives who took refuge in Thrace, or maritime Illyria, but the latter were easily recognisable by their ragged clothes and their rueful countenances. But this man had the look of a prosperous and wealthy Scythian. He was dressed with elegance, and, like other Asiatics, had the head shaved. On Priscus saluting him, and asking him who he was?—where he had come from?—and why he had adopted the costume of the Huns?—he answered, that he was Greek, and had established himself at the town of Viminacum, on the Danube, where he had married a rich woman; but, at the capture of the town, he and his wealth had fallen, on the division of the spoil, to the Huns; but having afterwards valiantly served Attila in war, he had attained his liberty, married a barbarian woman, and preferred his new to his former way of life.

On the following day, Priscus went into the interior, or what we may call the hareem of the house of Attila, to carry presents to his wife Creca, by whom he had had three children. In this hareem were many edifices of wood, both carved and plain polished, and the whole architecture was according to certain proportions. Within was the wife of Attila, reclining on a soft divan, the floor covered with a carpet, a multitude of slaves forming a circle around her, and opposite her, female servants

squatted on the ground, working on coloured cloths to ornament the dresses of the Huns.

While they were at the palace, Attila himself was seen to come out with an air of gravity, gave judgment in disputed cases, and received deputations. Here the Greek ambassador encountered those of the Emperor of the West, who were come on another business, but rather as suppliants than as the representatives of an equal treating with an equal. "When we were," said Priscus, "expressing our surprise at the intractable pride of the barbarian, Romulus, a man of experience, who had been charged with several honourable missions, said, 'This pride comes from his good fortune, by which he is so puffed up, that reason has no weight with him, and that he thinks that nothing is right but what has entered into his head.'"

After this, Attila invited both the Greek and Roman ambassadors to an entertainment at the ninth hour of the day, or, probably, between two and three in the afternoon, and on entering they were presented with a cup of wine which they drank before being seated. Attila occupied the centre of the apartment, reclining on a couch, behind which were steps that led up to the bed on which he slept, and which was adorned with cloths and carpets of various colours, such as the Romans and Greeks prepared for married couples. Onegesis occupied the first seat to the right of Attila, it having been arranged that the first class of guests should be arranged on the right, and the second on the left. Two of the sons of Attila being opposite Onegesis.

Attila then drank wine with the guests all round, according to their rank, to recognise which honour each rose and remained standing until he had restored it to the servant. It appears that there were other tables set out in the room for receiving three or four, or more guests, and that a great variety of dishes had been prepared and served on silver plate, but Attila himself had only a plate of wood, and he showed in every thing the same Quakerly affectation of simplicity, for while the

other guests drank out of cups of gold and silver, his cup was of wood.

After the first course, all rose and drank a bumper to the health and prosperity of Attila, and the other dishes were brought in, and towards evening, the tables being cleared, barbaric poetry was recited in praise of the victories of Attila. "Some," says Priscus, "were charmed by the verses, others were kindled by this picture of battles, tears flowed from the eyes of those whose age had extinguished their strength, and who could no longer quench their thirst for glory. After these songs came a buffoon, who produced roars of laughter by his merriment."

It appears that a Moor, who had been in favour with the brother and predecessors of Attila, had married a barbarian wife, but on his return back to the Roman Empire, Attila had sent his wife to Aetius, the Roman General, as a present, and taking advantage of the festival, the husband came to ask her back. But, it appears, that his manner, his pronunciation, and strange mixture of Hun, Latin, and Gothic words, created inextinguishable laughter. Attila being the only one who preserved his gravity, for he said and did nothing that showed the least disposition to cheerfulness, only, when his youngest son was brought to him, he looked pleasurably on him, and familiarly pinched his cheek.

In all this we perceive the northern Asiatic character, a lack of arts and letters, but not absolute barbarism, for there are necessities, and even some of the luxuries of civilised life—wooden houses, carpets, vessels of gold and silver, rude abundant hospitality, gravity in the giver of the feast, and, by contrast, a buffoon for entertainment. The Huns, like the Avars and the Magyars, who came after them, belonged to the race now called Ugrian, the character and history of whom appear to be all cognate, and to present those features which enable us to draw a strong line of distinction and contrast between the Northern Asiatic and the Germanic races.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ASIATIC INUNDATIONS—GROSSWARDEIN IN THE
TURKISH PERIOD.

The division of the old world after the fall of the Roman Empire seems to be the quintessent fact to which the whole of the history of the last 1500 years is reducible. In Europe, during the middle ages, what mostly strikes us is the expansion of the Germanic element, the Frankish invasion of Gaul, the Saxon settlement of Great Britain, and the spread of the Germans into the South of Europe, and eastwards as well as northwards over a great extent of Slavonic territory.

If we look eastwards we see the immense conquests of the Ugrian and Mongol races. The Turks swallow up all the Greek empire. The Tartars possess the immense empire of China, and India is also a Tartar empire under the descendants of Timour. The Magyars, as the reader knows, were already in possession of Hungary from the ninth century, the great Moravian kingdom having been shattered to pieces by them at the battle of Presburg, in 907. The Turkish invasion of Europe was the last great wave of this Asiatic inundation, the highest point it reached being in the conquest of Hungary, in the sixteenth century; but here it stopped, for having successively submerged the Greek, Servian, and Magyar systems, it found an insurmountable Dutch dyke in the Germanic element.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the condition of Hungary during the Turkish occupation. The Pashas of Buda and Temesvar were appointed as regularly as those of any other Pashalic in the Turkish Empire. The mode of government was the same as that which always existed until the late Sultan Mahmoud commenced the reform of the empire, that is to say, a criminal code, or any guarantee for the life of any human being could scarcely be said to exist, for while the private thief or murderer met with prompt retribution, the governor, great

or small, who chose to play the thief or the murderer in order to enrich himself, could do so with perfect impunity, until the evil wrought its own cure; that is to say, until either the ill-gotten gains of the Pasha or Bey were sufficiently large to tempt the Divan to make him disgorge, or until public indignation knew no bounds, and ended in the governor's being killed in a popular tumult.

The annals of Naima give a very curious picture of what Hungary was at this period, and as it cannot be expected that he should make out Moslem government to have been worse than what it really was, we are sure what he says is not exaggerated. Nothing could have exceeded the barbarity with which the war was carried on; we hear of thousands of prisoners having their heads cut off, and the constantly recurring fact of garrisons put to the sword, not only villages but whole tracts of country purposely ravaged by the Tartars of the Crimea who formed the light troops of the Turkish army, and the Khan of which nation was summoned by his liege Sultan at every outbreak of hostility to lead his numerous horsemen into the plains of Hungary. And when we, now-a-days, think of Grosswardein, Szolnok, Pesth, Gran, Comorn, and other places, as associated with "grim-visaged war," what a mere drop in the bucket of blood were the campaigns of 1848-9, when we look into the long wars of the Ottoman and Austrian emperors, of which Hungary was the field, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Every year or two, the Turkish war-trumpet sounds: its echoes are heard on the Caspian sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Adriatic. Roumelia and Anatolia send forth their armies; the Beglerbegs with their *sandjaks*—the janissaries of the Tartars; the Kurds and the Arnauts throng to Belgrade; the Danube and the Theiss are covered with boats of provisions and ammunition ("which have no beginning and no end"). Three-fourths of Hungary and Transylvania seem always in the Ottoman hands, and this mighty host comes to take the other fourth, and stand

at the gates of Vienna. The first burst succeeds—more castles are taken, and sometimes an emperor in person encamps at the foot of the Slovak Carpathians.

But again the Austrian trumpet sounds. A note of alarm thrills through all the German Empire; then there is a mustering of Germans, Bohemians, and Poles; arch-dukes and other dukes; landgraves and margraves; and the tide is again rolled back from Germany, only to menace again; when the indignation of Constantinople, after a partial defeat, ends in the bow-string applied to the unsuccessful vizier, and redoubled exertions to make good the lost ground. But often the elements interpose, and instead of sanguinary horrors, we have the miseries of war. To me the Austro-Turkish wars in Hungary are brimful of the romance of history; but as I am now at Grosswardein, I must here terminate this part of my subject with a short extract from the annals of Naima, descriptive of the Turkish operations before Grosswardein in the month Sefer 1007, of the Hegira, which I presume to be the autumn of 1598, and which I take from the translation of my late highly esteemed and respected friend, Charles Fraser, one of the best Turkish scholars this country has seen.

“The fortress of Grosswardein, before which the Moslem army took up its position on the 29th, was situate on the boundaries which separate Germany and Transylvania, was very strong, and surrounded by suburbs and villages. So very large and extensive a place was Grosswardein, that it could easily contain 20,000 troops. Its gardens reached from the suburbs, and its country houses and other dwellings were no less extensive in number, it is conjectured, than the number which at that time were between Constantinople and the gardens of Dávod Páshá. It is impossible to describe accurately the whole of the gardens and orchards, and the multitude of the inhabitants of Grosswardein. Some one or two years before the period we are now speaking of, a German army of several thousands took possession of it, and had it in subjection,

when the orthodox army, under the grand Vizír and commander-in-chief Derah Mohammed Pasha, appeared before it. The suburbs and villages were inhabited by Hungarians.

“When the Tátár troops advanced to attack the suburbs of Grosswardein, the inhabitants came boldly forth, and for a whole day and night fought with courage. But the Tátárs no sooner succeeded in setting fire to their dwellings than they retired, put their families into waggons, and tried to escape through their postern gates. The Tátárs pursued them with vigour, slew the grown up, made the young prisoners, and returned with immense booty.

“Immediately after these things, the Khan of the Tátárs, and the Sirdár of the Moslems, and other great men in the army, formed themselves into a council of war, and took into consideration whether they should proceed onwards and desolate the country, or stop where they then were, and endeavour to vanquish the fortress of Grosswardein. The whole council were unanimous in thinking the latter plan the most advisable. So important and so strong a place, and so very near the frontiers of the Ottoman dominions, and which at once formed a key to Germany and Transylvania, they unanimously considered ought not to be allowed to remain in the hands of the enemy, and they therefore determined at once on reducing it.

“On the first of Rabea II, therefore, the army entered the suburbs, the houses of which were well built, and handsome; and, instead of preparing themselves trenches, took possession of them. With the three pieces of ordnance which they had brought along with them, they began battering the fortress; but they found, when it was too late to rectify their mistake, they had commenced a work far beyond their strength, and one which they had not maturely considered. They discovered their rashness, but not in sufficient time to correct their mistake. The object of the expedition into the country, at the commencement

of their operations, was to lay it waste, and therefore they did not encumber themselves with many cannon, that they might the more conveniently traverse the territories of Transylvania, and thoroughly chastise the inhabitants. They had no more cannon, therefore, than the three now mentioned, neither were they provided with any apparatus for carrying on a siege. This want they now began to feel, when it could not be easily and speedily remedied; and to subdue a place of such great strength as Grosswardein possessed, would require, they saw, an immense length of time. The Sirdár was most sensibly touched when he discovered his error, and was seriously affected by the mistake he had committed. He now began, though too late, to reflect, that the same fortress, in former days, had withstood for the space of forty-five days, the utmost effort of one of the earlier kings, without being vanquished. Seeing he had no chance of succeeding without a sufficient number of cannon, he wrote to Sáfi Sinán Pâshá, beglerbeg of Agria, to join his camp, and to forward without delay, ten pieces of ordnance, and other apparatus from the fortress of Agria. In consequence of remissness or fraud, however, this order was not complied with; or if complied with, was too late to be of any use to the besiegers. All the powder and balls which could be found in Gula, and in the palankas round about, were expended without making any impression on Grosswardein. Two mines were also sprung, but without better effect.

“The Tátárs at this time, requested permission to range the country, and commit what devastation they could, but the Sirdár refused to give his consent; saying, ‘He hoped to God they would take Grosswardein, and they would afterwards proceed together.’ It happened also, in the mysterious providence of God, that for the space of forty days it rained successively, and the rain which thus fell ran in torrents through the plains and valleys. The ground everywhere round Grosswardein became soft, and in several places marshes were formed. The ditches which the janissaries had prepared were all filled with

water and clay, and the janissaries themselves were forced to retire to their tents. The whole of the army in these adverse circumstances became completely discouraged, particularly the officers. The stream which issued from the city, swelled to such a degree as to become impassable. In fact, it was at last impracticable to go from one tent to another. The winds also rose so awfully high as to tear away the very poles of the tents out of the ground, and the cattle sunk to their bellies in the mud. The troops also were for several days without meat, but this want was supplied by a great number of sheep which had been driven to the plains of Grosswardein. The most of these sheep were sent thither by the peasants of Szolnok, and nearly filled the whole country round Grosswardein. The cursed Prince of Transylvania, they were also informed, had secured himself in inaccessible mountains.

"The Moslem army were thus exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and to every possible hardship, and distressed and annoyed by the water which ran in torrents through their camp. In short, all this accumulation of adverse circumstances completely overcame the spirit of the Moslem troops: they became totally heartless, and could do nothing. In the midst of all these indescribable distresses, they were informed by a messenger from Buda, that no fewer than 80,000 of the enemy, had attacked and destroyed Old Buda, and that, at that very moment, their large cannon were employed in battering Buda itself. They added, that if immediate aid were not afforded, Buda could not fail to fall into the hands of the enemy. They had heard at an earlier period of the same day on which this news was brought them, that a heavy body of the enemy had passed through Ganak and Waj, and had gone to Old Buda. The persons who brought the above intelligence maintained it was of no use to send one or two thousand men; it was absolutely necessary, they said, that the Sirdár should go in person with his whole army.

"The sad and unwelcome messengers astonished and confounded the afflicted Sirdár and his suffering army by the intelligence they brought him. But his misfortunes were only increasing. The very adverse circumstances in which the Moslem army were placed, and the advance of the enemy against Buda, afforded a favourable opportunity to the treacherous Michael, of cursed memory, to cross the Danube, to attack the Vizír Háféz in Nicopolis, causing him to seek safety in flight; and to commit the most dreadful depredations. This information became no sooner public, and its truth confirmed, than it increased, of course, the embarrassments of Satúrjî Mohammed Páshá, the commander-in-chief. But they had still to increase: Tata, Wesperim, and Papa, also fell into the hands of the hateful infidel enemy. These things were more than sufficient to confound all judgment. They were awful, terrible, and afflicting, beyond expression: nevertheless, the Sirdár still bore up under all the misfortunes of the campaign. He determined, notwithstanding his perilous condition, to afford what aid he could to the quarter above-mentioned. Yet, in a council afterwards held, and in which the Khán and other magnates of the army were consulted, the difficulty of sending foot soldiers became quite apparent. Not only the distance, but the difficulties which such troops would have to encounter in crossing rivers like seas, the Danube, and the Theiss (Tibiscus), was clearly discerned to be beyond the power of any but horsemen to accomplish. It was therefore agreed that a party of some thousands of the Tátár rangers should be dispatched, without any farther delay, as far as Pesth, where they were to spread a report that the Khán and the Sirdár would soon appear with their respective troops, and afford them effective aid. This measure, it was conjectured, would have the effect of strengthening such as had not fallen into the hands of the enemy, and of discouraging, if possible, the latter. The Tátár detachment proceeded.

"In the meantime, the commander-in-chief was still

looking in vain for the arrival of the cannon from Agria. But alas! he was disappointed. Safi Sinán Pasha arrived in the camp empty handed. On being interrogated why he did not send the ten pieces of cannon as commanded, he returned for answer the senseless excuse, that no buffaloes could be had to transport them. It can easily be imagined what was the grief and affliction of the Moslem army, but it cannot be described. The whole of the provisions which they had been able to find in the vicinity of Grosswardein, was consumed, and the Tátárs were obliged to bring from a great distance from the camp what flour and grain they were able to find. A keil (measure) of barley was sold for from three to five pieces of gold.

"The Sirdár, it must be acknowledged, was the cause of the long delay of the Moslem army before Grosswardein, and of course, at least in some degree, of the evils to which they had been subjected. We have already observed how he refused to allow the Tátárs to go on a predatory excursion through the country, saying, he hoped God would give him the victory in a day or two. He was miserably mistaken in his hopes, and accomplished nothing, at least nothing good, as we have seen.

"The weather now became so very cold, that the men could keep neither feet or hands warm. Perceiving, therefore, that Grosswardein was not to be subdued by the means which he possessed, and as he had caused it to be reported about Pesth that he had raised the siege and had gone to Szolnok with the view of succouring Buda, the Sirdár began to retreat. In consequence, however, of the rivulets everywhere having swollen into rivers from the late rains, the Páshá of Temesvar, Ismael Pásha, was instructed to advance and erect bridges for the army; but he did not erect even one; the army had, therefore, in consequence of this neglect, to do the best they could. They crossed no fewer than twelve rivers, three of which, however, had bridges over them, of the above description,

by means of rafts, and underwent immense difficulty and danger at every one which they crossed. Numberless poor animals perished in these waters, and the troops suffered most severely from cold. The flour which they carried along with them was spoiled, and caused disease among the men, and they were therefore obliged to throw it away. Their three pieces of ordnance they succeeded in getting across these rivers, by means of strong ropes; and Khaja Murád Páshá, who was beglerbeg of Diarbeker; Mohammed Páshá, beglerbeg of Aleppo; and Safi Sinán Páshá, in order to encourage the troops, put their own necks into yokes, and helped to drag them onwards. The distance between Grosswardein and Gala was about three days' journey, but required twelve days on this occasion to accomplish it, during the whole of which time they suffered a thousand difficulties. Hundreds of men were left on the road, by reason of cold and hunger, or sunk into the mud.

"The army was met by Iskander Beg, who was afterwards created Pasha, and the Ketkhodá of Teryéki, Hasan Páshá, in the plains of Gula, who confirmed the intelligence they formerly had received that Wesprim had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and earnestly requested the Sirdár to send off, as soon as possible, what succours he was able to the aid of those places which had been enabled still to hold out. The Sirdár gave him fine promises and sent him away next morning.

"The army moved from Gula (Julia) to Szolnok. At both these places they were obliged to pay a piece of gold for a loaf of bread. They expected that at the latter place, where they halted a whole day, boats with provisions would have been waiting for them; but in this also they were grievously disappointed. When the troops saw that no boats with provisions had arrived by the river Theiss (Tibiscus), they were roused into rage, and commenced a tumult. Some of the janissaries rushed upon the Sirdár's tent, and pulled it down about his head;

each of them had taken a piece of wood in his hand with which they so be-laboured the poor commander-in-chief that he lay half murdered. They broke his skull with their bludgeons and his arm with a stone, and afterwards commenced the work of spoliation in his kitchen. It is certain that if some of the other officers had not come to his assistance, they would have cut him to pieces. The tent of the treasurer, Etimekjí Zádeh, shared the same fate: it was not only thrown down but robbed, and he himself only escaped with his life, which was entirely owing to the intervention of some of their superiors. They now abandoned the idea of proceeding to Buda. Towards evening the Sirdár was seen stepping round the tents, and seemed as if afraid and ashamed to enter his own.

"In consequence of all these disastrous events and distressing circumstances, the strong fortress of Buda was committed to God, and the Moslem army marched towards Segedin. Here they fortunately fell in with a number of boats loaded with provisions on the Theiss, when a distribution of provisions immediately took place, which refreshed and recruited the much-weakened strength of the army, at least in some degree.

"The accounts of the burning and destroying of the city or suburbs of Buda, and all the events which befel its inhabitants, must be reserved to a future chapter. In the meantime, however, the unfortunate Sirdár, pressed down and grieved with the misfortunes which had befallen his orthodox army, became quite changed in his constitution. His soul was vexed within him: his body became poor and lean; and in his broken-down condition he retired to Belgrade. His Royal Highness the Khan of the Crimea went to Sonbúr, and his troops went into winter quarters in the Sanjak of Segedin. The beglerbeg of Romeili was sent with the provincials to the Sanjak of Pechevi. The janissaries and other troops, after having been paid their arrears, were also sent into winter quarters.

The money necessary for paying these arrears had been borrowed from the rich men and merchants of Belgrade.

"These arrangements were no sooner over than a heavy fall of snow fell, and a most intense cold commenced. Thus ended this unfortunate campaign."

CHAPTER XXII.

RECENT HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

At length the peace of Westphalia enabled Austria to turn the whole of her strength against the Turks, and step by step from this period up to the year 1718 after the victories of Eugene, Austria conquered, not only all Hungary, but a considerable portion of Servia. Now-a-days it is the fashion of the ultra-Magyar organs, so to concoct their historical accounts, that this grand fact is conveniently ignored, but whoever chooses to take the common-sense interpretation of history, must see that Hungary was relieved from the Turkish yoke, not by the poor disinherited king of Hungary, but by the house of Habsburg, with the resources of the German empire at its back. All accounts of the last two centuries leave room for the possibility of no other opinion, as they were not concocted with the prospective object of a revival of Magyar supremacy over the other races and the disruption of the military integrity of the Austrian empire. Lord Bacon's account of the state of Europe under the article "Emperor," mentions, that the revenues and subsidies of Hungary do not pass 100,000 florins, while the last emperor solemnly affirmed that the charge of Hungary amounted to one million and a half. The same with the copious contemporary Dutch accounts ("*Guerres de la Hongrie. A la Hâye, 1686.*"), and all others down to the record of my own humble tour, in the course of which, looking

through a portion of the military archives of the fortress of Temesvar, I stumbled upon a bird's eye view and plan of the siege of that Turkish fortress by Prince Eugene's army, in which it was clearly shown by an unvarnished contemporary scientific and artistical document, how very small a proportion the Magyar bear to the other imperialist troops.

I say all this, not to impugn the courage of the Magyars—not from antipathy to the Magyar race, whose social qualities are more attractive than those of the Germans, but, in the interests of historical truth, and as a protest against that cooking of the historical accounts of the relations of Austria to Hungary, which characterises the productions of those unreasonable sticklers for those unfair pretensions of the ultra-Magyar faction; which have plunged the reasonable part of the nation into this abyss of suffering. As I have said in another lucubration, "The root of the tree of liberty in Hungary is the re-conquest of that country from the Porte, by the armies, generals and resources of the house of Austria. In Dalmatia, there are parties who can show the title-deeds of their landed property in the Bosniac part of the Ottoman empire, regularly signed, sealed, and delivered. The only flaw in them is some centuries of alienation; the only implement desiderated, possession. What is the value of these title-deeds in the money market? Much the same as the value of the Hungarian constitution, when a Turkish pasha was sitting in Buda." And as for material civilisation, it was quite impossible, where not even a shadow of security existed for life and property.

A complete alteration took place in the appearance of Hungary in the eighteenth century; the marshes were drained, roads and bridges were made—towns and fortifications reconstructed, in all those portions of the territory, directly under the Austrian rule, and the Banat became superior to the other parts of Hungary, in consequence of its having remained so long unconnected with the civil administration of Hungary and directly under

Austria, and in the time of the Emperor Joseph, a large portion of Lower Hungary had become settled with German colonists; and whoever has read the account I have given of Belgrade in Book, at on Servia, may remember the odd appearance of the Lange Gasse with its highly ornamented architecture of the age of Charles VI., now a new ruin in the midst of the rickety wooden Turkish houses of that town, which but for the reconquest of Servia by the Ottoman power would have become the embryo of another Temesvar.

Let us now pause for an instant to analyse the pervading character of those two great families which have divided the empire of the world—which have trampled on so many nations, principalities and powers,—which so often met in the shock of war, from the times of the Roman Empire, even down to our own generation,—which has seen an army officered by Anglo-Saxons, cross the Indus and traversing the defiles of the Himalayah, storm a Tartar race in its own capital,—and which still more recently has seen the plains where an Attila and an Arpad pitched their tents, contested by fiery Frank and furious Hun.

The deduction which I make from all I have seen in Hungary and read in general history is, that the Germanic element may be called the empire of intellect and perseverance; and the Asiatic element, the empire of will and violent physical force. The Hun, the Magyar and the Turk, are distinguished by fiery courage, hospitality, and generosity,—*not love of civilisation, which springs from labour, but of luxury, the result of the labour of others.* The bath, which I described the Hun Onegesis as having enjoyed, was constructed, not by a Hun, but by a Roman, who was a captive through the valour of the Hun. The mosques of India, too, although erected under the Mogul sovereigns, had Arab and Persian architects. If we pass to Cairo and are shown the splendid college of Sultan Hassan, a masterpiece of the simple majestic, we are told that the Sultan was a Turk, and so was his father before him, Mohammed El-Nasr, in whose reign

it might almost be said, like that of Augustus, that it began with brick and ended with marble; so was also his father again, the Great Kalaon, the most warlike of the Turkish Sultans. But when we enquire who constructed these edifices?—what was the style of their architecture? and who were the learned men who occupied these temples of arts and letters?—we again find that we have to do with the Arab element; and that we have precisely the same phenomenon on the banks of the Nile as on the banks of the Danube and Theiss, where the bridge of Pesth is a monument of the Asiatic taste for convenience and ornament, the result of Anglo-Saxon architecture and engineering, Styrian iron-working, Italian masonry and Greek capital—an Asiatic race valiant in war and rich in landed property, in consequence of its valour availing itself of the skill and industry of alien races, acquired by the pacific qualities of mind and body subject to patient application. The pains and penalties to which the Asiatic submits as the price of the things that he values are not those of slow accumulation and continual intellectual application, but of violent physical effort and fearlessness of danger; the result has been—empires broad and wide—boldly seized,—long retained,—and never yielded without an obstinate contest. But in all the lands that have bent under this terrific sway, from the blue waters of the Adriatic to the slimy shallows of the Yellow Sea, there is no enduring monument of a distinctive Mongolian-Ugrian art, science and literature. The bath of Onegesis, the bridge of Pesth, and the pentagonal arsenal of Grosswardein, where Austrian Major Lahner cast balls and bored cannon for Magyars to fire off, all belong to the same family and speak volumes. The Magyar aristocracy is no longer barbarous or semi-barbarous, but their taste for luxury, the result of the labour and skill of other races, which their territorial wealth enables them to procure, is not to be confounded with the civilisation that pervades all ranks in the Germanic confederation.

The details of the declaration of independence which has given a historical importance to Debreczin are so curious that I cannot recommence my journey without some notice of them; gathered, not from publications that have already appeared, but from oral testimony of the most authentic character. The time is past for investing the general story of the revolution and revolutionary war with any novelty; I shall therefore, in the earlier part of this study, attempt to anticipate a subsequent stage, when the whole is seen from the panopticon of the impartial historian.

The reader is aware that twenty years ago Hungary was in possession of a constitution which contained the sound and excellent principles, not only of general but of local or municipal representative government; but the mode of action was of too feudal a character, for the nobility alone were electors, several hundred thousands of whom belonging to the peasant class were undistinguished by either property or intelligence. Secondly, nearly all ignoble peasants were in a state of serfage or villenage, and thirdly, the nobles being exempt from taxation, which was thrown upon the *misera plebs contribuens*, and not being amenable to processes founded on laws of credit, the result was that retrograde state of the material civilisation of Hungary, which, to this day, renders it such a contrast to the rest of the Austrian empire.

Under these circumstances the course for Hungarian patriotism to pursue lay as straight before it as the Nore lies straight before a vessel coming from the east. All that was wanted was the substitution of a fair property qualification in place of a nobiliary one, and the compulsion of nobles as well as ignobles to pay their fair share of taxation; for after the introduction of a standing army, military service which procured the exemption, was no longer requisite for the state. Lastly, without releasing the vassal from his pecuniary obligation to the freeholder, it was high time to abolish serfdom and to place every man, whether he called himself noble or ignoble, on a

perfect level as regarded the privileges of citizenship and liability to public burthens.

However distasteful this change may have been to the aristocratic prejudices and ultra-conservative feelings of the privileged class in Hungary itself, no reasonable Austrian ever did or ever could object to reforms, the most of which assimilated the principles of Hungarian to those of Austrian law; for serfdom had been abolished long ago in Austria, and no nobiliary privileges could exempt a man's property from being liable for his just debts, or from contributions to the state for the improvement of communications and the development of material resources, while the change from a nobiliary to a property qualification in elections neither added to nor subtracted from the dynastic interests of the house of Habsburg nor the military integrity of the Austrian empire.

In short, the path of the Hungarian reformer lay as straight before him as the fair way of a harbour of easy access; but the rock upon which he split was ultra-Magyarism,—not the improvement of constitutional government,—but something altogether foreign to municipal and constitutional government,—that is to say, egotism, not of a class such as that of noble over ignoble, or of democrat against aristocrat; but of one particular race, language and nationality, over the other languages and nationalities. *It was this aberration or deviation from the high road of reform into the quagmire of national egotism that is the most striking phenomenon of the modern history of Hungary.* That was the unique motive of the other races to ally themselves with Austria, for, as I have previously explained, this unhappy and fatal aberration had the effect not only of rousing the other nations against the ultra-Magyar movement, and of causing them to look to absolute Austria, in spite of their antipathy to absolutism; but at the same time it raised up such a Chinese wall between Hungary and Austria as made the latter power cling to the oppressed nationalities in spite of her known antipathy to popular institutions.

Sechenyi, with the best intentions, commenced both the bane and the balsam of Hungary;—the revival of the Magyar language as the exclusive official medium,—and the consequent degradation of the other nationalities that looked upon the long Turkish occupation and the Austrian conquest of Hungary as having made *tabula-rasa* of Magyar supremacy. And, at the same time, he was the author of that excellent series of measures which made the serf a free man, which, by improving the laws of credit, infused a confidence into the Vienna capitalist which had never previously existed, and which have associated the name of Sechenyi most deservedly with public works, which, so far from tending to political separation from Austria, tended to consummate the happy marriage of the skill and capital of Austria with the virgin resources of Hungary. For this, the name of Sechenyi, will, as long as the Empire of Austria lasts, be surrounded by a halo of respect, while the ultra-Magyarism, which he began, and which has no more to do with the principles of constitutional and municipal government in the abstract, or with the liberties of Hungary in particular, than chalk has to do with cheese, will be remembered as an illustration of the saying of Machiavelli, “That when men begin an organic change in a state, they never can tell where it will stop,” for Sechenyi lived to see the tares of his sowing outgrow the fruits,—the serf, not only in the enjoyment of liberty, but of license, at the expense of his landlord’s rent-roll,—and his own reform of Hungary succeeded by Kossuth and Batthyany’s repeal of the union with Austria.

From 1825, the Slaavs of Hungary resisted, as one man, the realisation of this most unjust and impolitic project, of compelling them to abandon their mother-tongue for an almost forgotten Asiatic dialect. “What!” said Count Draskovich (a lineal descendant of the Palatine of that name in the seventeenth century), “was is not the Illyrians who protected and succoured Bela, flying from the Tartars?” “Have the Magyars forgotten,” said

Kollar, "that it was the army of the Slaavic Sobieski that drove the Turks from Vienna, and reopened Hungary?"

"Well might I wish," said the eloquent author of the celebrated *Six Letters from Pesth*, "that the northern parts of the land had never been Slovack and German, or the southern Wallachian and Illyrian; or that the almighty hand of time had imperceptibly fused these populations in a closer fraternity with the Magyars, and that, *invitis ipsis*, they had become a homogeneous mass; but the populations of Hungary having preserved their nationality for so many centuries, you must excuse me if I can feel no pleasure in the propagandism of the Magyar language, and regard it as a source of future dissension, and an obstacle to civilisation."

The court of Vienna, two-thirds of the people of Hungary, and many of the ancient nobility, were against the project; but the pauper-nobility, half a million in number, with their certificates of noblesse in their greasy hats or pocket-books, to enable them to pass bridges toll-free, were mostly of the Magyar race, and being then the sole electors, to the exclusion of property and intelligence, and hallooed onwards by agitators who soon outstripped Sechenyi and all the moderates in the race for popularity, supported the Magyarisation; for it was, no doubt, a great convenience to men who could neither read nor write a word of Latin, and spoke nothing but Magyar; while, by the political agitators, it was used as the means of raising up an impassable barrier between Hungary and the rest of the Austrian Empire. But the Illyrians, to a man, regarded it as a gross infringement of their rights.

The mode in which the Propaganda of Magyarism has been carried on forms a curious episode in the history of Hungary. The literature being still of dwarfish growth, hot-house expedients were resorted to, and premiums were proposed for tragedies and comedies; but the Illyrian pasquins said, that "Thalia and Melpomene are not at the beck of presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries,

and treasurers. These prize-productions have as little of the natural vigour of the Illyrian literature of the seventeenth century as the Academy pictures of the eighteenth century have of the spontaneous genius of the previous ages." Such harmless methods might raise a smile, but would never have provoked civil war. In the Wallachian county of Arad, which adjoins the Banat, and where only a seventh part of the population is Magyar, they resolved not only that all political and juridical business should be transacted in Magyar, but that no pastors and schoolmasters should be allowed but Magyars; that no boy could be an apprentice, no apprentice become a journeyman, no journeyman become a master, unless he understood Magyar.

At Lajos Comarom, a Slovack village in the county of Wesprim, a Magyar pastor and schoolmaster were introduced, and the Magyar divine service forcibly appointed; the community protested, and insisted that they had a right to divine service in their mother-tongue. But Hungary being, like the slave-holding states of North America, a land of freedom, the Magyar magistrate took the liberty of a freeman to give Martin Bartosh sixty-four cudgel-blows, George Junatock fifty, Paul Russ forty, and Stephen Wrabetz twenty-four cudgel-blows.

The events of the revolutionary crisis are too well known, to require minute detail. The legal part of the question, however overlaid out of Hungary with speeches and lengthy documents, lies in a nutshell. If the union between Austria and Hungary was what the international Lawyers call a merely *personal* union, then no words are too strong, to be used in condemnation of the Austrian Cabinet, and of the rising of Jellachich, but, if on the other hand, the union was what the international Lawyers call a *real* union then, our reprobation of Count Louis Batthyany, must be equally strong. Now, we apprehend, it is impossible to doubt, that, especially since the date of the Pragmatic Sanction, the *real* union existed. The Lawyers of Austria, may, no doubt, not be taken as impartial judges of the matter. But, when we find the

first international Lawyers, of the two great seats of Freedom, in the Old and in the New World—the Vicar General Dr. Travers Twiss in Great Britain, and the late Mr. Wheaton of the United States, both regarding the union between Austria and Hungary, as a *real*, and not a *personal* union, what are we to think, of those amiable enthusiasts, such as the late Lord Dudley Stuart, who spoke of the Austrian war in Hungary, as of a King of Hanover, marching Hanoverian troops into Great Britain, to put down Representative Government, forgetting, that although Hungary was part and parcel of the larger military system of Austria, Great Britain was in no way part and parcel of Hanover, but a Sovereign State, with an Imperial, not a Municipal Legislature, which that of Hungary certainly was.

So long as this Municipal Legislature of Hungary held to its Civilian Sphere, however worthy of reprobation the Magyarising measures against the non-Magyar Nations may have been, in a moral point of view, yet, no legal ground of war, was given to Austria, because no dissolution of the *real* union took place, but, from the moment that Batthyany granted to himself, through the mouthpiece, or the signature of the imbecile King Ferdinand, those measures of military tenure, and financial arrangement, on which the *real* union rested, in spite of all the efforts, and even menaces of Austrian Ministers, then, a clear case, for the defence of the integrity of the Empire arose, and the charge of perfidy, so often brought against the Austrian Ministers, falls to the ground. Jellachich having from his first entrance into Agram, as newly appointed Ban, openly declared, that he was in arms for the defence of the Pragmatic Sanction, a compact, which could not be broken, by any juggle of a Hungarian Minister, and an impotent King of Hungary. And for this, he was denounced as a traitor to Hungary, by Batthyany, who studiously employed the King of Hungary, in the denunciation of a man, who was saving the integrity of the Monarchy, and whose proceedings,

were based upon 'the Pragmatic Sanction, which may be called the Magna Charta of the stability of the Empire.

The names of Sechenyi and Batthyany, have been frequently coupled together, as Hungarian Patriots, by the thoughtless and irreflective, but the gulf between them was impassable. In spite of the foible of ultra-Magyarism, Sechenyi was a Patriot within the limits of the Constitution, and Sechenyi, not Batthyany, not Kossuth, is the real Hercules of the Augean stable of Pannonian corruption, the real remover of the great mass of abuses, that polluted the old constitution of Hungary.

Batthyany, was the crafty and astute revolutionary Statesman, whose proceedings were extra legal, and unconstitutional, and who thought, that the Lombard war was an opportunity not to be thrown away, in order to violate the Pragmatic Sanction. It is, therefore, wholly impossible for me to concur in the opinion, that he acted conscientiously in the Hungarian question, as some highly respectable, and even conservative writers have done,¹ and in the eyes of every international Lawyer, the blot of gross, and glaring illegality, and tortuous courses, in his relations with an imbecile, and incapable King of Hungary, are in striking contrast to the legality and rectitude of the path of Sechenyi, from the beginning to the end, although, prudence might have pointed out to him, that the scheme of ultra-Magyarisation, was simply playing the game of the Absolute Party in Austria. •

If we pass from the revolutionary crisis to the war itself, we find Arthur Georgey to be the substantial historical character of the ultra-Magyar revolutionary-cause. In audacity, we must give the palm to Bem, but in judgment, forethought, enlarged strategic views, and in cool stubborn valour, the proceedings of Georgey were not surpassed by those of any commander during the struggle.

It was the iron discipline of Georgey that created a formidable army out of troops that had nowhere stood

¹ I mean Sir A. Alison and writers in Blackwood's Magazine.

their ground after the battle of Schwöchat. His manoeuvres in the Carpathians, to withdraw the attention of the Austrians from the regions behind the Theiss, where Lahner and other men of iron organised the resources of the army, almost from the very beginning, gave electrical confidence to the troops under his command. It is true that he did not mince matters; that he expected from his officers something of his own adamant energy and courage, and shot them by the dozen, so as, by terrible examples, to indurate their courage and discipline; but he was the creator of the army; and, in the hour when he had taken his dispositions to attempt a blow at General Schlick, he found himself superseded by Dembinski in the chief command, through Kossuth, to the universal dissatisfaction of the army.

The subsequent events are well known to the reader. The army was dissatisfied; Georgey was once more commander, and forthwith chained victory to his standards. Issaszek was the turning point for the Hungarians. Hitherto the scales had trembled, but here the preponderance of the Magyar army was decided, and Godöllö, Waitzen, and Comorn followed each other in rapid succession. In fact, if we except Bem's splendid first campaign in Transylvania, Georgey is the great practical genius of the revolutionary war. He, and he alone, was the man that created that formidable position of Hungary that shook the Austrian power to its centre. All that Kossuth did was to keep the bank-note press going, and to make speeches. While Georgey conquered, Kossuth declaimed, like Barrere in the French convention, so that it seemed as if the successes of Georgey were the results, not of the unique genius of this general, but of his own combinations. In short, if we subtract Georgey from this great insurrection, nothing remains to meet our vision but Kossuth flying in confusion across the Theiss, and troops nowhere standing their ground. The movement to the Carpathians was not only the idea of Georgey, but the lever of the brief military power of the Magyars; and

his victorious return to the Danube was what precipitated Kossuth's declaration of independence.

The splendid victories of Georgey had made him the idol of the army, and Kossuth saw himself eclipsed by the practical man. He was indisputably (and I say this deliberately, and after much inquiry) filled with unmeasured envy of the *novus homo*, and he foresaw that a peace with Austria, if concluded by Georgey, would render him the first personage in Hungary; and there can be no doubt that the declaration of independence which he sought to carry through was intended to make all accommodation impossible, and, as the phrase goes, to prevent return by burning their ships, with the most reckless indifference to ultimate consequences.

And here let me remark that there were two sorts of repealers of the military and financial union with Austria; the royalist repealers, who wished to separate from Austria, but not from the house of Habsburgh. To this section belonged not only Georgey, but a large majority both of the officers of the army and the Debreczin convention; and I make this statement after the fullest inquiry, and with the fullest conviction. The Kossuth party may be called the democratic repealers,¹ who sought not only the dissolution of the union with Austria, but also with the house of Habsburg. The former party were somewhat like our O'Connellites, who declared their hatred to England, but vowed love and fidelity to the Queen of Ireland; the latter like our Irish democrats of a subsequent stage, who did not even preserve the appearance of royalism.

The whole of this business of the declaration of independence, when fully cleared up, and the statements I give, elucidated and corroborated, will, in my humble opinion, confirm my other statements, to the effect that Kossuth is one of the greatest revolutionary orators, but

¹ I use the word *democratic*, solely with reference to the ultra-Magyar party, for towards the great majority of the other races and parties in Hungary, the feelings of the ultra-Magyars were despotic, not fraternising.

that as a practical statesman, and a great historical character, which his eulogists attempt to make him out to be, his reputation stands on sand, and that the waters of time will find the foundations of his title to anything like judgment or practical ability, or even greatness of purpose without self-glorification, to be of the most soluble materials.

Royalty, the first estate in the realm of Hungary, was, of course, quite unrepresented in the parliament of Debreczin. The Chamber of Magnates was represented by a president, and so beggarly an account of empty benches as to be a complete nullity *pro* or *contra*. While the commons—the third estate of the realm in nominal rank, but I freely admit first in importance, which consisted by law of 300 members, of whom 180 were requisite to pass any measure—*was represented at Debreczin by only 130 persons, or fifty short of the number requisite to pass any measure, even when it had the concurrence of the two other estates of the realm.* The reader may therefore now judge for himself whether the parliament of Debreczin, was a Diet or a “Convention;” an assembly whose measures were legal,—or whose measures were null and void in law and equity?

The secret sitting of the Debreczin convention, at which Kossuth propounded his scheme, took place on the 13th April, 1849, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the Oratory which I will describe. He said, in opening the proceedings, that he had no diplomatic connexions; that he had no diplomatic promises of support in his declaration of independence. He said, “that it was the will of the army, that the independence should be pronounced,” and added, “that if the house of representatives did not proclaim the independence, the army would do so. *The liberated populations of Europe will hold a new congress in Verona, and Hungary will not be represented, unless she declare her independence!!!*”

After this specimen of statesman-like veracity and judgment, Kovacs, who led the opposition of the Royalist Repealers, said, “Here we are in possession of only the

half of the kingdom of Hungary, and you are sending a challenge to all the monarchs of Europe; Ofen, the capital, is still in the hands of the imperialists; and by attacking the monarchical principle, you procure for Austria the sympathy of all crowned heads, and peril all that we have already gained." And concluded a brilliant speech, the sense of which was, *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint*.

But Kossuth, by the ascendancy he had already acquired over the most ardent and excitable portion of the assembly, paralysed the more moderate and practical men, for he was unquestionably as popular with the convention as Georgey was with the army; so Kovacs and Caczinsky, seeing that their own party had not courage to act, withdrew with some others, so that little more than one hundred members were left, or one-third of one of the three estates of the realm, and even they were swept along only by the Kossuth ascendancy, for when it came to the signing of the declaration of independence, their signatures could not be procured and they all held back.

On the following morning, which was the 14th, the public sitting took place; the deputies were generally exceedingly depressed in spirits, like navigators who enter an unknown strait without chart or compass; but Kossuth was decked out in all his finery, wearing a black velvet *attila* elegantly embroidered.

One of the friends of Kossuth, one Drăgos, the deputy of Bihar, a Daco-Roman, (who had renegaded from his nationality, and who has since been murdered by his semi-barbarous fellow countrymen in a place called Abrud Banya,) proposed that to give additional solemnity to the declaration, they should adjourn to the Calvinist church.

Beze, the deputy of Gran, opposed this. He and the others saw that the result would be a tumultuary meeting, in which the shouting terroristic mob, that had followed Madarasz, the republican police minister, from the streets of Pesth to Debreczin, would play the principal part, but Kossuth cut short the matter, took his hat, and followed by his immediate tail, took their way straight to the

church, which was soon so filled by the mob, that the deputies and audience were jostled together, and either voting or deliberation out of the question. The whole affair was a matter of the mob oratory of one man, and not even the assent of the convention, (which was the shadow of the Diet), but the acclamation of Kossuth's admirers.

When the declaration was read and received with acclamation, Kossuth said, "You must now choose a governor,"—and "Eljen-a Kossuth," was shouted by the mob. "And why," said I afterwards to one of the royalist Repealers, "did you not protest against this?" "Because," said he, "first of all, no man was such a fool as to expose himself to be murdered by the mob. Besides, in my eyes, the meeting had not a legal character."

Such was the famous 14th of April, which I have sometimes heard contemptuously called the "Rump Parliament of Kossuth;" but, according to my humble opinion, this Kossuth parliament is, in pretension to either the reality or appearance of legal constitutional action, as much below the French convention of 1793, as the latter is below the sober dignity and deliberation of the Rump parliament that sent Charles I. to the block, and proclaimed a commonwealth in England.

The subsequent proceedings of the convention were in perfect harmony with what preceded. Bartholomew Szemere was appointed by Kossuth the president of his cabinet while he played the king; "and like master like man," this Premier, on the 2nd of May, declared the policy of the new government. "The ministry," said Szemere, (according to the *Kozlony*, or official newspaper of Hungary,) "solemnly declares that it will walk in the ways of the democratic republic." So much for Hungary. As for Transylvania, the official organ in that country held the same language. "The intention of the government," said the *Transylvanian Messenger*, "is to go hand in hand with events, that is to say, with the legislature in its public march on the territory of revolution,—we

mean of the most radical inversion . . . historical right is overthrown, whoever appeals to it, makes himself ridiculous." No sooner did Georgey hear of the declaration of independence, and of Kossuth having stated, that it was the wish of the army, than he made arrangements for going to Debreczin and giving the statement a flat denial, but this intention was defeated by the vacation given to the deputies, until the 1st of June, when the Diet was to be held at Pesth.

In my humble opinion, the territory of Repeal royalism is sufficiently remote from the legal and historical rights of Austria, but in justice to Georgey, I confess that nothing seems to me more inconsistent with British fair play than to see a man who cannot defend himself, accused of an unpatriotic hatred and envy of the man who deposed him in the hour of victory—who is called an intriguer because he would not accompany Kossuth from the common territory of royalist Repeal to democratic Repeal,—and, lastly, accused of being a traitor, after every inch of Transylvania had been swept clean of Magyar armies, and all Hungary to boot, except a single corner, and the fortresses of Comorn and Peterwardein, impregnable to be sure, but for all the purposes of the Magyar campaign useless from their distant isolation.

In conclusion, it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of History, a man of more splendid genius than Kossuth, as the Incendiary Rhetorician, in contra distinction to Sechenyi, the Patriotic Reformer, and to Batthyany, the Practical Revolutionary Statesman. If Sechenyi be immortal, for the erection of the modern temple of Hungarian Liberty, Kossuth, has also for all time, *prima facie*, associated his name with it, as its Herostratus.

History shows that one of the arrangements of Providence, is that large heterogeneous empires should exist, composed not of one nation, but of many nations. Hence the Roman empire, the British empire, and others that have been associated with a high degree of civilisation.

The British empire is an agglomeration of various states, races, and nations, the majority of the inhabitants of which are ruled by military despotism, but we, the dominant race, among ourselves have a representative form of government, and within our wide dominions a British citizenship resembles in many respects what a Roman citizenship was.

But if India, Malta, Canada, the Ionian Islands, and twenty other dependencies, Dutch, French, and Spanish, were all to be aggregated on the Atlantic, just on the other side of Ireland, could we conveniently grant parliaments to each, *with those rights of an independent army* which a faction claimed lately in Hungary? Certainly not. If we did, adieu to the British empire and its integrity. Our colonies and dependencies are so far off, that it is quite possible for us to rule different parts of the empire on the opposite principles. But that is not the case with Austria: all her states are contiguous. She must, therefore, either rule them all on the constitutional principle, or rule them on absolute principle. The former is only practicable if the component parts freely consent to the central power being in full possession of the imperial prerogatives of military tenure and diplomatic representation; but, as the schemes of the Hungarian revolutionists were purely and simply a grasp at military independence, in order to carry through the extinction of the original nationalities of Hungary, the chances that Austria had in 1848 were entirely thrown away. The bonâ fide Austrian liberal and constitutional party was stabbed in the back by these ultra-Magyar egotists, and, subsequently, the Russian occupation of the Principalities, the Concordat, and nearly a hundred millions sterling spent in a war with Russia, were still more signal results of the Batthyany-Kossuth projects than even the frustration of Austrian hopes of constitutional government and the extinction of that modicum of liberty which Hungary enjoyed previous to the Batthyany-Kossuth meddling.

The excessive decentralisation, which these men attempted, has merely aided in giving a greater impulse to that vortex of bureaucratic centralisation, which seems characteristic of the Slaavic revolutionary law, for although Austria has a Germanic nucleus, her destiny has been determined by the large preponderance of the Slaavic element; and in taking a survey of the Austrian revolution which was begun by the Emperor Joseph, we must remember that she follows the law of Slaavic, and not of Saxon revolutionary development, the latter being directed chiefly to secure the free energies of the individual, the former accompanied by an imperfect development of the spontaneous energies of the individual man, but a vigorous development of the state as a military institution. The Germanic nucleus has impregnated these various Slaavic and other races with German order and German civilization, but it has been impregnated by the conquered, or annexed races with that tendency to pure monarchical government which is a characteristic of the national physiology of the Slaavs.

We will now collate, in a brief, and, we hope, intelligible manner, the respective laws of Saxon and Slaavic revolutionary development:—

S A X O N.

First Stage.

Emancipation of towns by sovereigns, as counterpoise to feudal nobles.

S A X O N.

Second Stage.

Emancipation of peasantry from serfdom.

S L A A V I C.

First Stage.

Emancipation of towns by sovereigns, as counterpoise to feudal nobles.

S L A A V I C.

Second Stage.

Comparative cessation of anarchy and consolidation of the power of the crown by the substitution of standing armies for the feudal system.

S A X O N.

Third Stage.

Power of crown and aristocracy limited; fuller representation of third estate.

S L A A V I C.

Third Stage.

Emancipation of peasantry from serfdom by the crown in spite of the prejudices of the nobles. Aristocracy balanced by bureaucracy; subordination of all civil privileges to the scheme of military defence.

Thus both revolutionary cycles abase the feudal delegates of empire, and limit the clerical power; and both emancipate the peasantry. But while the Saxon law of revolutionary development limits the power of the crown, the Slaavic makes the army the first incorporation in the realm, and the master of that army the master of the state so long as he chooses to remember that all government must be positively or negatively founded on public opinion.

But it will be asked, was there no escaping this strong tendency to centralisation? was this fatality absolutely inevitable? I do not think it was, and I am firmly persuaded, that in 1848 there was an opportunity for giving a different direction to the governments both of Austria and Hungary. Had the Hungarians, instead of resigning themselves to the direction of a Batthyany and a Kossuth, placed at the head of their affairs, moderate and rational men, who, giving up all idea of Magyar-supremacy over the non-Magyar Nations, and all idea of the violation of the Pragmatic Sanction, had come to an arrangement with the bonâ fide liberal and constitutional party in Austria, headed by Stadion, Schmerling and Bruck, it is impossible to doubt, that the Municipal development of the leading Races of Hungary, instead of centralisation;—and bold measures of free trade, instead of timid experiments in that direction,—would have been the result. From the larger customs revenue, there would have been less direct

taxation, and less discontent, a less disproportioned standing army in time of peace, and loans resorted to, only as an extraordinary measure, in a crisis of actual war, in short the contrary of what has actually happened.

I will now close my political observations, with a short account of the new organisation of Hungary, which was the great bone of contention between the Schwarzenberg Cabinet and Baron Josika and his ex-colleagues of the days of conservative official power. This new organisation was the work of Mr. Bach, and was usually called by the Hungarian conservatives, "*Das Bachische system.*" The agitation amid which it fell in 1860 is beyond the sphere of this work.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NEW ORGANISATION OF HUNGARY INTO PROVINCES ACCORDING TO NATIONALITIES.¹

Is the new organisation of Hungary likely to tend to the union of the Austrian empire and to the happiness of the various nations of which Hungary is composed, Magyar as well as non-Magyar? This is the to be or not to be of Austria—this is the question of question, and I will attempt to answer it with that moderation of tone which befits the criticism of the handiwork of men for whom I have the most sincere and unfeigned personal respect and esteem, who are exercising a military dictatorship with a genius and energy which completely belies the opinion popular a couple of seasons ago, that Austria was irremediably *effete*. And if I have misgivings as to the future, it is because I have looked into the past, and because I have some doubts if all this high pressure and

¹ Published in 1851.

tying of the valves is so well calculated for a long voyage as a less stringent system.

The Repealers of Hungary having kicked the moderate constitutional party down stairs, *tabula rasa* has been the first fruit of martial law. And if I offer objections to this new system, it is not because it is conservative, but because it is too revolutionary. Nature is herself conservative, for she abhors every violent and sudden transition.

The old Hungarian code of laws has been abolished and an entirely new system introduced, closely resembling that of the Austrian provinces. A still more important change is the abolition of the division of counties and the adoption of large provinces defined as far as possible to suit the different nationalities, while everywhere the autonomic municipal action has been superseded by the French principle of centralisation, by which every officer, from the imperial commissioner to the pettiest functionary, is named by the government.

In order to understand the extent of these changes, let the reader now place before himself the ethnographical map of Hungary and accompany me in my provincial tour.

The Slovakkey, forming the north-west of Hungary, has for its capital Presburg, the official language of which is Slovak.

In the north-east of Hungary we find the Ruthenian or Red Russian nation, who speak the same dialect as the inhabitants of the eastern half of Galicia. The capital of this province is Kaschau, a German town; and as this province also includes all the Germans of the Zips, the official languages are Red Russian and German.

Going southwards, the next province that we come to, is that of Grosswardein, which is the largest in Hungary, as it includes Tokay, Debreczin, and all the country to the east of the Theiss; southwards, as far as Arad and the line of the Maros; while to the west of the Theiss it includes the large and important town of Szegedin. The official language of this province is Magyar.

Going southwards we come to the Voyvodina, or province of Temesvar, which, having been already described, need not longer detain us.

Going westwards we now come to the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia, the official language of which is Illyrian.

Adjoining Styria, and filling up the space between the Drave and the Danube, from its entry into Hungary at Presburg, is the province of Oedenburg, which comprises the Lake of Balaton, Raab, Stuhlweissenburg, &c. The official language of this province is Magyar.

In the very midst of all these provinces described, is that of Pesth, which includes a considerable space between the Danube and the Theiss, but on the west of the Danube, very little beyond Ofen. The official language of this province is Magyar and German, the former to suit the rural districts, the latter to suit the population of the capital.

Transylvania is now, as before the revolution, disjoined from Hungary.

The Voyvodina and the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia are also directly under the minister of the interior in Vienna.

The provinces of Pesth, Pressburg, Kaschau, Grosswardein, and Oedenburg, form the present kingdom of Hungary, under the *Statthalterei* of Pesth.

In this new political vegetation let us therefore attempt to discover the rose that springs from the thorn, and, with equal anxiety to be impartial, the thorn that springs from the rose—the desirable legislative union that has proceeded from the attempt to tear the empire assunder, and the undesirable tendency to mar this good by a fallacious centralisation that is certainly overshooting the true aim. Let it not be supposed that I have any unreasonable antipathy to that class of men comprised under the term *bureaucracy*. Their position is not enviable; they must serve many years of youth without pay; middle-age finds them overwhelmed with labour and responsibility, and

struggling very often with large families and small salaries; and as for old age, one month's pension of John Company would be a magnificent sum for the retired Austrian bureaucrat. With this poverty, their probity presents as great a contrast to that of the corresponding class in the Russian empire, as to the judicial officers of the Hungarian counties before the revolution, a vast majority of whom were accessible to the grossest bribery and corruption. And as to the objection raised against Baron Gehringer, the present Stadtholder of Hungary, that he is not a Magyar, but a Transylvanian Saxon, that is a most palpable absurdity; for it is impossible in such an ethnographical harlequin's jacket as Hungary is, to find any man who will satisfy all national susceptibilities; and it would be impossible to pick out of any nation a man of more sober, dispassionate judgment, more humane disposition, and more conciliatory forms.

But it is the transfer of the excessively cumbrous and expensive bureaucratic system of German government into Hungary, that seems to me not only uncalled for, as far as the unity of the empire is concerned, but replete with prospective evils. It is not Austria alone, but all the German governments, that are overrun with this bureaucracy. From all that I have been able to learn, the business of the Austrian provinces might be done with one-third of the present number of functionaries, and without the useless multiplication, not only of protocols, registers, controls, and counterchecks, and, worst of all, the over-governing and constant interference with ten thousand things that are not within the sphere of a government. And if the abuse of this system be lumbering and inconvenient in Austria, I am sure that in the Magyar districts of Hungary it is replete with danger.

In the Slovakkey, bureaucracy if subordinate to the indispensable objects of government, will work well, because the nobility for the most part having renegaded to Magyarism, the nationality requires an artificial support to keep in check the neophyte fanaticism of the small squirearchy.

I am also afraid that in the Voyvodina and Transylvania, where so much blood was shed by the different nations commingled and interlaced with each other,—that the introduction of a free municipal system would be followed by discussions so passionate, that blood would infallibly flow, and that the desideratum in these parts is a strong government, and an efficient protection to the landed proprietor against the communistic tendency of the peasantry. And however strong my leaning to the municipal as contrasted with the bureaucratic principle, I must confess, that anything would be better than a Daco-Roman parliament in Transylvania, whose first measure, I am sure, would be a measure of spoliation of the landed proprietor, not a whit less ruinous than that which took place at the first French revolution.

But, in the great Magyar provinces, I think that a great error has been committed, in not allowing the old Hungarian laws and county institutions to remain. With the obstinate and fanatical Magyar temperament I do not think the principle of bureaucracy is likely to be successful. The Slovack will be happy to have a bureaucrat of his own nation to protect him against the invasion of ultra-Magyarism; but I am sure that in the Magyar districts bureaucracy will be an *irritant*. All will go on very well for a few years, but the greater the demonstration of power, the greater the accumulation of exasperation against the coming evil day.

If this was a necessity for Austria, I could understand its adoption, but I certainly think this necessity does not exist. The unwisdom and injustice of the ultra-Magyar faction attempting to break up the military integrity of the Austrian empire, is no argument against the rational and unoffending Magyars preserving their legal traditions and customs, and the ancient forms of their municipal institutions, with such improvements as the integrity of the empire demands. And nothing appears to me more unwise than for Austria *to cast away the chance of utilising the conservative party*, which she unquestionably might

do by changes less extreme and less revolutionary. I cannot agree with the conservatives in their opinion as to the restoration of the old constitution. I look upon the political union of the two countries as an immense benefit to both, if carried out by some compromise midway between historical tradition and the *tabula rasa*.

In my humble opinion the objects of Austria in Hungary ought to be confined to four cardinal points:—First, the military occupation; secondly, the unity of the imperial cabinet and the imperial legislature; thirdly, the payment by Hungary of her exact proportion of the taxation of the empire; fourthly, the adequate protection of the other nationalities. This seems to me all that Austria needs or requires, and that if she seek more,—in some future crisis, the embryo of which may be in the womb of time,—she may get less; and the warmest wish of a writer who sincerely desires the unity, the power, and the prosperity of the Austrian empire, is to see in the Magyar counties and boroughs, the native laws and customs, with neither the feudal abuses of pauper nobility, nor so low a qualification as to place the power in the hands of demagogues, but such an electoral census as will include the property and intelligence of the country, and afford a sphere of utility to the loyal and well-disposed part of the population; and I entreat M. Bach to remember, that no spirited nation, accustomed to the bold expression of its opinions, will ever submit to the harness of a bureaucratic system, and the Magyar nation as little as any that I know. The Hungarian code of laws, and the county autonomy in the Magyar districts, with a raised qualification, will unquestionably take nothing from the unity and integrity of the empire, and so far from involving the surrender of the pettiest gun-screw of the pettiest fortress, it will prove a safety-valve:—

“IN VESTE VARIETAS SIT, SCISSURA NON SIT.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

DESCRIPTION OF DEBRECZIN.

From Grosswardein I proceeded in an open sledge to Debreczin, for the cold was still severe and sledging the usual mode of conveyance; I thus easily performed the journey in one day with the same horses. At the half-way house we stopped to dine, a very humble road-side inn, and on entering the room cold and hungry, found any thing but comfort, the floor being of earth, several peasants wrangling with each other, one of whom clenched his argument by seizing a large bottle of wine and dashing it on the table, the glass and liquid scattering about in all directions, and the landlady in tears.

When I asked whether I could get any thing for dinner, she said "nothing but bread and wine; for," added she, "these drunken men have carried off a stock of meat that I had prepared this morning, and have not only done that, but on my insisting on having money, have broken and dashed to pieces all my pots and pans, and will neither pay nor go away." This she told me in passable German, shedding tears as she spoke. I asked her if there was no law or authority in the place. And she informed me that her husband was gone to the magistrate of the place, and that she was in terror for her life. None of the peasants spoke German, so that we continued our conversation uninterrupted by them; and however indignant I might have been, I did not think it prudent to meddle in the matter, for her account of their habitual conduct tallied with all that I have heard of the condition of the peasantry since the insane measure of the abolition of labour rents without previously determining in each particular case, what money equivalent the peasant became responsible for, from the day that the labour rents ceased, as was done in our own country, when the vassal became farmer. The commutation of rents in kind and labour

into money has been highly beneficial to the British landlord and tenant; but in Hungary the peasant, so far from having enriched himself, has merely devoted a larger amount of his time and money to the public-house, while the landlord has been nearly ruined. Thus, "ill-gotten gear never thrives," and no man was ever the more prosperous by being freed from the payment of just debts which he could regularly and conveniently liquidate.

When the husband came in he brought with him another man, who I suppose was a constable, and one of the drunkards went away out, and in a short time returned with money, which he paid over to the people of the house. The landlord himself was a respectable looking countryman, and wore a very showy frogged and braided new surtout. He told me that "his name was Gaspar Kis, and that he was a lieutenant in the Hungarian army, and was one of those that were in Comorn," and pulling out a large greasy pocket-book, showed me his passport under the capitulation, and that he had taken this public-house. "But," added he, "I mean to give it up, for these daily brawls with the drunken peasants weary my life out;" and his wife said, "I weep all day, when I think what I was as the wife of a lieutenant, spending my time in the pleasant societies, and what I am now. I tell my husband," said she, "that I can hold out no longer, and that we must seek our fortune in some other employment."

When the horses were baited I started again, it being very clear sunshine, and by moonlight I arrived at Debreczin. But we passed house after house and went through street after street of scattered house, so that it was a considerable time before we arrived at the Nador, which is the principal inn of the place. So widely scattered is Debreczin, in consequence of every house, except those of the centre of the town, having a considerable patch of ground attached to it. At length I arrived at the inn, which I found to be a very good one, and much better than I expected, for even in Pesth I had heard exaggerated accounts of the badness of the accommodation, which were not realised,

for my bedroom was nicely papered or stencilled, the bed was clean, the floor matted, and the service very good. In the public rooms I saw a distinction which I had nowhere else observed in Hungary. One being inscribed as military and the other as civilian, which I understand was for the purpose of avoiding all irritating discussions between the garrison and the people of the town.

I found a loud hubbub going on in the civilian public room, and at one end of it a large table laid out with a supper, which one of the townsmen was giving to his fellow citizens on his birth day; and next the window were five or six gipsy musicians, who played Hungarian airs from time to time. They were all well advanced in their cups, and in fact it was an orgie, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could avoid their constant offers of wine and their endless toasts; but it was the best gipsy band I had ever heard, a man with dark Hindoo features, never spoke a word during the whole evening with his lips, and might have passed for dumb. But with the violin in his hand and with erected bow, his eyes and eyebrows were in perpetual telegraphic communication with the giver of the feast, as to when he should begin and when he should stop, so that to this hour of writing, his visage stands before my mind's eye, with such quaint expressive distinctness, that I regret that I am not artist enough to reproduce its living lineaments.

The Zriny march was encored with immense enthusiasm; a stout old man of between seventy and eighty years of age with long white beard and mustachios, and who was said to be a jeweller in the town, dancing about the room like a madman and snapping his fingers to keep time with the movement of the march, and when "God save the Emperor" was played, shouted aloud, "God save the Emperor, but the Austrian camarilla ought to give an amnesty." As midnight approached, the fun grew fast and furious, but in spite of my being a *fanatico per la musica*, I felt most inclined for bed, and enjoyed a sound sleep after passing a long day in the keen bracing air of

the *pusztá* of Debreczin, with the cold to be sure diminished from what it had been, but still from sixteen to eighteen degrees of Reaumur.

Next day was devoted to seeing the internal part of the town and delivering my letters. I was much pleased with the great square of the town, which has really a much more noble and civilised appearance than I had been led to expect. In fact there is no medium in the place. When I looked at this public square with its great Calvinistic church—the massive town-house, and several other remarkably handsome edifices, and then thought of the endless lanes of cottages in which the citizen farmers lived, I recognised the presence of the Asiatic element, and remembered those Turkish provincial capitals, where a mosque or two of magnificent architecture contrasts with streets of extensive unvarying meanness. It was market day when I first traversed the square and saw it crowded with people, the females wrapped in fur jackets and cloaks, many of them with crimson coats. The principal articles of traffic being fitches of bacon, large and fat, the staple production of the district, of which I saw thousands laid out on the snow, while the centre space was kept clear for sledges sliding and jingling along.

Debreczin possesses fourteen square German miles of territory, most of it good pasture land, or land that might be arable; and this it lets to its own citizens, who cultivate it in the inconvenient manner I have formerly described, and who sell the produce in the town, which causes it to be a place of great trade in wool, hides, bacon, hog's lard, &c.; so that the population is not less than 50,000 souls, nearly all of whom are Calvinists, except a few Catholics.

Most prominent among the edifices is the Calvinistic church, a building of great size, built in the beginning of this century, of a mongrel Italian sort of architecture, which has acquired a historical celebrity, by its having been the locality of Kossuth's celebrated declaration of independence. Here is a service of psalms and prayers every morning at the hour of eight. I confess I have

never been able to discover much euphony in the spoken language of the Magyars, although the popular notion is that it was the language in which God spoke to Adam; but nobly did it sound in my ears, when, passing from the snow-covered market-place, where the sun was shining in keen frosty brightness, I entered the temple, and heard these Magyars addressing the Deity, while the tones of the organ resounded through its vaults. There is no altar in Calvinistic churches; but the communion-table, within a wooden enclosure, was the spot where the declaration of independence was made by Kossuth.

This was not the usual place of the meeting of the convention of Debreczin, which was in a small chapel, or oratory, of the Calvinistic college, a large edifice built behind the church; and, with its wide passages, great staircases, and general arrangement, had the air of an Italian convent. Theology, literature, and some sciences, are taught here, its principal object being the preparation of Calvinistic pastors. In the library I was shown several *incunabula*, or books printed before the year 1500; and the party that accompanied us through the place told me that their endowment has a slight accession by an annual payment of 75*l.* sterling, from a religious society in Great Britain; and for some time after the conclusion of the war, this building had been the principal hospital of the wounded and sick of the Russian army, until their recovery enabled them to undertake a winter journey. The Oratory, in which was held the celebrated secret sitting that preceded the declaration of independence, might contain 300 or 400 persons; the usual seat of Kossuth having been pointed out to me in the front row to the right on entering, a small square gallery above having been reserved for ladies.

As to what is commonly called society, it cannot be said to exist at Debreczin, and is represented by a few lawyers, merchants, and physicians, with the professors of the college, who might be counted on the fingers; and

what will surprise the reader is, that the citizens of Debreczin themselves are, as a body, by no means revolutionary, but a jolly, simple, good-natured, ignorant people, just like the Turks of some town in the interior of Asia Minor. The element of political agitation was the tail that followed Kossuth and Madarasz from Pesth. The poor citizen of Debreczin, in his sheep-skin cloak and long boots, attending to his hogs and his horses, has not the least idea of the merits of knotty political questions; and although the locality of the declaration of independence was Debreczin, the men of the declaration were Kossuth and his small but energetic clique.

The people of Debreczin, therefore, moved my commiseration, as much as those who plunged them into these misfortunes excited my indignation. They complained most loudly and bitterly of their losses, by the plunder of the Cossacks, and described to me the ingenuity that these wild horsemen exercised in getting at their valuables. Every part of a barn and cellar were poked with their lances, to see if the earth were soft, and if silver spoons or other valuables were hid. They seized every horse in the town they could find in private stables, but were always ready to sell them again for thirty per cent. of their value. Often, however, a proprietor had to buy his horse twice over. Even General——, the most polite, friendly man possible,—who shook every body by the hand, kissed acquaintances of two days' standing with the warmth of old friendship, stood cool and unmoved himself under the hottest cannonade but offered peppermint-drops to those who had caught cold in a draught of air, and was a perfect master of minor courtesies—made requisitions of wood, and other necessities, for his corps, which he sold again next day, and the proceeds of which, we may rest assured, did not go into the exchequer of the Autocrat. I must, however, make an honourable exception of General Prince Bebutoff, who nobly spurned at all opportunities of speculation or plunder, and when he left the house in which he was quartered, told his landlord to

examine the apartments, and see if the smallest article was missing.

Thousands of families in Debreczin had relations killed or wounded; and however much the ultra-Magyar aberration was inconsistent with either the universally recognised principles of law, or with a true and just conception of civil liberty, I was perpetually reminded, in the most painful manner, of how small a number of persons could be deliberately considered responsible for their immense sufferings. At a dinner given by the principal lawyer in the town, I met the principal physician in the place, Doctor K——. He had two brothers in the Austrian army, who served with distinction in the first campaign under Radetzky. In the following year one brother remains in Italy, the other becomes General K——, in the Hungarian army. The Temple of Janus is shut. The officer in Italy gets his promotion, and General K—— turns Mussulman.

CHAPTER XXV.

PESTH.

At Pesth, I put up at the Jagerborn, which I found to be a very good inn, adjoining the Danube, and overlooking the ruins of the German theatre, which had been destroyed by fire during the bombardment in the summer of 1849; and here I completed my Hungarian experiences, and during my stay saw a great deal of all parties—civilians and military—Magyars, and non-Magyars, the old aristocracy, the new bureaucracy, and not a few democrats, notwithstanding my antipathy to all extremes in forms of government. Pesth was full of military and

empty of society when I was last there, and, the prisons being full of political characters, all classes were more or less in a state of suffering and anxiety; for the aristocracy having taken to flight, the tradespeople were all complaining, and the Kossuth-party were, to use their own words, morally and physically *niedergeschlagen*. But now that the reign of terror was over, and Haynau making every effort to conciliate the people—with very little success, I must admit—Pesth was full of deputations and political partisans from all portions of Hungary, each seeking to indoctrinate him and Baron Gehringer, the civil governor of Hungary, with their conflicting views, and seeking the furtherance of their respective interests. My own time was passed, therefore, in an interesting manner. During the forenoon I discussed the state and prospects of Hungary with all those parties, and in the evening wrote my notes, or took social recreation in the political or musical drawing-rooms of the metropolis. But before I commence any account of the society of Pesth, since Hungary was turned upside down, let me take a glance at the external features of the place.

The great feature of Hungary is the Danube. A capital not situated on the Danube would, therefore, have a primary disqualification, which nothing else could compensate. Almost equidistant from the Styrian frontier on the west, and the Transylvanian frontier on the east, from the Carpathians on the north, and the Drave on the south, which separates it from Croatia, Pesth may be said to be situated very nearly in the centre of Hungary.

Pesth itself is situated on the left bank of the Danube, on perfectly level ground, with a noble line of newly-constructed houses, forming a magnificent quay. Across the Danube is Ofen, *alias* Buda, rising above the water by a bold, steep acclivity, to an elevated table-land, on which is built the Royal Palace and other public offices of the kingdom of Hungary. The view from the terraces of the sister town—as Ofen is called—has been so often painted and described, that I need enter into few details,

except to remark that the two component parts of the capital partake also, in a striking degree, of the geographical peculiarities that divide all Hungary into two distinct regions. If, standing on the western terrace, we look to the amphitheatre of vine-covered slopes rising to nooks in the hills, in which neat white villas are situated: or admire the rugged precipices of the Blocksberg, overlooking the Danube, we see the Eastern boundary of the great Alpine region, which stretches from the Rhone to the Danube. Westward, all is hill and dale, lake and forest. The famed Platten, or Balaton-See, the Neusiedler-See, the Bakonyer Wald, and all the romantic sites of Western Hungary, are mere prolongations of the Styrian Alps. If, on the other side, we cast our eyes downwards from the eastern terrace of the citadel of Ofen, the Danube flows at our feet, and Pesth lies stretched out to our view, with its long quay and countless dark brown tiled houses, broken here and there by a church spire, or a public square, beyond which is seen the commencement of the great plain, steppe, or *pustza* of Hungary, which stretches eastwards to the regions far beyond the Theiss.

The course of the Danube is here rapid, and its depth partakes of the nature of its banks. A few feet from the Pesth shore there is only two feet of water, in the middle five, and on the Ofen side a depth of eight fathoms. The connexion between the two cities has been hitherto kept up by a bridge of boats, the lease of which produced to the town the sum of 8000*l.* per annum, the lessee being bound to keep it floating up to the 6th of December, which shows very nearly how long the river is free from ice. In order to maintain a constant communication all the year round the chain bridge was built, after the designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. Clark—a noble triumph of British taste and science; and when I think of the two extremities of the capital, Ofen, with its vine-clad hills and German population, and Pesth with its long Hatvan-street, where the wild Magyar peasant, with swarthy complexion, fiery eyes, and nomad-like sheep-skin dress, has just arrived

from the *pustza*, with his horses reeking with sweat, the genius of Britannia seems even here in its congenial element, connecting the ocean-like plains of Asia with the civilisation of Europe.

Nothing could be more sublime than the spectacle which the Danube presented on my return to the capital; the intense and long continued frost had rendered the ice of great thickness, and a thaw having taken place, the whole breadth of the channel from shore to shore, was covered with huge blocks of ice that had been accumulated above Comorn, sweeping past with a loud roaring noise, and it was with a feeling of terrific pleasure akin to that with which one approaches a great cataract, and compounded of a vague mixture of danger and security, that I stood at the centre of the bridge and looked on the fields of ice rolling downwards, as if they would sweep away the piers of the bridge on which I stood, and then with a loud crashing noise splitting themselves on its immoveable foundations. Whole days elapsed before the immense tracks of ice, stretching from the Black Forest to the quay of Buda were swept away, and the spectacle was equally beautiful, in the silver sunshine, or in the blackness of night, when the masses were neither glittering nor very definable.

Ofen used formerly to be a place of considerable official bustle, in consequence not only of the residence of the Palatine, but of the numerous other public officers connected with the crown of Hungary, and in fact, was a large nest of conservative place-men; but this has been considerably altered since the destruction of the government palace and other edifices, and the transfer of the civil administration to a large hotel on the quay of Pesth, a little above the Casino, and close to the bridge. Bureaucratic Ofen was always dull compared with Pesth, but now it is desolate. Preparations were, however, making to rebuild the palace and retransfer the whole of the establishment across the river again.

If Ofen commands Pesth from its towering height, the

Blocksberg, on the other hand, commands Ofen; and it was by infinite pains in getting a battery mounted on the lofty Blocksberg, that Georgey was enabled to effect the capture of Ofen. In accordance, therefore, with experience, a strong fort was about to be erected on the Blocksberg; so as to render Ofen a position of strategical importance. These two hills are the great charm of the situation of Pesth, their bold and rugged outline renders the walk up and down the long quay of Pesth, separated from them by the river, a most picturesque promenade,—the Blocksberg rising abruptly in ribs of rock almost from the water's edge, while, in the opposite direction, at the upper end of the town, where the high ground recedes from the river, we have a beautiful wooded island, with park and garden, the favourite retreat of the Palatines of Hungary, father and son. So that, altogether, Ofen, from its military importance, Pesth, from its favourable situation for trade, and both together from their picturesque position, incline me to think that, notwithstanding their present depression, arising from the misfortunes of the war, they are destined to a steady increase in wealth and population.

Pesth has, each year, extremes of heat and cold, unknown to our insular feelings. During the previous frost, the cold had reached 22 degrees of Reaumur; and in summer the thermometer frequently rises to 25 degrees of heat, as it is, on all sides, separated by lands, broad and wide, from the equalising influences of the sea. The cooling mountains are also distant. This we are sensible of in the wines; for while those grown in the environs of Vienna are slightly acidulated, the vintage of Ofen, that is to say of the environs, is characterised by its spirituous strength. The worst feature of the climate of Pesth is an east wind, which, in summer, is hot and suffocating, from passing over the parched sandy plain of Central Hungary, and brings with it clouds of dust; while, in winter, the same wind is exceedingly cold, and has a most depressing effect upon the nervous system. But the

northerly and westerly winds, in summer, coming from the Carpathians and the Alps, are cooling and delightful, sometimes accompanied by rain, but more generally by clear weather.

While the high street of Ofen, as well as the Wasserstadt, has an old German look, in consequence of its old German colonisation (which took root, for the most part, about the same time as the rise of Temesvar, that is to say, after Hungary was cleared of the Turks,) Pesth, on the other hand, has quite a new look, and, in fact, is, for the most part, a town of this century, and has arisen out of the concurring circumstances of the landed proprietary of Hungary, tending more and more to have town-houses in the capital, and a corresponding large influx of merchants, tradespeople, and mechanics, from Vienna, Prague, and the principal towns of Germany. Very nearly the half of the rural population of the county of Pesth is Slovack, and there is a considerable Slovack and Servian population in the so-called Josephstadt; but by far the most numerous race in the sister towns of Pesth and Ofen is the German, in consequence of which the German is, along with the Magyar, established as the official language of the capital.

The great mistake which the ultra-Magyars made was in forcing their language upon the other nations in such a way as to interfere most seriously with individual liberty; and I am sorry to say that Haynau, shortly after his advent, committed just the same mistake. The Germans being the most numerous nation, all that was wanted to satisfy the national pride of the Germans was to see their language on an equality with the Magyar in public acts, leaving every man to colour his private acts as he might choose, and, in all that lay within the sphere of his personal liberty, to select what nationality he liked. But out came a decree, on the strength of martial law, that all signs should be henceforth painted in German as well as in Magyar. The consequence was, that many persons obeyed the decree only nominally, so that in

going along the street I saw side by side with the Magyar signs, a German translation so small, as scarcely to be legible. And we are again reminded of Bacon's words: "For manners: a consent in them is to be sought industriously, but not to be enforced; for nothing amongst people breedeth so much pertinacy in holding their customs, as sudden and violent offer to remove them."

I made the acquaintance of General Haynau through the obliging civility of Baron Gehringer, an Austrian diplomatist of great ability and experience, then imperial commissioner at Pesth on financial and political business, and who, on the removal of Haynau, became, as I understand from the newspapers, governor of Hungary. General Haynau had assigned to him as his residence by the municipality of Pesth, a portion of the large palace of Count Karoly. Our first interview one forenoon was very short, as the antechamber was crowded with deputations and suitors of all sorts. He occupied as his studio a small room looking out on the garden, and appeared to be a man of fully sixty years of age. His stature about the medium, but thin and spare, with a slight stoop. His eyes were grey, his nose aquiline, and the most striking feature of his face, was his bushy white moustachios.

Whatever he may have been to his political enemies, no man could receive a stranger with more ease and frankness. After a few brief observations, he said, "The people here are beginning to have a different idea of me now from what they had at the beginning. The measures indispensable to a just retribution on those who raised this rebellion, struck them like a thunder-clap, and they looked upon me as a phenomenon that shocked them; but I think they are now beginning to understand me better. I myself have been a colonel of a Hungarian hussar regiment, and I know their character well, and whatever is done in the way of justice, one must never affront their military and national self-respect."

I report this as nearly as I can in the translation. The words used being "*Bravour und nationalität.*" But I need

scarcely inform the reader, that with a proud, haughty, and susceptible nation, such as the Magyars—a representative of retribution, re-action, and the deposition of the Magyars from their supremacy could never, under any circumstances, or after the lapse of ever so long a period, play an aftergame of popularity; truth compels me to say that, even the conservatives (however much they detested Batthyany, whose popularity and political power more than compensated in his eyes any loss of income by his sweeping spoliation of the landed proprietors), were at this time courting Haynau to try and induce him to use his influence with the cabinet of Vienna to get some modification of the new system introduced by Minister Bach; of dividing Hungary into provinces in a manner calculated to develop all the other nationalities; for although the conservatives have certainly a warmer attachment to the house of Habsburg, than any other section of the Magyars, yet to them the development of the other nationalities is a most obnoxious measure. But however much they might seek to pay court to General Haynau, it was not in the nature of things that they should do otherwise than feel acutely how unpopular they should make themselves with the rest of the nation; and it is unquestionably the odium that attached to the retaliatory executions, that have made the conservatives hold back from assistance in the new organisation.

“You are a young man,” said Haynau, “and I know from what I was at your age, that you must be fond of dancing. The Baroness Haynau gives a dancing soir e the day after to-morrow, and she will be happy to see you, and my only advice to you is, dance most industriously—*Nur fleissig tanzen.*” And I took my leave of Haynau, asking myself if it was possible that the polite old gentleman who had given me so gallant an advice was actually a “woman-flogger.” And as the most brilliant of modern historians says, “that wise men are always rather on their guard in judging of the angels and demons of the multitude,” I was happy to find in the course

of my stay at Pesth, that in no man's case was this more requisite than in that of Haynau, the "woman-flogger."

In the course of my tour through Hungary, which lasted many months, I had heard frequent denunciations of him, for having been instrumental in the death of Batthyany, and for not having recommended to mercy the unfortunate Austrian officers who had attained high rank in the Hungarian army, and had been condemned to death at Arad. But during all this period I do not once recollect of its being ever supposed that Haynau had any thing to do with the flogging of Madame Madersbach, which took place a hundred miles from the spot where Haynau was at the time, and who, having an army of 100,000 men to attend to, had the circumstance first seriously brought before his attention by the English newspapers long afterwards. And from all that I could learn at Pesth, the association of Haynau with this odious and unmanly manner of treating a female, appears to be solely and entirely an invention, in order to cast an additional odium on the man who has proved so obnoxious to the national pride of the Magyars. For the reasons which I will subsequently state, I have all along disapproved of the executions of these men, but the accusation of having had anything to do with the flogging of this female, appears to be not only false and calumnious, but without the semblance of a vestige of truth. And the prints got up in London representing this woman tied up to a tree, and Haynau, who was a hundred and more miles distant from the spot, approximated by the artist to a few yards off, is all part and parcel of the organised system of falsification, got up and perseveringly carried on in order to blind the people of England to the real bearings of the Hungarian question.

The suite of rooms in which the dancing party was given was splendid, and being in the modern French style, in which white and gold predominated, lighted up beautifully; there might be about 150 persons present. The large drawing-room with polished parquet, being de-

voted to dancing. The ladies wore their best dresses, the generals wore their orders, and the buffets groaned with viands, flowers, and massive silver candelabra, and the band was of the first excellence; but, nevertheless, politics seemed uppermost with all, except the youngest. The old system had been broken up, and nobody being able to tell what consistence the new system would take, speculation was all afloat, and conservative magnates and ex-deputies (for I need scarcely inform the reader that none of the Kossuth party were present,) took very little advantage of the band, and in the side rooms, or in the intervals of dancing, conversed apart, with shrug of shoulder and abstraction of visage; but when the *csardas* or national dance of the Magyars was struck up, all conversation seemed suspended—the side rooms were emptied, and a great circle was formed in the large saloon, and the dance proceeded with great spirit and applause. Neither the *kolo* nor any dance of the other nations of Hungary was given, and whatever the political organisation of Hungary may be in future, it is pretty clear that what is called the *beau monde* can never be anything but Magyar. Haynau himself must have been an excellent dancer in youth, and waltzed in perfect time with a handsome young Baroness O——, from the neighbourhood of Szolnok.

While a quadrille was proceeding, he came up and reproached me for not dancing often enough, and a sofa being at hand we sat down and began to talk politics again. He emphatically denied that he had been actuated by any sentiment of vengeance in the case of the executions. As to those of Arad, the men were hung not for being Hungarians but for being Austrian officers in a state of mutiny and disobedience, and this by regular military tribunals, and that it was a lesson and a warning for future times, of what every Austrian officer had to expect if he obeyed an illegal parliament. "No doubt," said Haynau, "that this procured me an immense load of unpopularity; but as far as my part went I have been

brought up in the strictest principles of morality and duty. I am thoroughly acquainted with what is the duty of a soldier and the discipline of an army. This proceeding has the perfect approbation of my own conscience, and I can assure you when that is the case, that I am tolerably indifferent as to what is thought of me, even when it draws with it the disapprobation of my superiors, and the marring of my own personal fortunes. I am not given to luxury as far as my own tastes are concerned. I always study to keep my pecuniary affairs in good order. The consequence has been that I have never needed to have recourse to sycophancy for protection, but whatever success I have had in my profession has been from a fearless sense of duty to my sovereign."

Haynau was neither a lawyer nor a statesman, but a soldier, and is in fact the legitimate offspring of Kossuth and his Debreczin parliament. Institutions wear out, they need repair, the reformer is called for, he appears; but, as Macchiavelli says, "When a change is begun in a state, no man can tell precisely when or where it will stop." So, after the *Reformer*, frequently comes the *Destroyer*. *Vires acquirit eundo*, — characterises the impulse begun under the best intentions. But the sound part of society is startled at the attitude of those who are resolved to go all lengths. The embryo of reaction commences; it acquires consistence, but is still occult, and to give life to the element that is to destroy the destroyer, nerves of iron are called into requisition. To subdue force, major force is required. Society sees all its ordinary laws suspended during those violent efforts; and the result is the mastery of a class of men whose predominating quality is *will*, not *reason*; and whose sphere is *action*, not *deliberation*. To expect anything else, would be as absurd as to expect figs from thistles instead of briars; and when lawyer Kossuth took to shot and shell, the logical sequence was—a reckless *sabreur* elevated to the highest honours of political administration and criminal judicature.

I believe that Haynau, pitched violently out of the hussar saddle into the judicial bench, acted as conscientiously and as like a strict provost-martial as he possibly could; but his legal acumen as a constitutional lawyer, seems to be of much the same value as the practical statesmanship of lawyer Kossuth, when sound judgment apart from mere oratory was required on any matter, military, political, or financial.

The moral guilt of Batthyany in perfidiously attempting, in defiance of legal and historical rights, to procure the disruption of the financial and military integrity of the Austrian empire while she lay prostrate and struggling with the difficulties of the Lombard war, I consider to have been greater than that of Kossuth; for he acted more from craft and less from fanaticism than Kossuth; but, at the same time, his execution appears to have been, however consistent with equity, yet clearly contrary to sound policy. The extorted consent of the King of Hungary to the disruption, in defiance of the constitutional advisers of the Emperor of Austria, was an appeal to physical force, or club law, as we call it, and this appeal was settled against the Repealers; if, therefore, after the reintegration of the house of Austria in its rights by virtue of the treaties with the Porte, Batthyany had committed high treason against the Emperor of Austria, Hungary having become civilly a portion of the Austrian empire, it is clear that he would have been amenable to Austrian procedure; and Austria could, after the *tabularasa*, act through her tribunals. But as it was, Batthyany was amenable, not to the Emperor of Austria, but to the King of Hungary, and solely through Hungarian processes.

Hungary having sought to abolish the integrity of the empire of Austria, the emperor could re-conquer Hungary, but the constitutional King of Hungary could not render Hungarian subjects amenable to courts-martial, or act otherwise than through Hungarian tribunals. He could make a law prospective by the right of the sword, but he could not make a law retrospective without violating a

principle reprobated by all lawyers; for all retrospective criminal procedure against offences leads to retaliatory vengeance, not legal example.

Above all, this execution was contrary to sound policy, for the moral strength of the Austrian cause lay in Batthyany's, perfidious violation of those legal and historical rights which date from the zenith of the Ottoman power, and above all from the Pragmatic Sanction. This high moral vantage-ground was surrendered by a deliberate descent to the ways of illegality, for no constitutional sovereign can, *proprio motu*, supersede civil by military tribunals; and—if we pass from the first civil magistrate of the constitutional kingdom of Hungary to the person of the military chief of the Austrian empire in its integrity defending his unquestionable rights, and making *tabula-rasa* thereafter,—retrospective criminal procedure has no effect but to produce confusion in men's minds, and to throw on Austria a large portion of that onus of illegality which previously lay almost wholly on the shoulders of those who were carrying through the despotic revolutionary measures under the mask of reform.

In conclusion, the integrity of the Austrian empire was written so clearly on the page of Hungarian history, that he that ran might read. But an ensanguined shroud has intervened—that of a man who, had he lived, would have appeared a perfidious intriguer, but having died by the retrospective application of arbitrary military power, into a period when the operation of the tribunals of a constitutional country was unimpugned—this despot and intriguer has been elevated to the rank of a martyr to the cause of constitutional liberty,—and Austria played the game of her irreconcilable enemies.

When I mentioned in course of conversation my disapproval of the execution of Batthyany, (this, of course, after we had got to talk very fully and unreservedly of these matters,) Haynau was not in the least offended, and merely said “that he had acted according to his conscience;” and, as he was, from all accounts, a fearless,

honest man, and without a shade of insincerity, I have no doubt that he spoke the truth. The times had been out of joint, and legal acumen along with dispassionate judgement, are certainly not prominent characteristics of those who remain the masters after the dethronement of anarchy. Batthyany and Kossuth called forth the whirlwind and the storm which they hoped to ride and rule. "Historical right is overthrown; whoever appeals to it makes himself ridiculous," said the ultra-Magyar organs, in the flush of momentary triumph. "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi*," answered Austria, and in a few months the ermine of the magistrate was assumed by those who had just thrown off the bloody hussar jacket.

If we turn from the legal and political career of Haynau to his Hungarian campaign, there is much to praise. He was picked out of all the generals under the command of Radetzky, by that most skilful and experienced commander, as the likeliest man for the hard work before Austria in Hungary, and the result, as far as military events are concerned, most fully justified the selection.

When the Hungarians, in the summer of 1849, had completed their preparations for resistance, the western army, amounting to 80,000 men, occupied the rivers Waag and Raab. Dembinski watched the Carpathians in the north. Bem held the bastion of Transylvania, and a southern army was opposed to the Ban and General Nugent, the head quarters of which was Szegedin. The joint plan of operations adopted by the Russian and Austrian generals was as follows:—The Russians to debouch by the Dukla, and to send a considerable corps of cavalry and light troops as a demonstration to deceive the Hungarians; but to push the main body of the army by the high road towards Waitzen and Pesth, while the Austrian army advancing by Raab along the south bank of the Danube, the two armies would meet and enclose the Hungarian army wherever it might be. I understand that Marshal Paskievich had a considerable part in the devising of this very able plan, and fully comprehended that until Ofen

was in the possession of the imperial armies, Waitzen, at the knee of the river, was the true strategical *point de mire*, and not Pesth. "*In Pesth steht man in der luft*," said one of the Russian staff to me afterwards.

By the battle at Raab and the two severely contested days near Acs on the 2nd and 11th of July, the object of the Austrian army was gained, and Georgey was compelled either to shut himself up in Comorn and allow himself to be taken like a mouse in a trap, or to manœuvre his way to the Theiss through the army of Marshal Paskievich enclosing him on the north-east. This latter he did with masterly skill, and the impression which Marshal Paskievich has left in Hungary is, that his strategy was able; but that considering the forces at his disposal his tactics were not equally satisfactory, whether in allowing Georgey to slip through his fingers, and when that had taken place, in not pressing with sufficient speed and vigour the operations to the east of the Theiss, so as to have left so large a force in the environs of the Maros to cope with the Austrian forces who, led by the vigorous and energetic Haynau across the sands of Ketskemet, were making for Temesvar. Haynau was certainly in his way a sort of Blücher, and was well entitled to the nick-name "General Forwards;" for he no sooner was in Pesth than he prepared for that bold and fearless march to Szegedin and Temesvar, the operations of which brought the campaign to a prompt and brilliant conclusion.

Next to Haynau, the honour of the day of Temesvar belongs to Prince Francis Lichtenstein, from all accounts one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in the Austrian army, who by bringing up the reserve at the right moment, threw the Hungarians into confusion and compelled them to retreat; from which time they never seriously rallied again. This distinguished officer was at Pesth at the period of my visit, and as one of my letters was to him, I had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of a most amiable man, who was as popular even among the Magyars from the suavity of his manners and the mode-

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ration of his political opinions, as he was esteemed by his brother generals for his professional ability. And when a hard case occurred, he would speak to Haynau when no one else had the courage to do so. This I heard from others, and what I heard from him confirmed me in the opinion that Haynau was, with all his fanatical sense of duty, not inaccessible to humane considerations. One day he told me that a man compromised in the rebellion, who had been enrolled in the Austrian army, had a wife and several children, and on his applying to Haynau to get him struck off the roll, he flatly refused that, but said that he would give him an unlimited leave of absence, and that it would have been well if he had paid more attention to the welfare of his wife and family and thought more of their prospects during the rebellion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMORN AND THE FORTRESSES OF HUNGARY CONSIDERED WITH
REFERENCE TO STRATEGY.

I had by this time had enough of travelling in Hungary, and the steamers on the Danube being again plying for the season, I took my passage in one of them and once more bade adieu to the discomforts of Hungarian roads, for certainly the tourist who alternately walks the deck, lounges on a sofa and takes his meals at the appointed hours, or reads a book in one of the well-appointed Danubian steamers, can have no conception of what is commonly understood by the expression "travelling in Hungary;" and I was truly glad to make this voyage once more without the alarms of war; for the last time that I had passed the crumbling ruins of Vissegrad and

the lofty cathedral of Gran, the passengers were disembarked some miles above Comorn, and after a long tour in a diligence through the blockading Austrian posts, re-embarked again some miles below that fortress.

But although the war was ended, the deadly antipathies that it had engendered were not a whit allayed. Several of the passengers were Magyars, one of whom, an acquaintance of my own, was Mr. B——, a conservative deputy of considerable eloquence, and there were besides several priests, ex-tribunes and ex-prefects of the Daco-Roman militia, which in German receives the appropriate name of *Landsturm*, but not one syllable did the eloquent deputy and the land-stormers exchange with each other during the voyage, which was, perhaps, all the better for the tranquillity of the rest of the passengers.

What a curious contrast my late voyage on the Adriatic and my present one on the Danube suggested. As I paced the uncovered streets and excavated baths and temples of Salona, I saw the traces of the destruction which the Avars, a Hunnish race, cognate with the Magyars, had visited upon the monuments of Roman civilisation—where the vast masses of the palace of Diocletian had alone resisted the efforts of time and barbarism, and where the moral wreck of the law, that wall of brass that seemed to surround the whole fabric of Roman empire, disappeared from the astonished gaze of a world, that for centuries had thought that right was might, and awoke as from a trance, to the stern reality that might was right. But thirteen centuries elapse, and the Hun and the Roman exchange places in the basin of the Danube and in the recesses of the Carpathians. The Hun magistrate and landed proprietor is a civilised man, and the Daco-Roman brutalised by long centuries of oppression, is a ruthless barbarian.

It was well on in the afternoon when we arrived at Comorn, where I did not land, having been through it repeatedly. The possession of this celebrated position

must always have an important effect upon any military operations in this part of Hungary, for it not only commands the passage of the Danube and the Waag, but the country around being thus divided by water ways, no siege or blockade can be carried on without a very large force; because it is in the power of the besieged to break suddenly out in three different directions, and choosing the weakest opposing corps, bring a large force to bear upon it before the aiding forces can be brought across the rivers to the support of the attacked besieging force.

In order to understand this, we must ask the reader to cast his eye on the map of Hungary, and observe how the greater Danube from Presburg to Comorn runs in an easterly direction with a slight inclination to the south, while the smaller arm of the Danube below Presburg diverting to the left, forms the island of Schütt. At right angles with the Danube, the Waag comes from the Carpathians, that is to say, from the north to the south, but before its junction with the Great Danube it falls into the Little Danube to the north of the island of Schütt, and both conjointly flow into the Great Danube under the walls of Comorn. The fortress is situated on the eastern tip of the island of Schütt, on ground which is in the form of the head of a fish when drawn on paper, or an acute angle, one side of which is formed by the Great Danube, another by the united Waag and Little Danube, while the base of the triangle is a very strong line of fortifications carried right across from one river to the other. The only side, therefore, on which Comorn can be entered by storm is from the island of Schütt, for at the other sides are the rivers. At the very tip or apex of the triangle is the citadel; further west, where the island of Schütt is broader, is the town; while between the town and the outer fortifications are meadows, on which oxen, which the garrison possesses, graze in security. Two bridges then connect the citadel on the north, across the Waag, with the *tête-de-pont*

on the left bank of that river, and on the south with another *tête-de-pont* on the right bank of the Danube. These *têtes-de-pont* are not mere field-works, but are of masonry, with a central fort in each and surrounded by bastions. To open trenches from the island of Schütt is difficult, on account of the marshy ground in front of the so-called palatinal fortifications; and even the possession of the *têtes-de-pont* still leaves the breadth of the Danube and the Waag between the besieger and the defenders. Even these outworks would be very difficult to take, for outside the one over the Great Danube is a fortified camp on two hills, one called the Sandberg, the other the Schwarzberg, which the imperialists attempted to take from Georgey in July, 1849, not only without success, but with the loss of so many men that in some places the dead had scarcely room to fall without being on the top of each other. This was commonly called the battle of Acs, the bloodiest in the whole war, in consequence of the very strong position that Georgey held, with Comorn at his back to retreat to in case of a reverse.

The reader may therefore easily understand that Comorn is, beyond all comparison, the strongest fortress of the Austrian monarchy; for although the defensive capacity of Mantua is equal to it, Comorn, as a centre of offensive operations, is much more formidable; and although Mantua is so difficult to take, it is also easy to invest. Now in Comorn the investing circle must be considerable, and from these strong *têtes-de-pont* the force within can at will break out in any direction they choose, as was the case in August, 1849, when Klapka broke out towards Raab, and 700 men were cut down or drowned in the bog behind. Like Mantua, Comorn is one of the most unhealthy towns in Hungary, and those very swamps that render it so difficult of access to a besieging force, are terrible allies by the slower process of disease. No doubt, however, can exist that the possession of the two fortresses of Comorn and Peterwardein make an enormous difference in a Hungarian campaign. Jomini lays down

as a leading axiom, “ *Une base appuyée sur un fleuve large et impetueux, dont on tiendrait les rives par de bonnes fortresses à cheval sur ce fleuve, serait sans contredit le plus favorable qu’on put desirer.*” Austria has such a basis in the Danube—from the *tête-de-pont* of Presburg to Semlin—in opposing operations from the eastward; but so far from being *à cheval*, she was in constant disquietude from Comorn, even when she held Ofen.

With regard to the fortresses of the south and east of Hungary, in relation to strategy, all through the last century, the favourite method was that of multiplying them on the plains on the Vauban principle; but the bold manner in which Napoleon disregarded the strong places threw them into disrepute to a certain extent. The best military policy for Austria to adopt in Hungary seems to be to restrict herself to a small number of natural positions and to fortify them to the utmost perfection. Temesvar, therefore, is evidently quite superfluous, with Arad in its immediate vicinity, which commands the passage of the Maros. But Old Arad gives an enemy resources; it is clear, therefore, that this point, commanding at the same time the southern avenue into Transylvania, ought to be fortified on both sides of the river. If there is to be another fortress in the plain of Hungary, the proper point is Szolnok, or somewhere with a dam and *tête-de-pont* on the Theiss between Szegedin and Tokay, so as at all times to operate from the westward with facility in the direction of Debreczin, Grosswardein, and the defiles of Csucsá that lead into northern Transylvania.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRESBURG.

Presburg, to which the steamer next carried me, is no longer the seat of the Magyar Diet, which it had been previous to the revolution, but it has now acquired importance in another way as the capital of the Slovakkey, and as the future lever of the Slovak party in elevating the nation to a political rank in Hungary adequate to the high standing of this people in civilisation, who in round numbers are considerably more than 2,000,000 strong, who form the third division of the great Tcheck family, one-half of whom are protestants, and who to this day use the bible of John Huss in church and school. This, therefore, opens up an entirely new era for the town of Presburg, which seems likely to rub its Magyar varnish away, for its population is about 45,000 souls, of which 30,000 are Germans, 11,000 or 12,000 Slovacks, 2,000 Magyars, and the rest of other nations; but several thousands, although not Magyar, have been Magyarised by the frequentation of the Diet, which, although formerly held at Stuhlweissenberg, was in modern times held here. This latter circumstance, which caused money to be circulated amongst the tradespeople, was a heavy tax on the householder, for he was obliged to give the third of his dwelling for the accommodation of the members of the Diet.

In the old part of the town, I have seen hotels of curious architecture of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, built in the lower part with great solidity, having massive vaults on the ground floor, and are all entered by a *porte-cochère*. The windows of all the rooms are double, as, although Presburg is in 48° north latitude, the winter is severe. Presburg, in short, is not like an Hungarian town, and more like Gratz or Linz, than like Debreczin or Grosswardein; which arises

partly from its vicinity to the Austrian frontier, and partly from its having been, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the seat of Joseph II's attempt to govern Hungary by a German bureaucracy. In the interior of the town is the so-called promenade, a quadruple of trees something in the style of the *Unter den Linden* in Berlin, *minus*, be it well understood, the Brandenburg gate; which, during the Diet, used to be the resort of the deputies, and where I saw, many a time and oft, men in earnest discussion, who are now scattered through Europe or gone to the grave.

On the side of the Danube a long bridge of boats connects Presburg with the right bank of the river, which is quite devoid of any suburbs. A thick wood having been turned into a park for the promenade of the citizens, which being intersected by roads, and surrounded by a deep fosse, makes as it were, a field *tête-de-pont* to the town. Seeing a number of boats in the river laden with wood, I had the curiosity to approach one which was moored nearest to the trees of the park; the men of which were sitting on the turf, and having asked them from whence they came, they informed me that they were from Munich, and that nearly all the wood used in Pesth is not Hungarian, but comes mostly from Tyrol and Passau, being floated down the Inn and the Isar.

Towering above the town is the Castle, a magnificent, solidly-constructed, residence of the Palfys in the beginning of the last century; it was presented to Maria Teresa by a prince of the family, whence it became a royal residence. In a large hall of this edifice took place the famous scene of the *Moriamur pro rege*, when so many swords started from their scabbards to support a youthful and an injured queen; and it is impossible for a traveller to look up to the ruins of this locality without deploring the unfortunate divisions that have since taken place—without remembering that at that time the use of the Latin tongue in diplomatic acts left the national feelings

of each race uninjured and unirritated. The Castle, itself an immense construction with four towers, is a mere shell, having been burnt down in 1811 (as it is suspected) by some soldiers, to save themselves the labour of carrying wood and water to such a height; but the terraces overlooking the steep precipitous rocks on which it is built are sufficient to protect it from a *coup-de-main*, and several new towers had been got up in a hurry, each with four ranges of cannon, one above another, on platforms of wood.

The view from the platform seems boundless, no less than forty villages being visible, which is saying a great deal in a thinly populated country like Hungary; and if one could suppose the Thames half-a-dozen times broader, is very much like the view from Richmond Hill, a river being seen to meander through a wide champaign country considerably wooded, while behind are the Carpathians stretching away to the north-east, their nearer eminences covered with vines; hence the custom that of the various gifts which each Hungarian town presents to its sovereign, that of Presburg is a large agglomeration of bunches of grapes so as apparently to form one. That of Comorn is wine—and to denote the level plains of the Danube and Waag around it, a bushel of corn made into two loaves, which must be neither burnt outside, nor unbaked at the heart; the art of which extraordinary baking is, or was, preserved in that strong town.

These Carpathians enclose northern Hungary in a vast semicircle, and separate it from Gallicia on the north, and the rock overlooking the Danube, on which the Castle of Presburg is built, may be called the horn of the half moon which encloses Hungary on the north and east, and is the last undulation of the western Carpathians, which here come so close to the Danube that the railway from Vienna is, for want of room, carried through a tunnel behind the town; five other vine-clad hills in the form of an amphitheatre command the plain, and very nearly enclose the

town between them and the river. The *enceinte* being completed by a line of trenches from the furthest hill to the Danube, thus making Presburg a tolerably secure and formidable position for stores and hospitals, which it was during 1849, and in fact the centre of the operations towards the Waag.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the Turkish wars lasted, Presburg was an important point when the imperial armies had their faces always turned to the eastward, but during the French revolutionary wars Presburg fell into deconsideration, for the armies always looked westward. Every opening to the invader from the Pontebba to the Elbe, every position of defence from the Pass of Linz to the plateau of Peterswald, was familiarised to the strategist of Austria, and when peace came the storms were assumed as likely to set in only from the west. Then arose the cloud-capt towers of Linz. Then Verona became one of the strongest and most extensive fortifications in Europe. But the last two years have shown that storms can come from the east as well as the west, and the disregarded Presburg again occupies the serious attention of the engineers of Austria, and without raising it to a fortress of the first rank there can be no doubt that it can be rendered a formidable position by the repair of the castle, and small forts crowning the five hills behind it.

The halls of the Diet no longer resound with the eloquence of the Magyar from the banks of the Theiss with furred *attila* and jingling sabres and spurs; Presburg is not the council-place of Hungary, but the capital of the Slovackey, and the seat of the Slovack intelligence: of plain black-coated men, who have at heart the interests of those sturdy peasants and mountaineers with broad-brimmed hats that descend to Presburg on a market day.

The history of Presburg is, in fact, the history of Hungary, for near this town was fought, in the year 907, the fatal battle in which the kingdom of Great Moravia was shattered to pieces by the Magyar maces. But the Al-

mighty has decreed vitality to the Slovack nation. Nearly a thousand years expand their cloudy wings over the fair realm of Rastich, and the oppressed Slavonic nations of Hungary breathe the morning air of a fresh national existence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SLOVACKS.

The Daco-Roman stained by blood and debased by ignorance and indolence, repels our sympathy; not so the hardy industrious Slovack that inhabits the north-west of Hungary, from Presburg to Kaschau, from Comorn to the hoar ice-bound summits of those Carpathians that overlook the plain of Cracow. If without the fiery indomitable courage of the Magyar, the variety of his employments shows his ingenuity; he ploughs and harrows the plain, he dresses the vine, he cuts the wood of the forests, his manufactures kept pace with those of Silesia, until the age of overwhelming machinery and capital arrived. He is the industrial Scot of Hungary, who goes forth with his sobriety, industry, and economy, to all the other parts of the kingdom.

Nor can I omit to record that the Slovacks have the glory and the shame of Kossuth, who, endowed with an eminent genius for eloquence, forgot his own blood and his own mother tongue, who makes the humble Hussite pastor of the Carpathians say to the stranger: "What might not a man of Kossuth's genius and eloquence have done for the material and intellectual improvement of the nation, had he adopted the popular side?" And equally remarkable is it, that those venerable Magyar magistrates,

who, headed by Baron Josika, vainly pleaded the cause of the ancient laws and municipal institutions of Hungary at the foot of the throne against the advocates of the bureaucratic centralisation,—were frequently heard to say, “Thank God, the man who has brought our fatherland into this awful crisis is not a Magyar.”

I have been for a series of years in communication with the heads of this party, and a few words on the subject of the Slovacks may not be uninteresting at the present time, for, long before the Revolution, while their sufferings were weighing upon them, and Austria had neither the power nor the will to seek support in the popular elements of Hungary, the heads of the Slovacks expressed to me their astonishment that Great Britain, a land of brave and free men, should have sent forth no traveller having a sympathy with so oppressed a nation, which was struggling forward in the career of intellectual culture in spite of such difficulties. I therefore propose to say a few words on the subject of the Slovak question.

Four great families divide the Slaavic world—first of all the Russian, with its varieties of White, Little, and Red; secondly, the Poles; thirdly, the South Slaavic nation (Servia, Croatia, &c.); fourthly, the Tchechs, who have three principal seats, of which the greatest is Bohemia, the second Moravia, and the third the Slovakkey.

The Slovak dialect most closely resembles that of the neighbouring Moravia. But from Bohemia came the stimulus to the reformed faith, as well as to the most recent literary development. To this day the Protestant half of the nation uses the Bible of John Huss; and during the twenty years of ultra-Magyar persecution, neither German-Vienna nor Magyarised-Pesth, but Prague, became the literary capital of the Slovakkey. Not fiery and violent, but stubborn, is the Slovak. The more the Jesuits of times gone by wished to mould him into a papist, the more he held out; and in modern times, the more the ultra-Magyar fanatic tried to denationalise him, the more enthusiastically he clung to the almost faded memories

of the departed kingdom of his affections, and the more he sought to preserve the recollections of a State that could have had at that period very little claim to civilisation.

It was in the fifth and seventh centuries that the Slaavic nations immigrated from the north-east, and settled themselves in the basin of the Danube, and the Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic. Cyril and Methodius converted the Slovacks to Christianity; and we find in the ninth century this race forming a considerable state called the Kingdom of Great Moravia, of which the present Slovakkey was an integral part. We find them agricultural and industrious in peace, and in war defending themselves gallantly and successfully against both the Germans on the west, and Magyars on the east, who had by this time come into Europe from nobody-knows-where, not even Csoma Korosy himself. The great sovereign of this period had a name, the bare mention of which is enough to call forth an unpleasant sensation of redoubtable brute force; and I can easily believe, that it requires no small amount of patriotic ingenuity on the part of the modern bards of the Slovakkey, to pack into verse of symmetrical proportions, the name of the great SWATOPLUCK.

At length, however, the kingdom of Great Moravia succumbed to the superior vigour and superior numbers of the Magyar hordes; for the kingdom, instead of having been kept together, had been divided by the separate inheritance of brother princes; and even after the fatal battle of Presburg, the kingdom of Great Moravia was not strictly ruled by Magyars, but was tributary to the Magyar Suzerains. At this time the Slovak was not a slave, but a freeman; subsequently, however, feudal legislation was introduced into the Hungarian laws from the German empire. Then came the distinction of noble and villain, but not of Magyar and Slovak, for many of the nobles were Slovacks.

At a more advanced period in history we find Bohemia rising to the rank of a European monarchy, distinguished by a liberal encouragement of learning and literature—

the University of Prague, founded in 1348, was attended by students from all parts of Germany. A century later, this free development bore its fruits in the Hussite movement against Rome, which all the frowns of a Sigismund could not repress; and from the time of Luther, until the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, is often called the golden age of Tchech literature, in which the Slovacks bore an ample part; for Bohemia, being the most westerly Slaavic projection into Europe, after the Germanisation of the March of Brandenburg, had many advantages which were denied to the more easterly brethren, who—more immediately exposed to the Magyar and Turkish supremacy—gradually lost their political independence, although in capability not behind the Bohemians. But the moral and intellectual connexion was kept up.

After the disasters of the Thirty Years' War, however, haughty Protestant Bohemia was dragooned back to Catholicism, and reduced to be a mere German province. Her national literature, which was rather Polemic-Protestant than Belletristic, was extinguished, and a blank of more than a century occurs until the revival took place. And what, thinks the reader, revived this almost extinct language—literature and nationality? The uniformitarian measures of the Emperor Joseph, that well-meaning harbinger of the birch-in-hand professors of the liberalism of the ultra-Magyar school, who wished to make people improved and corrected in spite of their necks, by the high hand of despotism.

The first thing that strikes the politician in traversing the various regions under the sway of the house of Habsburg, is their heterogeneous population. In the other large monarchies of Europe, one grand element has swallowed up nearly all the rest. In France, Franks, Celts, and Provençals have been all merged in the modern French. In our own islands we are all Anglo-Saxons, or saxonised Celts and Normans. Parties in a sister island may set up a claim for a separate nationality; but as there are no Celtic Goldsmiths, Burkes, Sheridans, or Moores, and not

a single Celtic newspaper flourishing in the capital, we may be regarded as one people, *quoad* language and literature. In Prussia, the Wends have totally disappeared from the March of Brandenburg, and, Posen excepted, Prussia is nearly all German. In Russia we find a much greater diversity of population, but still in the midst of them a grand *nucleus* of population of 40,000,000 people speaking the Russian language, and gradually absorbing the other nationalities.

The states of the house of Habsburg, on the contrary, are of the most varied character, and a catalogue of their crystallised components would be a waste of time. Paris is the national capital of France, and London of Britain; but Vienna is only the seat of the monarch and government of Austria. The Asiatic Magyar, the Frenchified Pole, the Slaavic Tchech, or Croat, paid court to his sovereign in the Burg, but he was not the fellow-countryman of the jovial citizen of Vienna. To imprint a homogeneous character on these heterogeneous populations was one of the great objects of the reign of the Emperor Joseph II., who was quite dazzled by the Paris of the eighteenth century. Its luxury and fashion imposed its laws on all the polite world of Europe. Its literature and men of letters formed a constellation to which the eyes of all the east of Europe were constantly directed. Catherine patronised Diderot. Voltaire was the friend of Frederick. Joseph himself, whose reading was mostly French, was enchanted with the reception he met with at Paris, from all the charming Marmontels and academicians of the period. Joseph resolved to accomplish two great objects—to unfeudalise Austria, and to render Vienna the literary, social and political capital of the whole empire and dependencies.

The unfeudalisation was an immense boon, and was the true commencement of the Austrian revolution (using the word in the re-constructive rather than the destructive sense); but the other part of his scheme—the centralisation of all the threads of government in Vienna, including the abolition of the Hungarian constitution, and the intro-

duction of a German bureaucracy into Hungary—was a complete failure, because the analogy with a homogeneous monarchy such as France was untenable; because the absorption of these other nationalities into one was contrary to nature. Joseph, bent on Germanising and centralising, by the force of his own will, died with his own acts cancelled, because populations that have been for ages heterogeneous must be dealt with by some system built on the solid foundation of history and political geography, and not on some airy abstract notion of things in general, *à la Condorcet*, plausible and logical in appearance, but detached from all practical antecedents—in short, Hungary required her beloved constitution. The landlords were relieved from the fear of serf-emancipation. County rates, king's taxes, and the *misera plebs contribuens* were again alone in their glory.

The Slovakkey connected politically with Hungary, and morally with Bohemia, has closely identified her modern history with both countries, and "*Quoniam volens quonollem perveneram*" was what Joseph, like St. Augustine, might have said as truly of Bohemia as of Hungary. He wished to have done with Tchechism by Germanising this country *in toto*, and up rises Tchechism after a slumber of two centuries with almost matutinal vigour. One would have thought that with the failure of Joseph's experiments and the rise of Tchechism before their own eyes, the ultra-Magyars would have made a proper application of this moral in action, and hesitated to call forth a corresponding feeling in the Slovakkey; but the national egotism was too strong for reason and common sense.

Attempts are constantly made to contrast the ultra-Magyar system with the Josephine constitution, which was the antipathy of the Magyars, but the radical vice of both is identical, *i. e.*, the application of a homogeneous despotism to a heterogeneous population. Joseph wished to Germanise the Magyars *volentes volentes*, and the ultra-Magyars wished to Magyarise the Croats and Slovacks in spite of their teeth. Joseph wished to drive the Magyars

by force into a foreign nationality of an old and high standing in civilisation and literature. The ultra-Magyars wished to drive the Croats and Tchechs by force into a foreign nationality of a comparatively speaking new and humble standing in civilisation and literature. The Josephine system and the ultra-Magyar system had both the same radical vice of the application of a homogeneous despotism to heterogeneous populations. I reiterate the word "despotism" as applicable to the ultra-Magyar system quite advisedly, for the unjustifiably violent methods used by them are indisputable; the flogging of peasantry that refused the change of language in public worship, the innumerable cases of forcible interference between parent and child in the matter of education, the refusal of the Magyar censors to allow the Tchechs any newspaper whatever in their mother tongue, however legally conducted, all too incontestable to be effaced from the page of history.

It was at the time that Stur, in the name of 2,000,000 of people, was begging for permission to establish a single newspaper, that I made the acquaintance of Count Szechenyi, at the Diet of Presburg in 1843, and I must do this distinguished and excellent individual the justice to say that he entirely disapproved of the extreme and violent methods used by the ultra-Magyar faction. His very words were, "I deplore the loss of the Slaavic sympathies in Hungary, but we are like a ship that has lost her masts, we must get to port as well as we can without them." It would have been presumption in me at that time to seek a laugh at the expense of a statesman of mature age whom I sincerely respected; but I thought to myself that, considering the extent of the non-Magyar element in Hungary, it would have been nearer the truth to say that the hull was waterlogged and lost to the mast and the rudder.

At Prague the Tchechs wisely avoided political conspiracies, secret societies, initiations and purchase of arms. They determined to work out Tchechism harmoniously with the rest of the monarchy by moral force alone, by theatres, amusements, periodicals, newspapers, and parti-

cularly reprints of old literature, and the Slovakkey having reflected the light of Bohemia in the religious movement of the Reformation, so in the national revival, the halo of the new Aurora shed a bright and broad beam over the Carpathians—Kollar, Schafarik, and other distinguished Slovacks bearing an honourable part in the work; while, on the other hand, the Thuns, Palackys, Czelakowskys, some of whom had aristocratic some bureaucratic, and some democratic opinions in politics, all took the warmest interest in the Slovak movement.

Tchechism was in a hopeful position until the year 1848, when the democrats of Prague altered the ground from moral and historical right to physical force. Having kicked the constitutional reformers and the party of property and intelligence down stairs, and having rendered the question a simple one of barricades and artillery—artillery carried the day; and Tchechism, like the moderate and rational Magyarism of the Szechenyis, Josikas, and Esterhazys, may now develope itself as it best may.

I say nothing of the events in the Slovakkey during the revolution and revolutionary war, of which the reader must be fully satiated in the numerous publications that have already appeared; one incident, however, showed pretty clearly that the spirit of John Huss and Jerome of Prague is not extinct. Five young Slovacks were, at the foot of the gallows, told that their lives would be granted them if they renounced their nationality; but they preferred the rope to dishonour, and, strange to say, martial law, which substituted the honest open and avowed suppression of political liberty for the nominal liberty and practical despotism of the ultra-Magyar reign of terror, actually brought to the Slovak protestants an amount of religious liberty which they had not known of for years. No sooner was Haynau installed in Pesth than a deputation waited on him, representing that a Magyar service being compulsory every alternate Sunday, the worship of God in an unknown tongue was equivalent to divine service only once a fortnight. Haynau's answer was "Gentlemen,

there are two things the loss of which no man will put up with, his religion and nationality, you are henceforth at liberty to worship God in your own places of worship, in your own language, every Sunday in the year."

I will not say how the moderate and respectable Magyar blushed for their more violent compatriots, when it was in the power of a man whom they bitterly detested to give so stinging an answer. But I dare say that the reader is by this time tired of the animosities of the nations of Hungary, let us now, therefore, take a glance at the capital of the empire.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VIENNA.

Vienna itself, as far as externals go, does not show any trace of the scenes of civil war. I even thought the appearance of the town much improved since my previous visit three years before, with new houses of a much more ornamental and Italianised style of architecture than used to be in fashion, but at the same time none of those grotesque Lombard, Byzantine, and Gothic experiments such as one sees in Munich—the whole of which fashion I consider a complete mistake, for that was the winter of architecture, when the classic autumn was passed and the vernal foliage of the pointed style had not budded. This is at best the age of imitation and not of originality in architecture (the Crystal Palace always excepted), we may therefore at least avoid the imitation of the degenerate.

The heterogeneousness of the inhabitants of London and Paris is from the influx of foreigners; but the odd mixture of German, Italian, Slaavic, and I know not how many other races in Vienna, is almost all generated within the limits of the monarchy. Masses, rubbing against each

other, get their asperities smoothed in the contact; but the characteristics of various nationalities remain in Vienna in considerable strength, and do not seem likely soon to disappear by any process of attrition. There goes the German—honest, goodnatured, and laborious; the Hungarian—proud, insolent, lazy, hospitable, generous, and sincere; and the plausible Slaav—his eye, twinkling with the prospect of seizing, by a knowledge of human nature, what others attain by slower means.

How curious again is the meeting of nations that labour and enjoy! In Paris, the Germans and the English are more numerous than any other foreigners. The former toil, drudge, save their littles to make a mickle. The latter, whatever they may be at home, are, in Paris, generally loungers and consumers of the fruits of the earth. The Hungarian's errand in Vienna is to spend money: the Italian's to make it. The Hungarian, A. B., is one of the squirearchy of his country, whose name is legion, or a military man, whiling away his furlough amid the excitements of a gay capital. The Italian, C. D., is a painter, a sculptor, a musician, or an employé; and there is scarcely to be found an idle man among the twenty thousand of his fellow-countrymen, who inhabit the metropolis.

The Hungarian nobility, of the higher class, are, in appearance and habits, completely identified with their German brethren; but it is in the middle nobility that we recognize the swarthy complexion, the haughty air and features, more or less of a Ugrian cast.

The Hungarian herds with his fellow-countrymen, and preserves, to the end of his stay, his character of foreigner; visits assiduously places of public resort, preferring the theatre and ball-room to the museum or picture-gallery.

Of all men living in Vienna, the Bohemians carry off the palm for acuteness and ingenuity. The relation of Bohemia to the Austrian empire has some resemblance to that of Scotland and the colonies of Britain, in the supply of mariners to the vessel of state. The population of Bohemia is a ninth

part of that of the whole empire; but I dare say that a fourth of the bureaucracy of Austria is Bohemian. To account for this, we must take into consideration the great number of men of sharp intellect, good education, and scanty fortune, that annually leave that country.

The population of Scotland is about a ninth of that of the United Kingdom. The Scot is well educated. He has less loose cash than his brother John Bull, and consequently prefers the sweets of office to the costly incense of the hustings and the senate. How few, comparatively speaking, of those who have made themselves illustrious in the imperial Parliament, from the Union to our own time, came from the north of the Tweed; but how the Malcolms, the Elphinstones, the Munros, and the Burns, crowd the records of Indian statesmanship!

The power that controls the political tendencies of Austria is that of the *mass* of the bureaucracy; consequently, looking at the proportion of Bohemian to other employés in the departments of public service, the influence exercised by this singularly sagacious people over the destinies of the monarchy, may be duly appreciated.

The Bohemians of the middling and poorer classes have certainly less sincerity and straight-forwardness, than their neighbours. An anecdote is related illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians, compared with the simple honesty of the German, and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian: "During a late war, three soldiers, of each of these three nations, met in the parlour of a French inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said, 'That is a good watch; I wish I had bought it.' 'I am sorry I did not take it,' said the Hungarian. 'I have it in my pocket,' said the Bohemian."

On my return to Vienna, I made or renewed acquaintance with the principal personages of the political world, but by far the most interesting of those persons to me were those who had taken a conspicuous place in the history of the recent events, and several of whom had

been elevated in the short space of a couple of years to power, from positions comparatively humble.

The first person in the empire was Prince Schwarzenberg, the prime minister of his imperial majesty, who had the sole direction of the foreign policy of Austria. He occupied the same apartments on the Bastion as those in which Prince Metternich lived, forming that portion of the chancery of state which looks out on the glacis. I had had the honour of making his acquaintance before my last trip into Hungary, and on my return received from him a most cordial reception, and on various occasions had the opportunity of discussing with him at ample length, the internal and external prospects of the Austrian Empire; for, although he is an Austrian diplomatist of some standing, I never in the course of my life met any member of that profession, British or Foreign, more perfectly open, unreserved, and straight forward, and more opposite to the Macchiavellian secrecy and perfidy which the opponents of Austria are constantly casting in her teeth. I could see that his principal difficulty was Hungary, that it occupied his thoughts in an especial manner. The first time that I dined with him on my way to Hungary, the statesman was entirely thrown off, and my host was only an agreeable man of the world; but each time that I had the honour of enjoying his hospitality on my return, no sooner had we returned to the drawing-room, than Hungary came up again, although he had had a hard forenoon's work, and although, on one occasion, the principal members of the cabinet and several foreign ministers were of the party.

Prince Schwarzenberg was a son of the much-respected person who was generalissimo of the allied armies at the battle of Leipzig, and had himself attained the rank of lieutenant-general in the Austrian army; after several diplomatic missions, he served during the Italian campaign under Radetzky, and was wounded. My respected friend, Marshal Nugent, informed me that from what he saw, both of his personal courage and of the dispositions which

he adopted in carrying out what was intrusted to him, that he was persuaded that he was quite capable of making a figure in a separate command. Schwarzenberg was tall, thin, and wiry in person, between fifty and sixty years of age, with a small head, an aquiline nose, an eye expressive of both intelligence and determination. The hair of his head was grey, and he wore neither beard, mustachios, nor whiskers. His French was fluent and correct. His manners were not refinedly aristocratic, but those of a man of good sense and a man of the world.

He rises early, and after breakfasting and reading the newspapers, commences at ten o'clock to receive the heads of departments, and to do the work of the day. He receives foreign ministers at one or two o'clock; cabinet councils are usually held at three o'clock; after which, if possible, he takes exercise, often on foot. At five or half-past five he dines, receives a few persons at between seven and eight; and after that his work recommences, and the only occasion on which I saw him at any public or private entertainment out of doors, was on the first night of the production of the *Prophet*, under the auspices of Meyerbeer himself.

What may come of the Austrian revolution I cannot pretend to predict, but there can be no doubt of the amazing vigour, ability, and energy, shown by Prince Schwarzenberg in preserving the empire from disruption.

Prince Schwarzenberg, therefore, both from his energetic resistance to the disruption of the military integrity of the monarchy and his resistance to the deposition of Austria to a subordinate place in the Germanic confederation, is a true Austrian patriot, and I am firmly convinced and persuaded, has been actuated by no feeling of personal advantage or prejudice of caste, but by the strongest feelings of patriotism, and I am sure would lay down his life in defence of the unity of the empire. He is indeed the pilot that weathered the storm; but I am not equally sure that having arrived in port he is taking the right way to refit for future storms, and I have a

strong idea that in his mind the unity of the empire is more associated with the bureaucratic uniformity of the empire than is needful. The Magyar character is certainly not suitable for centralisation, and even if accompanied by ultimate constitutional government, I am afraid that centralisation as contrasted with free municipal development, will be difficult to work, and although centripetal in appearance may be centrifugal in its results.

But I confess that, although a warm partisan of municipal development as contrasted with centralisation, I am not surprised at the indisposition which I found in the official circles of Vienna to give up the latter principle, the former having been so abused by the ultra-Magyar faction as to render the municipal principle in Austrian official eyes closely identified with the tendencies to dig a gulf between Austria and the non-Magyar populations of Hungary.

"No doubt," said Prince Schwarzenberg to me, "you heard a great deal of abuse of me, both in Hungary and Transylvania; but my part is not an easy one. Rome cannot be built in a day, and all I ask is time: for we have just come out of a most violent attempt to tear the empire asunder on the pretext of reform. I am quite willing that the various populations of the empire should have as much liberty as may be compatible with the unity of the empire; but I had first of all to think of the unity, and I am not afraid of being interrupted in my course by anything that may happen in Hungary. The last Hungarian rebellion was formidable, because fifty-two fortresses, great and small, were handed over to the anti-Austrian party by perfidy. But there is no chance of that occurring again. My part is not easy; there is no doubt much discontent in certain classes: but how can I content all parties? For instance, the Slovacks, a compact Slavonic population, with a thin sprinkling of Magyars, demand Slovak *employés*. How can I refuse them? If we return to the old county system, an agitation for Magyar supremacy would be immediately organised again."

Such was the language of Prince Schwarzenberg, and it is quite clear to me that the principle of municipal development, which I look upon as the most essential part of constitutional liberty, so far from having been advanced by its monstrous alliance with ultra-Magyar despotism and imperial disruption, has been discountenanced and discredited by the adulterous connection.

Through the kindness of Count Albert Nugent I was introduced to Prince Windischgrätz on his return from his estates in Bohemia on the eve of my departure for Berlin, and regretted that having made the final arrangement for the journey, I was unable to avail myself of a hospitable invitation he sent me, and which would have enabled me to see more of an individual, for whose character I entertain the highest respect, not diminished by the circumstance that his last campaign was an exception to the proverb, "that fortune favours the brave."

Prince Windischgrätz is a handsome man, and has what the French call the *grand air*, which is by no means common among the princes of the continent. He speaks French admirably, but without any affectation of Parisianism, and I think, that that sort of affectation in a foreigner, with the vowels and diphthongs whistling about one's ears, like those of a *jeune premier* in a vaudeville, is more offensive than even the deficient accent. In his political character he has been a man of firmness and integrity, with a sacred regard for truth and a fine sense of honour, and although his campaign in Hungary was not successful, it can never be forgotten that at Vienna after the fall of Prince Metternich, he was one of the very first of his rank to give in his adhesion to constitutional government, and at Prague was the very first to raise his hand against insane democracy—against the destroyer who wished to step into the shoes of the reformer. When all quaked and trembled—when the very fabric of society seemed in danger of dissolution—he stood firm as a rock. "It is a singular age, ours," said he to me; "formerly one state made war on another; now that

socialism developed in France is spreading over Europe, there is a war of the proletarian substratum of all states against property."

Prince Windischgrätz, as the descendant and representative of Wallenstein, has had the title of Duke of Friedland conferred on him in recompense of his services, and the weak part of his character was said to have been his somewhat excessive aristocratic prejudices. But since the events of the war his mind has taken something of a religious cast, and although still looked upon as a sort of head or representative of the aristocratic party, I heard no man's personal character and demeanour spoken of with more general respect.

The position of the aristocracy of Austria is essentially different from that which aristocracy held before the French revolution, as well as from that which the British aristocracy now occupies. It was the invention of gunpowder that destroyed the power of the castellated barons. The progress of artillery and the creation of standing armies gradually undermined, not only feudalism, but also the constitutional liberty of aristocracies and the municipal liberty of civic bodies throughout the continent of Europe. As armies grew in numbers and organisation, provincial parliaments and estates became more and more nominal, and in the middle of the eighteenth century, we find the aristocrat no longer a free baron, but either the officer of the army, subject to the articles of war, or the superior lacquey of the monarch's antechamber.

I need not tell my fellow-countrymen how different has been the fate of the British aristocrat—how Great Britain had the good fortune to have a commons, early enfranchised from villenage, and that (however detestable the puritans may have been from their hatred of the arts)—the people of England sent one king to the scaffold, and another into exile, when the reigning dynasty attempted to make the course of the relations of royalty to the people in England, resemble the processes of the principal monarchies of the continent; and that, moreover,

at the critical period when standing armies had not grown overwhelming, and the feudal principle was not yet extinct,—we had the good fortune to possess an aristocracy that would neither be bullied nor bought by the crown. After the lapse of a few generations more, when democracy was abroad, our aristocracy proved the very best bulwark of the monarchical principle; for as Mr. Macaulay truly and justly remarks,—The people of England (I forget his exact words) instead of re-conquering liberty, as the continental nations have been lately attempting to do, had the energy and the good sense never to part with theirs.

On the continent they *did* part with their liberty, and we have seen the result. “In 1789,” said the ablest and most talented of French democrats to me, “we destroyed aristocracy—in 1830 we destroyed priestly power—in 1848 we destroyed royalty. The last hierarchy or obstacle to equality is that of capital, and we are determined to destroy that too.”

In Austria, as I have already shown in the “Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic,” the Emperor Joseph’s reforms prevented any convulsion similar to that of France, and had he put the cope-stone upon them by summoning an imperial parliament, I doubt not but that countless evils would have been avoided. I am sure that had a parliament with a good dead weight of aristocratic ballast in it been sitting in Vienna since the time of the Emperor Joseph, we should have had no ultra-Magyar separation, but Hungary almost Germanised and civilised. The Emperor Joseph, however, had a great dislike of the aristocracy, and the result was, that up to 1848, the aristocracy were mere antechamber men and military officers, without political power, except they actually formed a portion of the bureaucratic corps. This huge overgrown bureaucratic cancer of Austria, which—highly useful in making the enfranchisement from villenage a reality,—has at length created a sort of political religion, that what is opposed

to the *prejudices* of the *bureaucracy* must necessarily be something opposed to the *interests* of the *empire*.

In order to clear up the position of the aristocracy in the recent crisis, let me remark, that in Great Britain the ruling power is property and intelligence; that is to say, that after the prerogative of the Crown comes the influence of the landed aristocracy,—the bankers, and merchants, the eminent lawyers, divines, and other professional men. There was one chance for the people of Austria getting this highest and best form of constitutional government, and that was, if the reformers of Hungary had stretched out the right hand of fellowship to the moderate constitutional party in Austria, so as to keep both extremes at a distance. But that did not take place; for in Hungary the Destroyer had stepped into the shoes of the Reformer; the adulteration of constitutional government in Austria with Hungarian repeal, threw the property and intelligence of Austria in disgust out of the arena, and after a brief interregnum of anarchy, the possibility of this higher form of constitutional liberty in Austria was strangled by ultra-Magyar egotism, despotism, and separatism. In order to understand this, let any man ask himself what would have been the fate of the Peel and Wellington Catholic emancipation, or of the Grey and Russell reform, if they had been adulterated by a simultaneous and formidable struggle for the repeal of the union with Ireland?

The result of the attempt to break loose (not, let us remark, from absolute, but) from constitutional Austria, was, that the termination of martial law and the working of the government was not in the hands of independent corps, composed of the aristocracies of birth, of wealth, and of intelligence, but of the old bureaucracy.

I had previously made the acquaintance of Baron Bruck, minister of commerce, and of M. Thienfeldt, minister of what is called *Landes-cultur*, that is to say, crown-lands and mines, agriculture, &c. When I remember my introduction to the former gentleman, as secretary and

manager of a commercial navigation company, and saw him after two years in the stately and palatial apartments of his ministry, and an antechamber crowded with persons from all parts of the empire, it looked like a realisation of one of those changes for dramatic effect introduced into a romance or a melodrama. But in reality it was not a mere piece of luck, but a change prepared by a life-time of laborious acquisition of commercial and industrial knowledge, for which the change in the empire has made an opening of such fearful splendour. At Trieste I had been struck with his superior ability; and, when in power, perceived his manner to have nothing of the uneasy embarrassment of the *parvenu*, but a gravity and stoical dignity, springing from a character that preserves a balance in every state, *major adversis par secundis*.¹

When in Trieste he possessed great influence; and probably more than any other man, was identified with the substitution of moderate for prohibitive duties with a view to revenue; and having been frequently in communication with Count Stadion and Baron Kubeck, the old finance minister, the latter had actually got the consent of Prince Metternich to a scheme of moderate customs duties. But the old bureaucracy, headed by a well intentioned, but by no means enlightened archduke, would hear of no change. At length, highly to the honour of Baron Bruck, this great reform has been begun to a partial extent, but, in spite of the well known opinion of Bruck, not persevered in so as to sweep protection entirely away and act powerfully on the customs revenue.

M. Thienfeldt received me like an old friend. "I care nothing for the great world of politics or fashion," said he to me; "my delight is in the business of my own department, and in the family circle. So come and spend an evening with me in a quiet way:" which I did with much pleasure. M. Thienfeldt, as the most improving

¹ I am here again reminded of the apothegm,—Never write a man's character until he is dead.

landlord and proprietor of mines in Styria, had been particularly known to the Archduke John, and to other members of the imperial family. But his political sphere had been confined to the provincial estates of that marquisate, and in fact he was neither a courtier nor a statesman, but an active and influential country gentleman—when, as he told me himself in the course of the evening, Count Stadion (who knew his high special qualifications) asked him to become a member of his cabinet, adding, “I tell you beforehand, that you have just as good a chance of being hanged as of dying in your bed.”

I perceived that Hungary occupied his thoughts. “I deplore,” said he, “the retrograde state of that country. Give us time and you will see all that glorious land covered with a net of railways, and at the same time the drainage and cultivation of waste lands by vigorous and industrious colonists; but I will by no means interfere with private property: private property shall be respected. The crown lands are amply sufficient for my purpose, and I am determined to implant in them such a civilisation, by colonists acquainted with the improved processes of agriculture, as to give a salutary impulse to the private proprietors around. No two countries suit each other better than Austria and Hungary, if they understand their true interests; and now that this unhappy war is at an end, it is the duty of us civilians to strengthen the bonds of union by commerce, arts, agriculture, and manufactures.”

M. Bach, the minister of the interior, not only from his official situation, but from his own mental activity, is certainly the most prominent of the new men that have been thrown up by the huge cauldron of the revolution, and remained on the surface after its having cooled down. Bach is of low stature, with a very slight obliquity of vision, and he is altogether without the power of producing an imposing first impression. But this wears away when he begins to converse, and brings large stores of legal and historical knowledge, as well as sound practi-

cal sense—and without any effort—to bear upon the subject of discourse; and, in fact his fluency and brilliancy of conversation is so great, that their alliance, as in his case, with the solid and the practical, make him altogether the most remarkable of the new men.

He had so many audiences to give, that he had not time for exercise; and therefore on my first conversation with him, instead of sitting, he invited me to take a promenade up and down the room, for the apartments of his official residence are so large, as to be more like halls or galleries than rooms. He talked a great deal of Hungary, and said, “that nothing could be more unjust or untrue than to say that Austria gave the so-called concessions with a free will. Austria never gave her consent—the consent was extorted from the King of Hungary by Batthyany. “I told Batthyany,” added he, “at our first interview, ‘No state can exist with two centres; mark well my words, either you will fall or we will fall.’” These,” said Bach, “were my words to Batthyany.”

We then talked of the abolition of the Hungarian constitution; of the legislative union, and of the introduction of centralisation into Hungary. I admitted that constitutional monarchy was destroyed in that country, not by Austria, not even by Kossuth's declaration of independence, but from the moment that the Palatine, an officer elected by the Estates, was invested with the prerogative of the consent to, and veto of laws; but, I added, that I had great doubts of the propriety of introducing centralisation into the Magyar districts of Hungary, and that I conceived that Austria would commit a great mistake if she persevered in introducing the Austrian code of laws instead of the native Hungarian code; and I adduced the instance of Scotland and England as a

¹ All British Statesmen have acted on the same principle vide Mr. Macaulay's last volume on the established axiom of the incompatibility of co-ordinate supreme legislatures.

model of a perfect political union, each nation retaining its distinct code of laws, derived from opposite sources, proceeding on the distinctive separate principles of accumulated precedent in the one case, and of Roman and feudal right in the other; but by the common imperial legislation undergoing a process of insensible fusion.

I do not feel at liberty to give *in extenso* the reasons which M. Bach urged in favour of centralisation, but I could perceive that his antipathy to municipal development as it had existed in Hungary, even in its most improved shape, arose, not from any hostility to this principle in the abstract, but to its having been adulterated with the despotic and revolutionary element of ultra-Magyarism; despotic and egotistical towards the other races, and revolutionary in its results towards the Austrian empire and the house of Austria.

M. Bach is born of respectable parents in the middle classes, received a good education, studied the law, and was an advocate when the revolution broke out. He is still a very young man, considering his position in a cabinet composed for the most part of men advanced in life. He entertained sumptuously, as becomes the political head of the domestic administration of 37,000,000 of people, but had nothing of the *parvenu* in the hour of festivity—no playing the great man,—but by his varied literary attainments and general information he knew how to relieve the formality of a diplomatic sort of dinner, such as I have seen few men do.

M. Schmerling, the Minister of Justice, was also like Bach, a man of the people; he has since quitted the cabinet; but at the period of my visit to Vienna, was in power. His cabinet was like the boudoir of a lady: a carpet of handsome pattern, which is not usual in official residences, covered the floor, and conservatory flowers were encased at the windows. The manners of M. Schmerling himself are neither vulgar nor aristocratic, but smooth and grave, like those of a physician in good practice, or a Church dignitary. I cannot speak of his capacity for

his office, but from what I have heard from others, which is that he is the soundest lawyer in the Austrian empire, and thoroughly acquainted not only with legal practice and juridical erudition, but with far more of the philosophy of legal science than usually falls to the lot of a technical lawyer. What strikes the stranger, is the vein of strong practical sense, which is a security against loose speculation; and although I object to the principles of extending the Austrian code of laws to Hungary, however more logical the Austrian code may be than that of the latter country, it is yet generally admitted that the new justiciary organisation of Hungary has been very ably devised.

There is now no minister of war. The Emperor himself doing the duties of commander-in-chief, and the army, instead of being all directly under one central war-office, is divided into four armies, with four provincial war-offices. One forming that portion of the empire which is in the German confederation, with the head quarters at Vienna. Another body of troops is the army of Italy, with the head quarters at Verona. A third army is that of Hungary, with the head quarters at Pesth. And a fourth is the army of Gallicia.

His Imperial Majesty's appearance indicates health and strength, which he keeps by taking great exercise; riding, or driving out every day for several hours. He is also fond of hunting and dancing, which both conduce to health and strength. He served in the first Italian campaign under Radetzky, and accompanied the army for the reduction of Hungary in 1849, and there can be no doubt that his presence tended greatly to animate the army in those preliminary operations, which had for their result the retirement of Kossuth from Pesth. All the accounts that I heard represented the present Emperor to be a young man of great personal courage, who will not allow the disruption of the empire without a smart tussle, and if the bureaucracy has the good sense to understand the times in which they live,—not to confound the exhaustion

of the revolutionary element with its extinction,—to know that, without the sympathy and approbation of the classes that have property and intelligence, no secure or solid edifice can be built,—Austria has now before her such a fair start as she could not have hoped for, either under the old régime, or during the revolutionary panic.

I had anticipated during my tour on the Adriatic the bâton of Field Marshal for my distinguished friend Count Nugent, and I had much pleasure in finding that, after having been a general of more than forty years standing, he had attained this rank, which is never given, as in the British army, except to one or two individuals out of the reigning family, and is therefore much rarer than in the French army. Little did I think when I saw him in quiet command of the Southern army on the eve of the February revolution, that the men of Aspern and Wagram were again to take the field, and that our next meeting should be under the walls of Comorn, where 60,000 men lay encamped and watching the last stronghold of the Magyar rebellion.

The period of the French Revolutionary war was certainly the age of heroes, and it is scarcely credible that the man who was a general as far back as the year 1809, should, forty years afterwards, have commanded at Comorn, with a degree of activity that shamed the youngest. Never to bed, with the business of the day finished, until midnight. And again on horseback, at the outposts, by the first peep of dawn. In Vienna I found him as spirited as ever, busy from morning to night in drawing plans for the repair and reconstruction of the fortresses of the empire, for his mathematical reputation as an officer of engineers was the foundation stone of his fortunes, and my last festive moment with him was a couple of hours before my departure from Vienna. On which occasion I also saw, for the last time, the venerable Count Wallmoden, who so distinguished himself in the momentous campaign of 1813. And who, when I drunk

health and longevity to him, shook his head with a patriarchal smile and said, "You forget that the individual in question served in the Rhine campaign of 1792 and the Italian campaign of 1848."

Of all the eminent military men whom I saw, General Count Schlick has the most remarkable personal appearance. A large black patch covering the socket of one eye, which he had lost when a very young man at the battle of Leipzig; his manner is that of a dashing young cavalry officer, full of racy cordiality, but withal, a tone of perfect self-possession and good breeding, so that, apart from his military merits, he is a great favourite in society. At the period of my stay in Vienna he commanded in Moravia, with Brunn for his head quarters, but used, from the facility afforded by the railway, occasionally to come to Vienna, and had lodgings at the back of St. Stephen's church. "I am an enemy of formality and large parties," said he; "I think life is short, and we ought to take the best way we can to enjoy it. So meet me to day at five o'clock at the Casino, and we shall have a *tête à tête* dinner, and a social chat." And I did proceed to the Casino at the hour appointed, and spent such an evening as seldom falls to my lot; for it is one thing to know the art of war and the science of politics, and another to be an adept in the art of society.

The Casino, in the Herrngasse, is the principal club of Vienna, and in its arrangements resembles those of London. Seeing two exceedingly beautiful women seated at a table with a young man wearing the uniform of a general, although he did not appear to be above six or seven and twenty years of age, I was surprised at so unusual a circumstance; for, in my present tour, I had frequently remarked the number of youthful generals I had seen, as compared with former towns; that is to say, that instead of seeing men generally above sixty, I sometimes saw men of this rank little above forty. Such was the change that death, sweeping superannuation and sudden promotion, had made during the revolutionary war, but

no general so youthful as this had I previously seen. And on inquiry I found that it was the eldest son of the ex-Empress Maria Louisa, by her left-handed marriage with Count Neipperg, and that one of these young ladies was his bride.

General Schlick, during our *tête à tête* dinner, was as curious to hear my adventures as he was ready to relate his own: from Aspern where he gained his spurs, to Leipzig where he lost his eye; from hunting at Badminton, where, with Prince Francis Lichtenstein, he had indulged in the pleasures of the chase and seen English country life in its perfection and splendour, to the snowy bivouacks of the Carpathians, when he had hunted Georgey without being able to catch that able commander;—and he mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that his ancestors were Hungarian magnates as well as imperialists, and that the large estates now belonging to the Karoly family formerly belonged to that of Schlick; that in the famous revolt of Rakoczy, a General Count Schlick penetrated into the north of Hungary over the Carpathians, and fought battles on the same ground that he had contested with the Hungarians.

In the course of the evening I said to him: “You are a soldier and a gentleman, without political *finesse*, and do not conceal your opinion. Do you think that Georgey was a traitor to the cause he fought for.” But Schlick scouted the idea, and said:—“That hemmed in on all sides in a corner of Hungary, not a shadow of a chance of success remained open to the Magyar army; and that none but a fool could have supposed it to be otherwise.”

Another of the military celebrities then in Vienna was my former acquaintance—the Ban. No longer as I knew him, the bold borderer in the Switzerland of Croatia, but now become a military and political personage of the first rank. He lived in the hotel of the Roman Emperor, as his official residence is in Agram, and when I called to return my thanks for some introductions which he

had procured me in Hungary, found myself in a room crowded with visitors and solicitors of a multifarious description, I could not help feeling surprised at the alteration in his appearance, so much had he fattened with the fatigues of war, a proof that he has a vigorous physical constitution, as well as a vigorous intellect.

His political position at this period was anything but agreeable, for the Croats and all the other nations of Hungary were quite willing to throw off the offensive ultra-Magyar supremacy; but when it came to the question of the public burthens of the empire being equalised, and Hungary made liable for an amount of taxation, equivalent in proportion to what was borne by the other provinces, a re-action against Austria was the immediate and inevitable result. For not only the Magyars, but all the other nations of Hungary having hitherto escaped with a very light taxation, the great proportion of the interest of the debt having hitherto been paid by the hereditary states, including Galicia and Lombardy, there is now the same outcry in Hungary as there would be in Ireland, if this country were to lay on assessed and income taxes there. The Ban had therefore to fight with the government a political battle for the Croats, who had saved the monarchy, and at the same time, as representative of the government, to fight with the Croats a battle which might enable Austria to face the financial embarrassments into which she has been plunged by the revolutionary war; for all lawsuits are expensive processes, whether those of club law, or of statute law.

While the Ban had to fight the battle of the Croats, another distinguished Hungarian had a still more difficult part to play. Baron Josika, ex-chancellor of Transylvania, and the head of the conservative Magyar party, was at daggers-drawn with the centralisers. An object more worthy of sympathy than this distinguished statesman can scarcely be imagined, who was marked out by the Kossuth faction as a butt for their hatred, in consequence of his attachment to his sovereign, and who confessed to me

that he was now without the slightest influence with the cabinet of Vienna and the party of uncompromising centralisation.

Many years had elapsed since I first made the acquaintance of Leopold Neumann, a young legal student then unknown to fame, but endowed with great natural talents, sound judgment, indefatigable perseverance, and the most agreeable cheerful temper; he had gradually risen from poverty and obscurity to one of the professorships of the Theresianum; to be the friend of Stadion; to be one of the ablest political, statistical, and historical capacities in Vienna; and although a man of liberal and enlightened views before the revolution, he no sooner saw in power such men as Stadion than he preferred them to mobocracy. During the absolutism of the Metternich rule, he could talk very freely of the slowness of Austria, and the necessity of her getting out of her old jog-trot without the fear of either prison-bar, or rope's-end. But no sooner did the freedom of speech and of the press arrive, than the mob of the suburbs determined to put to school this professor of political economy, and to teach this teacher what liberty was; in short, being a constitutional conservative and favourable to reform, to property and to intelligence, but neither a demagogue, a mobocrat nor a socialist, his house was beset, the rope being ready to hang him at the lamp-post; and when I called upon him, we had scarcely got over the first greetings, when we proceeded to examine the localities and the wall at the back of his house, from whence he had dropped into the pleasure grounds of the Theresianum, with the buzz of the crowd humming in his ears as he stealthily crossed the grass.

CHAPTER XXX.¹

FURTHER HISTORICAL REFLECTIONS.

In the sixteenth century, Catholic was arrayed against Protestant. In the seventeenth, we find the struggle still theological, arising partly from the great contest of the Thirty-years War, and partly from the debates of the subdivisions: Jesuit and Molinist against Jansenist, Episcopalian against Presbyterian, Arminian against Calvinist. All were indifferent to *nationality*, except in subordination to dogmatic theology.

In the eighteenth century, the Bohemian forgot his language; the Hungarian Germanised himself, to avoid being thought a barbarian. Frederick the Second, one of the greatest of men, was one of the most unpatriotic of Germans; and the Academy of Maupertuis (!) preceded the splendid era of Goethe and Schiller. Italy allured the European loungeur to a splendid waste of time; a polemic on cameos, a paper-war on the merits of a tragedy of Alfieri, or a picture of Raffael Mengs,—was the only agitation in the land of the fierce Guelph and Ghibelline.

Even in 1815, democracy was believed to be the only element pregnant with danger to Europe; but new and unforeseen combustions smouldered under these arrangements, which at length burst forth with such violence, as to give a character to the combativeness of the nineteenth century peculiarly its own; and to the frictions of theology and democracy have now succeeded those of intense nationality. Austria, the most heterogeneous of all continental states, was therefore the most exposed to the shock of anarchy; and if she were composed of only

¹ As much political matter has been omitted in the reprinting of this chapter, those who are interested in these topics, are referred to the English Edition of "The Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic"; as the author is not disposed to fill up the gaps, by entering on the political questions of the present day.

two nations, she would unquestionably have been riven asunder, never to be resoldered; but the great variety of her Danubian population is the incentive to a recohesion of nationalities which—too powerful to be safely refused self-government in their mother-tongues—are yet too weak to produce respect beyond their own confines except by a reunion.

The diplomacy of Europe has hitherto been conducted on the principle of cure rather than of prevention of disease; it seems, therefore, desirable to reconcile the principle of authority and legitimacy as far as possible with national sympathies by a CONGRESS OF REVIEW, or revisal of the Treaty of Vienna by the powers that signed it, or by a majority of them. In various parts of Europe, right and might being at variance, legitimacy, instead of being cherished as it ought to be, is abhorred and rejected; and surely if the Treaty of Vienna be the standard of reference, a thorough revisal of it is better than to see it broken by shocks that come like earthquake or bankruptcy.

The only secure basis of such reviewed or revised treaty would be that of *exchange*, to the exclusion of all gratuitous deprivation or donation of territory, or degradation of dynasty; and it seems to me that the tranquillisation of Italy, the re-establishment of Polish nationality, the relief of Austria from her national embarrassments, and of Prussia from her inconvenient geographical configuration, are all to be accomplished by a simultaneous set of moves on the politico-geographical chessboard of central Europe.

Let us hope that the fibres that connect Vienna and Berlin with so many provinces, far from being snapped, may be extended; for they centre in hereditary monarchy, which, if blending in harmonious contrast the principles of order and liberty, forms the perfection of human government, as we see in our own happy islands. Attempt to compose a universal German empire, and internal jealousies and rivalries offer insurmountable obstacles; admit a

double system, a northern and a Danubian, and the difficulties fly away at once. Russia sees, in a united northern Germany, a fully adequate barrier against French absorption of the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine; and France and England procure, in a powerful and united Austria and Hungary, an equipoise to Russia in the south-east.

BOOK IV.

THE BULGARIAN, THE TURK, AND THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DIPLOMATIC CRISIS BEFORE THE WAR.

The storm did not burst on a sudden. Dark clouds and vivid gleams were a-windward all the summer and autumn of 1853; and it was with curiosity wound up to the highest pitch, that I packed my wallet, and turned my face to Olmutz, where the Emperors of Austria and Russia were to meet—ostensibly to enjoy the great military spectacle of nearly fifty thousand tried and exercised troops manœuvring on the plains of Moravia.

In bright and cool September sunshine, I proceeded to the camp which was three miles out of town, and recognised various regiments which I had seen at the close of the Hungarian war, bronzed and tattered with that gigantic struggle, but now all freshly refitted, and completely equipped, and organised to meet the buffets of a new blast, blow whence it might. Field mass was recited in the open air, the Emperors kneeling under a gorgeous

canopy. The whole army was drawn up in a vast parallelogram, and the elevation of the host telegraphed to the most distant battalions. A long shrill blast of the trumpet sounded to horse, and the two Emperors, with fourteen members of reigning houses, and a brilliant *cortège* of no less than sixty generals with their full decorations, pranced gently along the extended line, and then settling themselves at a convenient point—the whole army marched past—each general officer heading his own regiment and then riding in a curvet made his best bow and joined the staffs of the Emperors.

There was Paskievitch—a septuagenarian, short and thick-set—but with a firm seat on horseback; the cool clear-headed tactician of Armenia and Poland: then no doubt little dreaming that the skill of a Prussian Lieutenant and the fear of being inclosed by a French, a British, and an Austrian army would, a few months hence, make him turn his back on Silistria.

The military spectacle was certainly splendid—the troops were all in Sunday parade order, and as the thrilling tones of one band died away, another came on, heading a corps of different arms, costume and achievements, with the tattered flag fluttering in the breeze, and recalling the days of Leipzig and Temeswar.

Ollmutz, the key of upper Moravia, is a very strong fortress. Within the walls the architecture is not elegant, but solid and substantial—apparently of the age of Charles VI. The archiepiscopal palace situated on an eminence, with luxuriant garden ground at its base, overlooks the wide expansive plain. Here the present vigorous and intelligent young Monarch of Austria received the imperial sceptre from the feeble hands of his uncle Ferdinand, and here he now resided with Nicholas as his guest. On an eminence near Ollmutz, is a large detached fortress, the Tafelberg, which is the key of the place, being, as the name denotes, a hill plateau. Every resource of modern art has been put in requisition to make this a secure stronghold. Farther away, on this great military

occasion; the mimic lines of attack and defence were thrown up for the spectacle. Guns and sandbags stood on the ramparts,—and parallels were furnished with sappers, miners, and all the paraphernalia of destruction, as suggested by the most recent discoveries in physical science. Under a platform firmly roofed over with timber to resist the heaviest wreck or fragment of an explosion, stood the two Emperors with their staffs, and at a signal given the siege commenced. The cannon roared, the assailants scaled the rampart—the garrison repelled, the electric fluid was applied to the art of destruction; the great mine exploded; the heavy cannon flying up in the air, with hundreds of tons of earth, which, seen against the vivid flames that flashed over all the breadth and height of the perpendicular, appeared for a brief instant like the diverging black figures on a yellow fan. Suddenly a hail of clods, some a ton weight, fell around us, and shook to its foundations the massive timber palladium under which we stood,—and at some distance outside killed a soldier dead on the spot,—so difficult is it with the best precautions to avoid accident when mimic warfare is attempted on the grand scale.

The martial figure of the Emperor of Russia was prominent in these and subsequent scenes, while the political crisis added to the interest of the conjuncture. The ill judged attempt to wrest from the House of Habsburg the military possession of Hungary, which she had held for nearly two centuries by virtue of the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, had had for its result—what had been clearly foreseen by all persons who had studied Hungary from the English point of view—an extraordinary development of Russian ambition on the Lower Danube,—or, to use a home phrase, Austria's difficulty was Russia's opportunity.

There can be no doubt that the Emperor Nicholas never anticipated the general collapse of the peace of Europe which has since taken place—not even a great war of aggression upon Turkey; all he had in his head

was a bullying message and another diplomatic concession to dovetail his hold of the unfortunate Ottoman Empire; and a personage who has been for many years on terms of intimacy with the Emperor Nicholas said to me: "*L'Empereur a des vellétés pour une conquête de la Turquie, mais non pas la volonté.*" And I am assured by another person, now occupying one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe, that Prince Menschikoff had positive instructions not to put his ultimatum unless he was sure of its being accepted. The way in which he had knocked over Fuad Effendi and carried all before him induced him to put the ultimatum, and thus the Emperor was committed.

Unbending pride, not the ambition that dares all Europe, was the rock on which Nicholas split. Evacuation (at that time the basis, the *sine quâ non* of all arrangement) involved the fall of the Russian prestige in Turkey, which had been so carefully built up for so many years: a severe, but merited penalty, and it was the want of moral courage to incur this minor penalty that involved him in the larger one of war with the first powers of Europe—and some of the sayings of those busy days are not unworthy to be recorded: "*Qui, de nos jours, veut jouer le Louis XIV., finira comme Louis XIV.*" There can be no doubt that at Ollmutz the Emperor of Russia deeply regretted the step he had taken; but he wished to do what is given to no mortal to perform with success—to back brilliantly out of a most ugly scrape. Once on the slippery inclined plane, he had neither the pliability to regain his footing on all fours, nor the power to do so with head erect. Hence a fall from a lofty position.

In a railway train filled with white-coated officers I proceeded from Ollmutz to Vienna. Many of the soldiers and statesmen having gone thither, after the break up in Moravia; others having proceeded to Warsaw, in order to see some large autumnal reviews of the army of Poland.

Arrived at Vienna, I spent a day with Prince and

Princess Metternich at their villa of the Rennweg; their apartments opening on delightful lawns and gardens all within the barriers of Vienna. I had seen them under various changes—I had known them in the plenitude of their splendour, when no private individual in Europe wielded the power of Prince Metternich, for poor Kaiser Ferdinand had no will of his own. Subsequently I had seen them in the exile of Richmond and Brussels—and now again, returned to Vienna, where the Prince, without seeking power, exercised a considerable influence in public affairs,—so that after all a true lion takes a great deal of killing. The fine old man received me with the patriarchal kindness of a statesman of large views towards young men of all schools, however liberal, provided the result be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Prince Metternich had a great admiration of the solid and substantial liberty of England, and a total mistrust of the flashy and brittle liberalism of some parts of the continent of Europe. The cast of his mind was essentially *doctrinaire*. He had fixed principles in morals, in politics, in political geography, and in international law, from which no personal relations make him deviate an iota. When Buonaparte had won the daughter of the Cæsars, and the days of the oppression of Europe had succeeded to those of his youthful glory, Metternich at once gave his voice for the war of liberation. He always cultivated cordial relations with Great Britain, and he had been the firm friend of the Ottoman Empire in the gloomiest moments of her modern destinies. In this last great question no man estimated more highly the services that in the affair of Hungary the Emperor Nicholas rendered to the eternal principle of Right, as defined generally by international jurisprudence and specially by treaties—but no man held more truly that Austria could not requite a legal service by a toleration of the widest aberration from legality. Prince Metternich being more than octogenarian, his utterance and motions are slow, but his health good and his thoughts clear. The intelligence and courtesy of the Princess were invaluable ad-

juncts; unfortunately a change in her constitution was too visible not to be remarked. She has since descended to the tomb, and if any thing could console her husband it was the affection of the numerous descendants and relatives who on that day surrounded the cheerful festive board.

To peruse some of these lucubrations on what they call "the Mëtternich system," one would suppose that at the accession of this statesman, Austria had been a country enjoying a free constitutional government, and that its liberties had been overthrown one after another by a series of *coups d'état*; which ended with forging on a once free people fetters of the most odious slavery. Never was any reasoning or vituperation less founded on truth. The old bureaucratic constitution of Austria was introduced and founded by the Emperor Joseph, the most absolute and despotic monarch that ever sat on the throne of Austria. This prince was deeply tinctured with the French theories in vogue in the latter half of the eighteenth century: he was somewhat too much of a royalist to wish to see the last king burnt on a funeral pile, composed of the body of the last priest: but priests, nobles, provincial estates, and municipal incorporations,—whether in their uses as checks to despotic power, or in their abuse as elements of corruption,—he was resolved to render as nugatory as lay in his power; and, in order to be both popular and despotic, he created *bureaucracy* as his ready, obedient, and subservient tool. All this happened when Prince Metternich was in child's petticoats: not one single element of the defunct septuagenarian government did Prince Metternich create; neither its advantages nor its disadvantages, neither its care for the poor and ignorant, nor its mistrust and espionage of the rich and the intelligent; and had he dared to alter the system, his place was not worth forty-eight hours' purchase.

Nowhere was it more true than at Vienna that political systems are like serpents, their heads being moved by their tails. There was a power stronger than Metternich, and that was the bureaucracy. When, in 1840,

this statesman pursued, conjointly with the other three powers, a policy perfectly congenial to the interests of Austria, he was as nearly as possible pitched headlong from his eminence, because he was supposed to risk a war; and subsequently, a still more remarkable exercise of this power has been attended with still more fatal effects. The cardinal blot, the crowning abuse of the so-called "Metternich system," was the prohibitive duties introduced by the Emperor Joseph; a system that inflicted an annual loss, estimated at from eight to ten millions sterling, on the Austrian exchequer. Baron Kübeck, the right-hand man and *protégé* of Prince Metternich, drew up a reform of the system; and who was the obstructor? Was it Prince Metternich? Unquestionably not. It was the narrow-minded *Hofkammer*; so that the Emperor Joseph, who created the rural bureaucracy to fight the battle of the poor man against the rich, forgot to create some machine which might enable an enlightened minister to infuse some of the higher principles of politics and legislation into the *Hofkammer*; it was, in short, a sort of Gordian knot of red tape, which has been cut, because it could not be loosed.

That the policy of Prince Metternich was not free from capital errors is too true; for no man, be he ever so great or good, can administer an empire for forty years without leaving a wide field open for criticism. Let all those errors be visited on his head, the last of which was the occupation of Cracow, an act which struck at the very foundation of the fabric of the European family; but nothing can be more unjust than to hold him up as the inventor or introducer of a despotism, when, in truth, he left the constitution of Austria much better than he found it. The provincial estates, which were a nullity at the beginning of his career, had become a power in the state before its close. The form of government did not allow the glorious and inestimable privilege of a free press; but let any one compare what Austria was in the latter years of the administration of Metternich,

with its first years, and the advance is enormous. Not only was the censorship considerably relaxed, but all foreign books and newspapers of a really high and informing character, if written in ever so free a spirit of inquiry, were admitted; and as for the Socialist novels, Ultra-Radical newspapers, and free-thinking theology, which were rigorously excluded, the deprivation, however inconsistent with English notions of liberty, yet could not be called a "stupefying despotism," without an abuse of terms; and those who wished to see "stupefying despotism" in its perfection must have gone to the Tchech districts of Hungary, where a nation, having an ancient and valuable literature, and endowed with the happiest dispositions for instruction, and numbering two millions five or six hundred thousand souls, or about the population of Scotland, were denied a single newspaper in their mother-tongue; and yet, according to modern notions, the Ultra-Magyar faction, who thought themselves entitled to extirpate Tchechism from Hungary, are enlightened liberals! But so much worse is irresponsible corporate tyranny than responsible absolutism, that the shade of Montesquieu might say of the Ultra-Magyar faction, "*Leur gouvernement est toujours odieux. Les peuples conquis y sont dans un état triste; ils ne jouissent ni des avantages de la république, ni de ceux de la monarchie.*"

It is much to be regretted that Prince Metternich did not seek the compensations of Austria in Germany rather than in Italy, for every inch of territory west of the Mincio is diffusion and debility for an Austro-Danubian Empire; but neither he, nor any other statesman at the Congress of Vienna, did, or could, foresee the antipathies of races that were to succeed, any more than the statesmen of a Congress now about to assemble could predict what mankind is to be disputing about thirty or forty years hence.

They wisely legislated for the ills they knew, and not for those they knew not of. But if we take Prince Metternich's career as a whole—the decisive effect with which the war-councils of his youth insured a prompt and

long-continued general peace—his own aristocratic birth and connexions, and the remarkable absence of aristocratic jobbing in the tenor of his government—the readiness with which men of merit were promoted from the humblest ranks of society to the highest places in the administration, even the cabinet itself—and the general prosperity, in spite of a protectionist Hofkammer—must, when the passions of our age have passed away, procure him a high position in the pages of the philosophic historian of the future, who judges him with reference to the institutions amid which he lived and moved.

In conclusion, if the great test of political morality be adherence to the logical application to the laws of nations, and if the greatest of all the conquests of modern civilisation be the comital action of the five powers, as contrasted with the diplomatic anarchy of former centuries, there is no statesman of modern times who can be placed on a higher pedestal.

I had great pleasure in Vienna in renewing acquaintance with our accomplished Ambassador Lord Westmorland. The British Embassy, built by the wealthiest prince of the House of Cobourg, overlooks the finest part of the glaxis. From a classic portico the eye ranges over the woods below to the distant gold-tinted hills that terminate in the Danube: its real charm is that it is a temple of all the Muses. Within, apartments of palatial altitude and splendour are adorned with the oil paintings of Lady Westmorland, the favorite niece of the Duke of Wellington; some of which represent the most striking episodes of his memorable career, which are perfectly wonderful for a female amateur.—Nor has the sense of the beautiful failed to descend to the younger generation, and not the less welcome that it is in a varied form; for Mr. Julian Fane is one of the most promising of our younger poets. In Music, sweetest of the Nine, Lord Westmorland himself had not only gone beyond every other amateur in England, but has even a considerable reputation among professional composers.

The position of Lord Westmorland during all this crisis was certainly an anxious one; for the situation of Austria herself was replete with difficulties. Entirely disapproving of the Russian policy, and using every argument to persuade the Emperor of Russia to an honest retrocession, the chivalric feelings of Francis Joseph to a sovereign who had rendered him an indisputable service, recoiled from those prompt methods with which France and England, free from the incumbrance of gratitude, wished to deal with the invader, although Russia had herself expunged her claims on Austria by her grasp at the artery of the Danube, without the freedom of which the latter Empire is without life and without hope. But duty prevailed over inclination with Francis Joseph; and his views were carried out by Count Buol—a statesman of ability, brought up in the school of Metternich—who, in various long and interesting conversations, produced on my mind the impression of his being a downright honest man. Cautious prudence and dignified firmness when encompassed with embarrassments characterize the policy of Count Buol.

CHAPTER II.

STEAM VOYAGE TO BELGRADE AND THE IRON GATES.

“The Goth and the Hun” being devoted to a description of the condition of the various nations of Hungary since the civil war, from the British point of view—that is to say—with exclusive reference to the policy of Russia, it is not necessary that I should say anything of my passage through that interesting country: but it may well be believed that curiosity was awake in countries which I had visited so often and studied during so

many years. And it was with a throb of sympathy and enthusiasm that I once more descried in the distance the slender minaret surmounting the rock of Belgrade, as the steamer rapidly shot past the base of the thickly wooded Frusca Gora—a land endeared to me by many ties personal and political—with great historical associations,—and yet the interest of the future overshadowing the past; a land old in aspect—but young in moral nature. In its interior, vast woods and picturesque mountains, castles and convents dating from the middle ages—patriarchal manners and antique costumes; but in Belgrade the infantine hands of the Youngest Member of the Européan family stretched out to embrace as far as practicable the civilisation of Europe.

The Servian is neither Russian, nor Austrian, nor Turkish. He is Servian to the core, and his sympathies are with the development of his race. There is nothing that would so shock the Servian as that his country should become a province of Russia; and if ever Austria should be so foolish as to seek to regain her possessions in Servia (of which I am bound to say there are no appearances) the population of this principality would, along with that of Sclavonia, become a new Lombardy for her.

Nor is it to be disguised that a fear of these two powers, rather than a cordial attachment to the Porte, is the chief bond of her union with Constantinople. This the philosophic Turks understand very well. It is a "*mariage de convenance*" in which the Grand Turk is a very easy going lord and master, fulfilling the prescriptions of the law, but neither proffering nor asking a cordial attachment. The other party has also her fixed *arrière-pensée*, however scrupulously she may act up to the letter of her legal liens. To be brief, the whol of the population from the highest to the lowest is anxious that the fortresses of Belgrade, Semendria, Schabatz, Sokol Orsova, and Ushitza, should receive Servian vice Turkish garrisons—but it is only justice to say that

no step had been taken to accomplish this object, while the Sultan in his turn scrupulously respected the privileges of municipal government conceded to a people once presumed rebellious.

The thick fogs of November, which detained the steamer some days at Semlin, having somewhat diminished, we at length started for Orsova. But even the massive towers of Belgrade flitted dimly on our passage where an anxious look out was kept a-head, as the vessel swept down with the rapid current—along the southern shore of the Banat, which is the richest province of Hungary.

We have already shown how a century and a half ago this noble province was covered with pestilential morasses, which made mortal havock in the Turkish armies in those days when Temeswar bristled with minarets, and the wild Tartars of the Crimea followed the Sanjak of the house of Gherai. After the victories of Eugene down fell the minarets of Temeswar and up rose the architecture of the age of Charles VI. The peruke, the cocked hat and the shaven chin took the place of the turban, the bald pate and the bushy beard. The brilliant administration of Count Andrew Hamilton introduced German colonization and German civilization to those lands that had been abandoned to Turkish rapacity and Daco Roman indolence. The Bega canal completed the commercial communication with the capital, and the Cornucopian harvests of the Banat, instead of going down the Danube to be shipped for the turbulent Janissaries of the Golden horn, went down the Bega and up the Danube to the Austrian capital. Thanks to the late Baron Bruck, communications are now rapidly extending over all Hungary towards all the Western frontier of Transylvania.

The Railway traversing Hungary—is now stretching itself across the richest part of the Banat towards Orsova, in the vicinity of which latter place are abundant and excellent coal mines. In a quarter of a century, Steam and German civilization will entirely alter the aspect of these still semi-barbarous regions.

Through the quarantine of Orsova, I now attempted to open up a negociation with the villagers on the other side for horses to convey me to Widdin; but either from an indisposition to cross into Turkey proper, which was now in a state of war, or from scarcity of conveyance in consequence of the demand for horses since the cessation of the steamers running below Orsova, I saw that it would be a tedious business—and, impatient to push on, I was fain to accept a passage in a rowing boat to the first place down the river. It was a dark sour day in November—the bare lofty rocky ridges that topple over the Iron Gates being but half visible from the showers of cold unfriendly sleet that swept through the monster portal; as the Danube, now swollen with rains, rushed downwards towards the rapids of this dangerous passage. A low dull rolling murmur denoted our approach to the rapids, and warned the boatmen to keep a sharp look out. An interesting quarter of an hour followed, and the steersman, pointing to a sheet of seething foam, remarked that the last of those huge boulders that block up the river's course was now astern. The landscape opened, and I now, having passed the Iron Gates, found myself in the great lower basin of the Danube, the plains of Wallachia on my left; and on my right the ridges stretching Southward to join the great Balkan Chain that endorses Bulgaria and never stops until it abruptly terminates in the precipices of the Euxine. Pyrenees, Alps, Balkan, Caucasus—all nearly in a line and probably once one, before a great rupture invited the waters of the Atlantic to join those which were drained through the Euxine from the steppes of Scythia.

Servia was on our right—a sort of moral shore of Christendom—but still dotted with vestiges of the inundation of Islamism. The massive walls of Fethislam remind the traveller by its name of the conquests of Amurath, and still contain one of those little Turkish military colonies that linger undesiccated on soil now more Christian than Moslem. With what pleasure, having alighted at

the Servian khan, I received the invitation of the patriarchal white headed Governor to take up my quarters within the walls of the fortress! The regret of leaving home was forgotten for an hour; I felt like a school boy taken to the play again—in short, a fresh set of scenes and sensations were conjured up anew—I once more turned over another page of the book of life. At Belgrade I felt still in Europe—but the drawbridge of Fethislam was to me on this occasion the frontier of the East and the West; and I was again amongst those picturesque Huns, those pleasant semi-barbarians with their strong prejudices, but kind, simple hearts. I enjoyed every thing about me—the quaint slang of Turkish familiar life—the open airy Csardak with its projecting rocking rafters overlooking the interior of the old battered fortress—the stranger's apartment with its snug Divan—its well worn carpet—and its utensils denoting a different way of doing every thing from what one sees in Franghistan. — The servants who brought my chibouque, not silent, finely dressed crouching slaves—but somewhat garrulous and rural—the deep reverberation of the sunset gun—and the solemn voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, bringing back a world of recollections of brighter skies and more glowing sunsets—of strange and pleasant hours on the Nile, the Orontes—the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—on the sands of the desert and amid the groves of the orange, the palm and the sycamore.

But in the hours of sleep and darkness the long melancholy cry of the sentinels from post to post and from rampart to rampart, troubling the drowsy echoes of the night, reminded the awakened sleeper that he was on no holiday excursion, but the student of the gravest military and political crisis since the memorable 15! Those dearest and most cherished were far away—before him were long and even perilous journeys in the wintry blast; in frost and snow—in countries without roads; across rivers without bridges—and in addition to immediate realities, vague shadows of blood, famine and pestilence—those constant

followers in the train of grim-visaged war—flitted spectrally before him—subsequently partially realised by sufferings on the brink of the grave; by long and weary weeks of acute pain with mental and physical prostration, and an escape as by a miracle from a Bulgarian grave!

Ali Bey was a fine old fellow who had fought his way to this position through the hard contests of the Servian revolt and war of independence. It was with a pride which I could scarcely reprove that he deliberately took off his coat and shewed me the scars of bullets extracted and sabre slashes cicatrized.—Poor fellow! I do not think that his scientific attainments were very profound or his political knowledge very extensive. He assured me from private and reliable sources of information that the fall of Louis Philippe had been brought about by the money of Mohammed-Ali!—rather an unhandsome requital for the unavailing efforts of that amiable but unfortunate sovereign to raise him to the head of an Arab Empire.—Be this as it may, Ali-Bey was a resolute old watchdog whose bite, I have no doubt, corresponded with his bark. He swore that he would not be satisfied unless the Turks got back Bender and Akerman; and two hours before daylight he made the round of the posts to see that all was right, in howling wind and deluging rain. “I am on very good terms,” said he, “with my Servian neighbours, and I think it the best way to keep all discussions at a distance from these walls, by keeping my powder dry and my guns and artillerymen all ready.”

CHAPTER III.

WIDDIN.

It was no easy matter to get across the Timok to the terra firma of Widdin; my own carriage had first to be got on board a ferry boat and then disembarked on a muddy delta—put across another arm, and then hoisted up another slope at an angle of 45 degrees, with mud to the knees and the axles, and what was worse, the traveller, without metaphor and in good earnest, had to put his shoulder to the wheel—altogether the three dirtiest and hardest hours' work that I ever remember; nor was I in a situation to complain when I heard from the lips of a subsequent traveller, much more of a *petit-maitre bien cambré* than myself, that the same ugly job had taken him and his coachman five hours by the watch! I had here on my very entrance into Turkey proper a specimen of the deeply seated idea that even the common Turks have of their mastery and superiority. My driver, rather ashamed of this scanty facility for communication, or with an eye to his own ease as a Jehu, remarked that "a day or two's work of a few Ghours could accomplish a practicable route."

"And don't you think a bridge would be a convenient addition?" said I, vainly attempting to remove the mud from my habiliments.

"Ah! you are right," said he. "I never thought of that."

We now approached Widdin by a rough paved road and over some solid bridges in the immediate vicinity of the town, and saw evident signs of preparation for contingencies. The sand bags and mud baskets being all in fresh order, although the ramparts were old. Our passports and Turkish Teskereh being in order, we experienced no difficulty at the cordon and the gates. There is no suburban preparation for Widdin, and during several hours' journey we saw only one village, but the moment

we passed the drawbridge we found ourselves amidst the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, the roll of the distant drum, and the movements of troops, for above 30,000 men were now concentrated between Widdin and Kalafat.

At length I was deposited at the German Gasthaus, the only Frank inn in Widdin, close to the Quay where the Austrian boats lay to; but the office was shut, the traffic stopped, and the whole neighbouring bazaar turned into a granary to supply the garrison with corn during the winter. My room was tolerable, and I had for fellow guests European surgeons of the Turkish army, who informed me that by their experience the Turkish soldiery were men of good constitution and robust body, the corps of officers and not the privates being addicted to wines and intoxicating liquors.

A bath and a passable dinner having comforted the outer and the inner man, I sallied forth into the streets, which were those of the Bulgarian town; the houses mostly of one story and built of wood, with a wattling enclosure, each being as it were a small farm yard with a mixture of trees. A glacis separates the Bulgarian town from the Turkish town or citadel, in which is situated the Seraglio of the Pacha, the principal mosques, and a population exclusively Moslem. It is much better built than the Varos or outer Christian town, and although having a miserable air to a European, seems a paradise after the Wallack towns and village khans I had to put up with during my weary four days' journey from Orsova to Widdin. Along the high street or line of bazaars I saw the shops and cafés filled with a fanatical and enthusiastic soldiery, the irregulars in their magnificent old Turkish costume, the tall broad shouldered fair complexioned Bosniak from his land of hills and heroes, the vivacious but somewhat cut-throat-looking Albanian, glib in speech, and armed with four pistols, often too ready to suit the action to the word, the dull, heavy, slow moving Anatolian Turk, talking loud and deep, all fellows

who know very little of manual and platoon exercise, but who will work a gun or stand in a trench without flinching; such tough material as the defenders of Silistria were made of.

The names Vida and Sofia are all that remain of the sister queens and capitals of the long entombed Bulgarian independence, but the Moslem Widdin is still pregnant with memorials of the bloody struggles which so oft have darkened the waves of the Danube with the blood of the brave. The arsenal still shows the drums of Canso-el-Ghouri, the last of the Mameluke Sultans that Selim sent across the Balkan after his conquest of the realms of Saladin. Here too are those large unwieldy halberts of the German kaiser's Lanzknechts, of those times when the ancestors of the present Magnates of Transylvania sued for vassalage at the then truly Sublime Porte, those old and by-gone times when the horse-tails stood erect from the green hills of Styria to the yellow shores of Yemen. The Seraglio itself is the record of a fall on evil tongues and evil days when the spirit of restive Feudalism, extinct in Europe, brought rebellion and disorder into the once firmly centralised power of the Ottoman Porte. Within these walls the renegade Pasvan Oglou successfully defied his Sultan, and here too lived in brilliant exile and hoary caducity Hussein, the once truculent destroyer of the Janissaries.

It was in the very room where some years before Mr. Petronievitch, Minister of the Principality of Servia (then exiled at the instance of Russia), introduced me to this same Hussein Pasha, that on the afternoon of my arrival I paid my respects to Sami Pasha, an acquaintance of some years standing, and experienced a most kind reception from him. Taking it for granted that I could be nobody's guest but his, he at once ordered his Cavasses to remove my baggage from the Inn and give me a suite of apartments, in the now untenanted harem. What I had hitherto seen of Widdin was tumble-down deal houses, straggling ladders instead of staircases; streets with an indes-

cribable pavement, ancle-deep in mud,—above, projecting edifices, not like those of our Northern Teutonic construction, made to endure for ever—but as if the first breeze would send the whole ricketty barrack and its irregular lines of tiles into the Danube. But entering the Seraglio of old Pasvan Oglou, the unsuccessful Mohammed Ali of the Danube, I was shewn into a splendid suite of apartments by the politest of Odah Bashis speaking Turkish with an elegant Constantinople accent; in which I saw around me profuse ornaments, divans and draperies—Bagdad carpets and shining brazen Mangals of artistic construction—servants to attend to my wants—followed by the entrance of the pitch black *Kilargi Bashi* or Steward, ordering the subordinates to supply me with tea, coffee, pipe, or nargile, when I wanted it—however, I confined myself to a single room with a French bedstead, opening on an airy court-yard bounded by a wall loop-holed for musquetry, which intervened between the Seraglio and the waters of the Danube.

The domestic routine of a large Turkish house may be described in a few words.—At the earliest peep of dawn the Aivas or char-man enters with the glowing mangal or charcoal brazier ignited an hour before, and with a flickering blue flame ascending from the glowing crimson, for smoke or black charcoal are strictly forbidden by comfort, custom, and health, a severe headache to the inmate of the room being the penalty of neglect. After rising, a cup of milk coffee is brought in on a silver service, and the business of the day commences in the various Chanceries of the Konak. At half past ten the guests are summoned to the Pasha's apartments, where breakfast is ready—most palatable Turkish cookery—handsomely served in the European manner. Then commenced the crowded audiences of the military Pashas and Beys in full costume—the Ulema in their old robes and voluminous turbans—the portly Greek Archbishop in his Calot, black gown, and costly furs—then an endless train of civil employés, merchants, hard-fisted rural pea-

sants, bearers of grain or complaints, desperate ship-masters, their locomotion stopped or their craft pounded by Government; modest military contractors, satisfied with seventy-five per cent profit if they could only finger the cash—persons of all conditions and religions, the Turk, the Armenian, the Greek and the Jew in the restless turmoil of a capital of an Eyalet occupied by an army of 30,000 men, and presumed to be on the eve of being the scene of bloody warfare. At sunset the guests were again called to dinner, where the cold and darkness of late November were cheered by the blazing logs of an open hearth, casting their snug radiance on the warmly carpeted room. Then followed the friendly chat, the savoury cup of coffee, and the fragrant nargile or pipe of Lattakia, in which one forgot for a time the dreary journeys in drizzling rain and the frightful vermin-swarming khans. To be sure, the fair partner of man was a-wanting to these reunions, but there is something to be said on the other side of the question, and in the East the cordiality of man and wife in the evening retirement of the harem is perhaps heightened by the circumstance of business and custom keeping them apart from morning to night.

Sami Pasha is a man of aristocratic countenance and polished manners—a son of the Cadi of Tripolitza in the Morea, and after the war of independence, an emigrant from that classic region. During many years he was the confidential secretary of Mohammed Ali, and in the close of his career his agent at Constantinople, and therefore possessing a large connection in the capital. He is also well known in Paris and London, having spent four winters in the former and four seasons in the latter. He always spoke highly of England. "*Neh kadar-nizamli-memleket.*" "What a country of comforts and conveniences it is!" To which the English winter traveller in Bulgaria added a most conscientious internal *Amen!* Sami Pasha not being "sprung from a chibouque", as the Turks say of those who leap to Pashaliks from a servile origin, is a

man of great Oriental literature, being not only familiar with the best Arabic and Persian authors, but having drawn up many of the most important state documents that issued from the Divan of Mohammed Ali—nor was he without a touch of dry humour. When he heard of count Nesselrode's dispatch, talking of the defensive position of Russia in the Principalities, he said—"Very defensive! very defensive! I quite agree with count Nesselrode—if I could only forget that Wallachia is not on the Russian side of the Pruth." Widdin being at this time choke-full of troops, there was a great difficulty in satisfying both soldiers and inhabitants at the same time, and in allusion to this difficulty he made use of a very quaint expression, like the Scotch one "Between the devil and the deep sea, I—am like the man", said he,—“who must pray to God and please the devil”.

CHAPTER IV.

KALAFAT.

Having received permission to go to Kalafat, I proceeded thither on one of those bright golden days that one so prizes in the fall of the year. Opposite Widdin I saw a long low island covered with shrubs and trees, and geographically forming part of Wallachia—and between them a constant coming and going of large barges and masted vessels—laden with piles of bread and sheep carcasses for the large agglomeration of troops over the water.—Above this island Kalafat with its white houses rising on a hill is situated not exactly opposite Widdin, but farther up the river. Two Jews from Lemberg, who both spoke Turkish, were also passengers in the large barge in which

I crossed under the auspices of Sami Pasha's Cavass Bashi, and were plaintiffs to the commander of Kalafat against two Turkish officers whom they accused of fraud and collusion, an old watch left to repair having been got away by a Turkish subaltern on the pretext that he had been sent for it—after which the original officer made his appearance and, disclaiming having given any commission, insisted on a new cylinder watch being given him.

Kalafat is one of those straggling places in Wallachia, part farm-houses, part mercantile offices and shops, part residences of the small proprietors of the environs. Compared with Widdin it has a new well white-washed look, indicative of the sudden development of prosperity in Wallachia that immediately followed the cessation of the obligation to send corn to Constantinople as the unique market of the principalities. The abolition of our own corn laws gave a great impetus to prosperity in Wallachia, and the intelligent Wallack looks on Sir Robert Peel as the first in the list of his benefactors. Ascending the hill, we walked half a mile among houses and then came upon a clear open space, bounded at some distance to the right and the left by the vast entrenchments which have made Kalafat one of the most remarkable fortified camps of modern times, while every rising ground within the lines was covered with groups of green tents and soldiery actively engaged in all directions completing the circumvallations, forts and winter-quarters.

I first proceeded to the tent of Achmet Pasha, which I found considerably sunk in the ground so as to exclude the cold as far as possible, for frost and partial snow covered the ground. Some Bagdad carpets spread upon a mat and surrounded by cushions acted as a divan by day and a bed by night, while four large bricks served as a mangal, the live charcoal of which gave out heat sufficient for a small tent. The Pasha and his officers all wore richly furred surtouts and paletots of the warm

curly black skeepskin of Armenia and Persia. In short, everything around shewed how easily and naturally the Turks take to tents and live in them. Come of nomade hordes, even the Turks of to-day are, with all the planing and veneering of Franghistan, clearly and evidently chips of the old block.—I had of course previously made the acquaintance of both Ismael Pasha and Achmet Pasha in the Seraglio over the water. The latter, a regularly bred military engineer, had attended during seven years the classes in Vienna at which his craft are taught, and consequently spoke German fluently and correctly; in person he is tall and portly, approaching to corpulency, with a Roman nose and regular features.

“What news can you give me Achmet Pasha?” said I.

“Nothing very particular as yet. The Russians seem disinclined to leave Crayova and pay us a visit here in this very cold weather,” said Achmet Pasha, laying down his diamond mounted pipe and rubbing his hands and holding them for a moment over the glowing bricks. “And I hope that by the time that they come here, we will be all ready for them. But the Cossacks swarm like wasps all around us, and keep our Bashi Bozouks on the alert—not for our own sakes—for they dare not come hand to hand with us, but for the sake the of poor miserable villagers Wallachian in the rayon of this place. It is not surprising that the subjects of the Sultan should be ready to supply the Sultan’s troops with the requisite provisions and forage. That the Russians should squeeze the villages within the *enceinte* covered by their own troops I find very natural; but that they should kidnap as hostages the old men of the villages around this place is really too bad, and a very pretty specimen of the Russian protectorate of Wallachia.”

“I have come, Achmet Pasha, to ask permission to see the fortifications you are erecting. The question is a delicate one under present circumstances; you may therefore shew me as much or as little as you choose, and,

having some experience in military customs, I shall not feel in the least offended if you give me a flat refusal."

The fact is that notwithstanding all the politeness of the Turks, and my personal acquaintance with Sami Pasha—to say nothing of strong diplomatic and official recommendations,—I had some doubts of being permitted to see the place at this early stage—when the circumvallations were traced out, but only partially completed,—for up to the day of my visit all civilian visitors from curiosity had been carefully excluded, and all applications met with a negative. I therefore thought this the best way to take the bull by the horns.

"Well, well", said Achmet Pasha—laughing, "as I am pretty sure that you are not a Russian agent we will let you see every thing; and I will give you a sharp lad who will give you the explanations that you want. You will mount a good horse and you have a fine winter-day for your perambulation.—Send me Mehemet Ali here", continued he—turning to the Cavasses who stood at the tent door.

On this—coffee was brought in from the neighbouring tent kitchen, and while the Adjutant of the engineer was sought out we relished a cup of very good Mocha. And Achmet Pasha, reverting to the seven years he had passed in Vienna and its neighbourhood, gave me some of his European reminiscences. Mars is worshipped in Vienna, but Apollo and various other male and female relatives of that deity are not neglected.

Mehemet Ali I found to be a smart young Prussian who, like so many others since the revival of the Ottoman Empire, have embraced Islamism, and adopted a Moslem name. Speaking and writing Turkish fluently, and having besides gone through various artillery and engineering studies,—he was one of those active young men who, with an intelligence open to the science of Europe, have identified their fortunes with the no longer waning crescent; a class who, in the aggregate, form a body of Condottieri by no means inefficient as an element

in that revival of the military power of the Ottomans which has interposed such unexpected obstacles to a repetition of the Russian game of 1828.

We now mounted and proceeded to visit those lines which had risen as it were by magic, forming a large *tête de pont*, from which a Turkish army could debouch into Wallachia, but, on the other hand, having the disadvantage of being a fixed advanced post which locked up a large number of men, and which could have been at any time turned, had the Russians dared to throw themselves upon the populations of Servia and Upper Bulgaria: in fact, there can be no doubt that with a well organised party in Servia—with Montenegro ready to move, and with a large disaffected population in Upper Bulgaria, a simultaneous movement of these elements would have been a serious shock to Turkey in Europe. But this the determined attitude of Austria on her military frontier effectually prevented.

On the side of the Danube, that is to the north-west, the fortified camp rested on high mud acclivities which no enemy could storm, and a road along the shore of the Danube had been stopped by a deep trench well commanded from above. On the north-east, in the direction of Crayova, the ground is comparatively level, and there are no great territorial advantages to the Turk without works; therefore a high angular fort, with a heavy battery, sweeps across the Crayova approach. To the south an inconvenient object arrested attention: a considerable hill, too far detached from the body of the position to be enclosed, and too near not to afford a considerable resource to an attacking army.. This eminence was therefore turned into a detached fort, and the parapet of the fortified camp opposite it raised artificially so high as even to neutralise the fire of the hill fort if captured. Even within the lines, on eminences, were several cavaliers; citadels within this vast circumvallation.

But works so extensive could not be covered except by a very large force, for which Kalafat offers no accom-

modation. Tents were out of the question in winter, and recourse was had to an expedient at once economical and effectual to supply their place. A parallelogram equivalent to the size of a barrack was dug out of the earth, and herein was constructed an apartment of logs, like a house sunk in the earth to the caves, not only the floor but the walls being of earth, and the ridged roof springing from the ground considerably beyond the perpendicular beams so as to keep the damp from the earthen walls. Light and ventilation were secured by ample garret and gable windows. Fires were burning to consume the earthy odour and dry the walls, against which mats acted as an arras. In those I visited brick Mangals were at proper distances; a space was kept clear in the centre for locomotion; next the wall were the soldiers' carpets and kits; around the perpendicular beams were the muskets, piled in order, and kept bright, and at the end of the apartment were the drums. All those semi-subterranean barracks were in the vicinity of the forts and bastions, so that when the signal was given the artilleryman was at his forts, the infantry at the breastworks, and the cavalry waiting the decisive moment to clear the debouches and take the assailant in flank.

The last large body of troops that I had seen in campaign having been a Russian corps d'armée blockading Comorn, it was not without interest that, on my re-entrance into Turkey, I again examined the troops of this valiant but not scientific nation. In dress and equipment the Turkish soldier is very inferior to the European. Taken from the heart of Asia Minor or Roumelia, where he is easy and graceful in his turban and shalwar, he does not know how to wear habiliments so strange to him, and all those minor points of neatness and *tournure* which eke out the smart European soldier are neglected; but the substance of the warrior is there, the well knit frame, the daring spirit, for the common Turk is healthy in mind and healthy in body, an observer of the ordinances of his religion, impetuous in attack, patient and resigned

in pain, famine, and disaster—together a comparative stranger to the prevailing vices of the upper classes.

The scientific departments are upon the whole good, being almost entirely and exclusively in the hands either of Europeans or of Turks educated in Europe. Were they not exotic, but in the hands of regular Turks, they would certainly be below contempt. But if the Turks have not generally an aptitude for science, they have the robust good sense not to reject those that have it. The medical department used to swarm with Italian charlatans who had never set foot in a University, but these are gradually becoming scarcer, and their places supplied by men of diploma.

Ismael Pasha, the fighting commander of Kalafat, then unknown to fame, was one of the most distinguished officers in the Turkish service. I had also made his acquaintance over the water and visited him in his tent. He appeared forty-five years of age, with sunburnt face and a slight cast of one eye, and I found him smoking a Bohemian crystal nargile in a tent similar to that of Achmet Pasha. Without having the large strategical views or European attainments of Omer-Pasha, he had much natural ability, being not only a man of daring bravery but very clever in stratagem within a certain range, and when I was at Kalafat, possessed the entire confidence of the troops. But in the corps of officers generally there was a great deficiency of professional knowledge. The Turkish army had excellent extremes; in Omer-Pasha a skilful captain, as well as a few men of merit to second him, and troops instinctively brave and enduring; but between these two, an ugly vacuum of professional ineptitude and corruption. A Russian officer, a prisoner in Constantinople, when asked what he thought of the Turkish army after having had good opportunity of seeing it in the field, said, "I think that the Sultan ought to give all the privates the decoration of the Nishan, and all the officers the bastinado." Without going the

length of this officer's pleasantries, there is certainly a great deal of truth in the saying.

But a few days had elapsed since I entered Turkey proper, and yet enough had presented itself to confirm past impressions and guide the observer to the possible future. I saw the dark side of the Turkish character in the miry and difficult passage of the Timok—and its bright reverse in the unaffected kindness and hospitality of my reception at Widdin, as well in the daring strength of will and awakened energy which in a moment of crisis raised as if by enchantment the circumvallations of Kalafat. Indolence and indifference to communications—the first necessity of a high material civilization—as well as repugnance to persevering observation and to the efforts of combination requisite for exact science, are common to all the Ugrian nations. The Turk is naturally slow to comprehend the civilization of Europe, and if Turkey is to be judged by the material standard of Europe, we may truly say “Woe to her!” But this country, held by an Ugrian race, professing the Moslem religion; is substantially an Oriental power; and to judge her by the European standard would be the most splendid instance of attempting to cull figs from thistles on record. With Persia and Morocco we may fairly institute comparisons, and their results are enormously in favor of Turkey.

Is Turkey then the sick man? Must the Ottoman Empire fall? By no means, for she has the two primary police qualities that hold a state more or less well together—the energy to hold her own, and the acute knowledge of human nature to defeat all the seditious schemes of her rayahs.—Turkey is full of political and military vitality. Every Turk grows up with a firm conviction that his destiny is in the art of war and in political supremacy. While in the great moral qualities of sincerity, strength of will and generosity, there is no race in the whole land to be compared with him. I hold the Turkish optimists and pessimists to be equally mistaken. The Turks, with Ugrian blood for the most part flowing in their

veins, will never be a nation of distinguished geometers, physicians, geologists, natural philosophers and artists—penetrating through fluid and matter to the profound truths of the universe, or rising through form and colour to that harmonious agreement of parts with the whole which constitutes beauty. But there is nothing to prevent Turkey from being civilized under the Turks. With a few rare exceptions, disinclined to science themselves, they are nevertheless willing, nay anxious, to receive it from others.

CHAPTER V.

WINTER BOATING ON THE DANUBE.

But in the mean time the steam navigation of the Danube has proved of incalculable benefit to the merchant and the traveller, and I should only have been too happy to have availed myself of such a conveyance. But the first shot fired at Isaktcha had been the signal for the return to the Iron Gates of the last of the Steamers. A great change too had come over the season. The bright sun of my Belgrade residence, the sharp exhilarating chill of morning and evening, and the trees shewing the skeletons of their forms under scanty yellow leaves; in short the fine November days with their fawn tints and well defined outlines had been succeeded first by deluges of rain, and then by the frost and snow or fog and thaw of the dreary winter on the lower Danube. I had before me the prospect of a land journey to Rustchuk of fourteen to twenty-four days in duration, through a country of bottomless mud; this distance being usually performed on the river by the downward steamer in

twenty-four hours. On all sides I was informed of the magnitude of the danger of attempting to descend the stream by a rowing boat. The showers of minich bullets from the Cossack posts—not to speak of the inconvenience of being taken for a spy by both parties, were presented to my view;—but having never found in my Oriental wanderings that the prognostics of danger turned out correct, and being moreover furnished with a strong *buyurdi* by Sami Pasha, I joined with an acquaintance whom I met at Widdin in fitting up a boat with the necessaries of the voyage. We covered over the stern of the boat, which was large and roomy, with a roof sufficiently high to stand in—and being supplied and fitted up with utensils and provisions somewhat as if starting on a Nile voyage, we bade adieu to Widdin and committed ourselves to the waters.

No incident of any consequence occurred on the first day; navigating under the Turkish flag, keeping close under the Turkish shore—and the turbans of our crew visible to the various posts, we experienced no difficulty. The weather was cold; but having a large sack of charcoal, we kept a good fire blazing in the Mangal, and I had fortunately, when at Vienna, provided myself with an unusually capacious furred pelisse stretching from above the ears almost to my heels, which was my robe by day and my coverlet by night. A double quilt served as my bed, and I slept in my clothes, not knowing what adventures might suddenly rouse me from my slumbers. Subsequently, in travelling by land and not having to undress in the open air, I found sheets indispensable to comfort and thorough enjoyment of repose.

In the middle of the night a shot awoke us all up, and finding that this was a polite invitation to lay to, we had no resource but to take the hint, and on coming near a man armed to the teeth heading a party, each with his musket on his shoulder, vociferously asked us who we were? To this we replied that we were guests of Sami Pasha, and besides having our passport in order, that we had a *buyurdi* from the Governor himself—and

we begged him to come on board in order that he might convince himself, as we had a lanthorn and lights at which he could read them. This he declined to do, and said that no boat could pass during the night under any circumstances whatsoever, and that there was nothing for it but to go with him to his post. "Now the devilry is beginning," said my companion to me, "it is certain that we have left Widdin, but when and how we shall reach Rustchuck the Lord only knows. I am just beginning to think what a fool I was to leave one of the pleasantest capitals in Europe where I had everything to contribute to my comfort and enjoyment. But, led away by the romantic idea of paying a visit to the camp of Omer Pasha, here I am "*joliment planté*."

Thus spoke the attaché of one of the large European embassies—and I too, obliged to cut my slumbers through the middle, had to walk in a pitch dark and intensely cold night some distance in the snow to the post in question. The plain we traversed was scarcely above the level of the Danube and is every spring covered with water—but the karaoul or piquet was on a higher level. Here we found a hut run up with earth and covered with furze and branches of trees, while at its farther end were a hearth and chimney all of mud, on which blazed and crackled a fire of faggots brought from the neighbouring wood. The question of the buyurdi was now gone into, the strong language of which settled the matter, and from haughty and mistrustful, the Aga of the post grew very civil and talkative. He requested us to sit a half hour with him at his fire side and proceeded to make coffee.

The Aga was a tall muscular man, but with considerable symptoms of a pot belly. His countenance was rather intelligent, but he had none of the gravity of a Turk; on the contrary, a sort of official jollity—a mechanical laugh, that came in periodically at the end of every third sentence, whether the saying was gay or grave. He wore an Asiatic costume, with a bent sabre slung over his shoulder by a cord; but the campaign and the mud hut

had reduced his clothes to a shabbiness too visible even by firelight. His not speaking Turkish with the fluent native accent led me to enquire the land of his birth, on which he informed me that he was a Syrian; and on this we changed the conversation to Arabic, which was not understood by his men, who stood in an outer ring nearest the door. This made him at once talkative, and the most of his men, returning to the outlook on the Danube shore we conversed more freely. I repeated some little scraps of poetry that I recollected, applicable to travel and war. Delicious lines from that old and antique song—oft quoted and daguerreotyped upon so many memories—beginning:

Sepher-tidged an min tefaruk ho
Fe en leziz el eish fee'l nasaby

On this he repeated the whole poem word for word, to the astonishment of the boatmen in attendance, one of whom gravely announced to his companions that we were no longer talking of the *buyurdi*. There was altogether a pliant vivacity and plausibility in his manner that gradually impressed me with the idea that he had not been originally a Moslem, and I put the question to him point blank. He looked sharply at me as much as to say "How do you divine that?" and then said quite frankly: "No, I was brought up a Christian, but Islamism is the religion of my adoption." He then added: "Is there any harm in that?" But choosing neither as a Christian to applaud his change of faith, nor as a guest to reprehend it, I was reduced to the somewhat jesuitical circumlocution of remarking that in England our principle was to let every man choose his own religion according to his fancy. This was followed by the oft reiterated mechanical "ha ha ha!" and as he politely handed me a cup of coffee, said that the greatest thinkers of all ages had chosen a religion and a philosophy different from their fathers. "Where's the harm? ha ha ha!"

"You little suspect," continued he, "that I have French blood in my veins. My father, Jean Levis, was one of

those brave soldiers of Republican France, that followed Bonaparte to the land of Egypt; but the result of that expedition, disastrous to France, but, thanks be to God, glorious to the Moslems, prevented him from returning to the land of his birth.—To be brief, I was brought up on the slopes of Lebanon, and attached to the service of the Emir Beshir when he was in the fulness of his power.—These were days of health and movement, of horse and falcon, for the Emir lived like an Arab king of the old stock, and his household was on a royal footing.—I was then a Catholic and my post was Tutungi Bashi (Tobacco Stock-keeper). But soon the troubles came. The Lofty Government thought that a pension and leisure, ha ha ha! would suit the house of Shehab better than the possession of power, ha ha ha! and so I followed them first to Malta and then to Turkey. Settled in the interior of Asia Minor, they themselves of Moslem origin, returned to the faith of their fathers; I too embraced Islamism, I married a Turkish woman, I have house and home in Asia Minor, and now you see me on the shores of the Danube, faithfully serving the Lofty Government, and our Lord the Sultan, may God give him victory and prolong his life! Where's the harm? ha ha ha!"

"And I wish you a prosperous campaign," said I, rising to take my leave, "and if we do not meet with worse adventures on our way to Rustchuck we shall think ourselves fortunate. So, farewell; the night is cold but dry."

"I am afraid you will have snow," said he, "before long, this intense cold with a pitch dark sky and not a star visible denotes it."

He accompanied us down to our boat and we again got afloat. — I slept soundly, although conscious all through my slumbers of intense cold; and when I awoke in the morning, found the snow to be an inch thick on my cloak up to the middle, and my feet, although enveloped in thick woollen stockings and strong Russian boots, dead torpid. In this state of discomfort we approached Rahova.

Here the crowd was visible at the landing place, looking curiously to the approach of a boat from Widdin. Boatmen and townspeople in their sheepskins and thick woollens evidently on the outlook for news from the capital of the Pashalik;—behind them rose a high snow-clad hill, on which were scattered the houses and gardens of Rahova, surmounted by the large *konak* of the Lieutenant Governor. The Danube, slightly ruffled by an unfriendly easterly breeze, shewed symptoms of a commencement of ice, and beyond it, on the Wallachian shore, the dark figures of the first Cossacks that I had seen during this tour, were distinctly dotted on the snowy shore.

We and our crew were forthwith assailed with questions by the keen enquiring crowd.—“What news from Widdin?—What news from Kalafat?—What is Ismael Pasha about?—How do the entrenchments go on?—Is the bridge of boats finished?—Is there no hope of peace, and of a renewal of the navigation?” said a salt barge master with rueful countenance. — “*Pesevenk!*” said another fellow with four pistols in his girdle, “that fellow thinks only of his salt trade and of his profits.—Is there no prospect of the Russians coming to Kalafat, and letting Ismael Pasha have the chance of giving them a good thrashing?”

The police and custom house officers were very civil on seeing the *buyurdi*, but said that under the present circumstances we had better see the aga before we proceeded further,—and so, ascending the steep hill which almost took away the breath, we arrived at the *konak*, and, entering an airy apartment that overlooked the whole valley of the Danube, were again very well received. Genge Aga was a corpulent man between fifty and sixty, with a dignified gentlemanly countenance fringed by a bushy white beard from ear to ear. In his youth he had distinguished himself by great bravery in the Greek war, having headed the storming party at the siege of Missolonghi, where Turkish zeal run away with both judgment and humanity. Genge Aga was a native of this part of

Bulgaria, although originally of Albanian extraction, and had considerable estates in the neighbourhood.—The new bureaucratic reform has torn up by the roots all those turbulent Barons of Turkey who, whether as rebellious Pashas, Bosniac and Albanian noblesse, Dereh Beys of Asia Minor, or Emirs of the Syrian mountains, were perpetually defying the central Government.—But there is a large secondary local gentry, who can serve the government by their influence and their activity, still remaining.

“I am in a quandary,” said Genge Aga, dandling the *buyurdi* on his knee,—“I am to forward you in every possible way, and at the same time I am to give you the best advice.—Now I have no objections to give instructions from Karaoul to Karaoul that they are not to stop you on any pretext or to detain you, as you appear so anxious to go on;—but, on the other hand, and in obedience to the other part of the Firman, the best advice I can give you is not to go beyond Nicopoli: for I hear that lower down the Russians have set up a gun to sink every boat that attempts to pass.—By wind and water you may go fast enough, you may even arrive at the next world before you are aware of it.—By land you certainly at this time of the year go slow, but sure. Under every circumstance eschew the voyage by night. As the old proverb says:

Work by night
Never goes right,
Work by day
That's the way.

So, thanking Genge Aga for his advice, we descended the hill to the landing place. But here we had a most disagreeable experience of Danubian voyaging, with the unavailing regret for the Austrian steamer which, notwithstanding all its discomforts of scanty bed accommodation, deposits the traveller at his destination with bag and baggage all correct. Having been in a state of com-

plete uncertainty as to how far the state of war would permit us to descend the river, we had made the arrangement for the boatmen in such a way that it was optional on our part to stop at Rahova, Nicopoli or Sistov. But the inclement weather induced our boatmen to take advantage of this break in our agreement, and on landing we had given them instructions to get ready another boat.—In our absence however our things had been removed into the new boat. We resigned ourselves to the plunder of the greater part of our provisions; but our large sack of charcoal had, after a moderate consumption, fallen to such exiguity of proportions as made us rather angry, and a red morocco case, containing a portable table service in German silver, was also missing.—As may be well supposed some sharp words passed on the occasion, and I discovered the charcoal very neatly concealed under a mat in the bottom of their own boat. But the table service was no where to be found. Had we remained and made known our case to Genge Aga, I have no doubt but that the bastinado would have put all matters to rights; but as this would have detained us another day, and we were in great fear of the Danube icing up, we thought it better to start at once and make a subsequent complaint in writing; but from that day to this I have seen nothing of my case.

Our new boatmen were Bosniacs from the Save, muscular, well dressed men, and the boat was good; but the strong easterly winds increasing in violence, we made very little progress, and long before we reached the village at which we had intended to stop at sunset, in accordance with the advice of Genge Aga, black night came on, with the wind howling louder than ever, and a shot being fired from the shore, the bullet of which grazed the turban of the steersman, we had to lie to at another karaoul, and nearing the shore were roughly apostrophised by a negro in Asiatic costume with a long Kurdish lance in his hand. But never was there such an ‘open Sesame’

as the *buyurdi*; we were again civilly dismissed, with the pleasant intelligence that there was no further *karaoul* for some miles.

But the elements were still more hostile than ever, the wind blew ahead—the boat danced up and down on the black waters and made little or no progress.—It was midnight and we were still opposite the same rock where we had been an hour ago,—the mangal blazed with the extraordinary ventilation, but threatened every moment to upset and make a conflagration of the boat. So menaced by the three elements of fire, wind and water, the boatmen had nothing for it but to pull ashore at the first hamlet that could be descried in the darkness.

An hour after midnight, after another long pull up the hill, we arrived at the hamlet or village of Wadin, between Rahova and Nicopoli.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVENTURES IN BULGARIA.

The people were all asleep in the village, and the only sound that broke in upon the wailing of the wind was the angry bark of the wolf-like dogs that kept watch in the farm enclosures of wattling, between which we went to the house assigned us by the *Kiahia*, whom the boatmen had first knocked up; so we entered a hut with mud walls, lighted by a piece of pitch pine which the woman held in her hand. The people of this village were neither Turks nor Bulgarians, but Daco Romans, alias Wallachians, speaking a language which, although mixed with some Slaavic words, is essentially Roman, and nearer to the classical Latin than either vulgar Italian, French or Spanish.—

The fine classical features of the matron, the amphora on a shelf near the wall, the sandals the peasants wore on their feet, the words of necessity spoken on the occasion, *lumen, focu, vinu*, and the ragged toga of the spokeswoman might almost have passed for a scene in a pauperised Roman or Neapolitan village in the environs of Fondi and Terracina; but the sleepy man is not disposed to be critical; and happy to have got ashore without accident, the poor woman having swept out a clean corner for our quilts and pelisses, I slept soundly until day.

Next morning, the strong easterly winds continuing to blow, we were compelled to remain where we were; a strange crew in so small a place: a Diplomatic Attaché, who proved to be a most agreeable travelling companion, a Man of Letters, author of these sheets, the Bosniac boatmen, the Daco Roman family, and some Turkish soldiers billeted there, all crammed into a house that had no chair or table, with light communicated by the chimney and the door. Poor Pat in his cabin is an aristocrat compared to the Roman of Bulgaria, for when he stuffs a hat in a broken pane to keep out the cold, it is evident proof that his house has a window. Having made up my mind to a winter embracing every physical discomfort that the imagination can conceive, I resigned myself to my fate as I best could, for here we spent two mortal days waiting the convenience of the winds, but not only did they not abate, but masses of ice accumulating on the Danube, a prosecution of the voyage was impossible. So the men had to pull their boat high and dry on shore, and we had to bethink of prosecuting the journey by land.

But in the mean time the attentive and considerate Genge Aga of Rahova, having got intelligence that the Russians had put out a new gun above Nicopoli, had sent a Zabtieh, or mounted trooper, by land after us to warn us of the danger and assist us in prosecuting our journey by land. Truly if Turkish communications were on a level with Turkish kindness, attention and consideration, the Ottoman Empire would be the pleasantest

country to travel in; the consciousness of the deficiency of the facilities which the country affords for travellers is an incitement to a redoubled attention on the part of the authorities. Our intention was to have pushed on for Nicopoli;—but on consultation it was found that for want of bridges, and the difficulty the ferry boats at the mouths of the tributary rivers would meet with from the ice, it would be impossible to take the lower road to Rustchuk,—and thus we must strike up high and dry into Upper Bulgaria. No horses were to be had here, so we hired a cart drawn by four oxen and commenced our painful journey in deep snow. The animals lowing, grumbling and labouring, sent up a thick column of breath in the rarefied air as they steadily dragged us up steep acclivities, and then half sliding on all fours—the cart giving us many a nervous moment as it swayed to the right and left—we descended the hills again. At length at night-fall, to my agreeable surprise and as a contrast to the lodging of the night before, the horse police led the way into a large country residence with numerous farming outhouses embosomed in a grove of gigantic horse chestnuts; their long bare branches bending and rustling in the keen easterly breeze. This proved to be one of the numerous chifflicks of the wealthy Genge Aga whose steward came out to see who were the travellers. The gens d'armes whispered a few words to this personage and we were forthwith shewn into a comfortable carpeted room, where we found sitting various other military and rural persons, friends, employés and guests of the opulent proprietor, and a good Turkish dinner making its appearance as darkness closed and the lights were brought in. I felt like the mariner having the comforts of a home after a narrow escape from shipwreck.

All the company were Arnaouts—one of them a captain of soldiers quartered in the village on his way from Albania to join the head quarters of Omer Pasha—an athletic, fine looking man, but with a defect in his speech so that all his *r*'s were *l*'s, and a man who accompanied him had

a *testudo*, or guitar, of such rude construction as might have been used in Ithaca in the days of Ulysses. To this day the Deli, or buffoon, accompanies the mercenary troop from the hills of Albania to whatever part of the Ottoman Empire service may call the fellow countrymen of Scanderbeg, and if we pass from gay to grave, the metrical legend that, accompanied by the lyre of the Adriatic and the Ionian sea, sets forth the feuds of the heroes of Albania, enlivens the bivouac of summer or the long nights of winter, and marks a nationality considerably distinct from that of the unmusical, unpoetical Mongol Turk,—and savouring of the minstrelsy of those remote periods which the hoary Monarch of Song has stereotyped for the eternal admiration of the world.

“Would a specimen of our minstrelsy grate on your ears?” said the captain to me, after the postprandial ablutions were terminated.

“Not at all,” said I—“in whatever country I am, I fraternise with the people, and few men’s souls take more willingly to all sorts of music.—But what says the master of the house?”

“We are all Arnaouts,” said the overseer of Genge Aga, puffing thick clouds of tobacco into the air, “and I should feel it an offence to my hospitality if he had asked my permission.”

A short interval now elapsed, dedicated to the Indian weed—and the second trooper, who seemed to act as henchman to the chief and minstrel to his co-national warriors, then took the guitar, and after a preliminary strumming and tuning, he turned to my companion and myself, and said: “We have two sorts of strains, the old and the new, — the former which sings of the deeds of our heroes in combating with each other between castle and castle, valley and valley, in those bygone times before Nizam and Tanzimat were ever heard of; and the latter, when the past is thrown aside and the events of the day are the thought of every brain and the talk of every tongue,—when the Rifleman must have his soul inspirited by the

song of the bard and the strings of the lyre, or the widow and the patriarch consoled for the loss of him that will never again cross the threshold of his home.

"Well," said I,—“I myself come from a land of mountains where in days of yore the bloody feud alternated with the song of the bard. But that is all past, and we have all settled down to Nizam and Tanzimat.—So give us the newer strain!”

On this the minstrel, looking at vacuity for a moment, while he cudgelled his recollections, suddenly broke into a prelude and sang a long poem descriptive of the whole oriental crisis, much of which from the vocalization and rapidity of utterance I could not well make out, but other intelligible parts amused me. “Ho ho!” said the kral of the Muscovites—“I have four millions of soldiers on foot and on horseback, and forty millions of gold pieces in my chest, so hand me over the principalities as a pledge and a proof.—Hy hy!” said the Padisha, “I have asked Schamyl to meet me in Tiflis and there some fine morning we will give you our answer.” The burden or chorus of the song coming in at the end of every strophe was:

Flach ve Boghdan

Rehan ve Burhan

“Wallachia and Moldavia be the pledge and proof.”

Then came another song of the wars of Montenegro and the exploits of Ismael Pasha in that quarter. This led us to talk of Servia, and one of the Arnaouts said to me with the most ingenuous air in the world:—“What a pity it is that Prince Kara Georgevitch is so faithful to the Sultan!” “How so?” said I looking up in surprise on hearing so strange a sentiment.

“For a very simple reason,”—said the Arnaout, “Servia is a very rich country and the Servian peasant is very rich and comfortable. The woods are well stocked with pigs and the farm yards are full of poultry,—besides the ducats in their strong boxes;—now we Arnaouts are a set of poor devils, inhabiting a country remarkably rich

in stones and rocks, but we are rather deficient in flocks and corn—now we are at least 100,000 rifles and all anxiously waiting for many years some revolt in Servia which might enable us to make a better acquaintance with the Servian farm yards and strongboxes; but these Servians will not give us an opportunity. All we Arnaouts hate Kara Georgevitch and the Servians. Of course a revolt in Servia could not succeed—and we do not want it to succeed; all we want is a month's rising, in order that we may pay them a visit with our rifles."

"Well," said I, "it is perhaps better as it is.—I have been through Servia, from Belgrade to Novi Bazar and from the Timok to the Drina, and I think I recollect seeing a rifle in every house, and fellows who had the look as if they could use them!"

But another song cut short our conversations, and after a night's rest we continued our journey, with the oxen, over a dreary plain of snow, intersected by a river which we had great difficulty in passing. And after a long afternoon of one weary mile after another without a village or a tree, and which we presumed to be downs, we arrived at Trestanik—a purely Bulgarian village, where the Kiahia assigned us a clean house; for in such places there are no inns or khans. And as the sum which European travellers give on leaving is always double or treble the value of the outlay, the Bulgarian peasant is always pleased to see the Englishman or the Frenchman darken his door.

The house in which we passed the night was semi-subterranean, the caves being very little above the ground, the entrance being like a dark descent into a cave. On arriving however inside, we found the walls carefully plastered and apparently dry; a large fire of logs gave warmth, light and ventilation to the apartment; although I cannot think that such habitations can be thoroughly free from damp. Rheumatism is prevalent with those who live in such constructions; and I strongly suspect that some weary months of wretchedly crippled limbs,

sometimes weeks together of incapacity to move from my bed, were owing to the influence of such a mode of habitation, at night, after days of exposure to the inclemency of the weather. These Bulgarians have a number of utensils in iron which they are constantly scrubbing to keep free from rust. They had also candles, and we got a renewed supply of coffee from a coffee shop. The sieve was of parchment like a tambourine pierced, and the wood of the fire was indicative of some labour, it having been brought from the Balkan three days off. All this was a marked contrast to the Wallachian or Daco-Roman hut in which we passed the two days at Wadin, where there was neither candle nor candlestick and cow-dung for fuel. Even the Bulgarian labourer is well off in this part of the country, gaining about 10*d.* a day, in a country where, corn and cattle being abundant, bread and animal food are in ordinary times very cheap.

But, as may be well imagined, the state of war had produced a great confusion and pressure upon the simple Bulgarian husbandman. The passage of troops brought with it heavy exactions: the regulars being under discipline were not feared,—as a moderate pecuniary equivalent was given for the food of the Nizam soldier. But the Bashi Bazouks,—a term usually applied to the volunteer Asiatic horse,—having no regular pay, committed great depredations, and, ineffective in the field against the enemy, were fatal to the resources of the rayahs of the Sultan. I also heard the greatest complaints uttered against the Latin Arnauts or Roman Catholic Albanians—those descendants of the companions of Scanderbeg who, inhabiting the mountains of the northern part of Albania, are sprung from those who recoiled from that general adoption of Islamism which took place among the Christians of Albania in the fifteenth century of the vulgar era. In this village two sheep and several turkeys had been taken without payment a short time before; but I did not hear that they had gone the full length of Myrdite refinement in asking in addition a sum

of money as compensation for the wear and tear of their teeth.

Our host was of course of the Greek religion, and before the daylight had entirely departed the eve of St. Nicholas commenced. At the other end of the hut a cupboard was dimly visible. This the venerable old Bulgarian opened with an inclination of the knee like a priest at the altar, and it turned out to be a Byzantine devotional picture to which the reverses of the opened shutters served as wings, and the candles in front of it being lighted, its hard, pre-Italian lines and the gilded crowns and glories of its Byzantine Trinity shewed that the "*maniera moderna*" had not yet penetrated to the religious manners of the poor benighted Bulgarian. Uncertain whether I belonged to the rite of the West or the East, he looked alternately to me and the picture as much as to say "Stranger—if your faith is that of the Oriental Church, let our joint orisons ascend on high." But a bow and a wave of the hand towards the illuminated painting and its wings indicated that St. Nicholas was not precisely that Saint of the Calendar which an Englishman under those political circumstances felt most ready to invoke; so I was a not irreverend spectator of the homely vesper in the subterranean cabin of the Christianised savage from the Volga. The sheepskin garments, the Troglodyte abode, the quaint figures of Byzantine representations stiff and hard as ice, all primitive now as erst—a thousand years elapse, nothing seems changed. The Bulgarian has never emerged from the dark ages.

Fowl soup with rice and a roast was then served up on a round wooden tray with good household bread, dark in colour but quite palatable, the delicious yaourt or curdled milk followed; and then came a dish of the country of which it was impossible to partake, being putrid cabbage in vinegar and sending forth a most intolerable odour. This spoiled all—and if the reader travel in Bulgaria let him not forget to order that no "*Lana*" be served up to him.

The description of one of those Bulgarian night quarters may serve for all; but sometimes there was a difficulty in getting even that. At one place the Kiahia insolently refused to assign us a konak, saying we might pass the night in the carts; however, a Jew who acted as our travelling servant having given the villagers to understand that we paid abundantly for every thing, our drivers got us quarters, in which we were scarcely settled when the Kiahia made his appearance asking for a backshish, but was shown the door, in consequence of his garrulous insolence. This was altogether very unlike the conduct of a Turk, and on enquiry we found that he was a gipsy who had recently adopted Islamism. On another occasion we lost our way in the fog, and at nightfall found ourselves in no better quarters than a stable, in companionship with the oxen and buffaloes, the solitary room of each house of the hamlet being occupied with women. I shall never forget the blank look of the accomplished sybarite Attaché on coming out of the place after a first inspection while I was overseeing the luggage.

“Mais c’est une écurie, une véritable écurie! Sapristi! est-ce que nous sommes des artistes ambulants à la recherche d’une étude de Nativité? — Ah! mon Dieu, mon Dieu! voilà donc où aboutissent les aventures de gaillards qui voyagent sur le théâtre de la guerre! — Quand je pense, parbleu! qu’à cette heure-ci je serais en train de m’apprêter pour un bon dîner chez l’ambassadeur — suivi de quelque opéra délicieux de Meyerbeer ou de Halevy — suivi encore d’une partie de piquet ou d’une bonne tasse de thé, au coin du feu, en manière de chasse-spectacle, tandis qu’ici une stalle, non pas d’orchestre, mais de véritables buffles! — Tenez, entendez-vous comme cela mugit?” And on this our ears were saluted with a loud bellowing produced by the disturbance in the stable from the entrance of the drivers bearing the baggage.

“Ce ne sont ni des stalles ni des cors d’orchestre,” — said I.

"Non, c'est du véritable Robinson Crusoé avec toute sa baraque."

When we got in, it was indeed a Robinson Crusoe sort of work that we had before us, and when we had rigged out the place with ropes on which to hang our necessaries, and laid out our beds on a higher and cleaner level than that of the quadruped, and a pair of fat roast fowls making their appearance, the *attaché* seemed to resign himself to his fate "Tout est relatif dans ce monde;—vive le comfortable à la Bulgare!"

"Nous voilà enfin installés," said I.

"Sans double entente," said he, with a grimace.

We passed through one large provincial town, Plevna, of 25,000 souls, where we found a very good khan and the whole place enlivened by a horse fair. But our first care was cleanliness, and it being dangerous to take a broiling Turkish bath on a cold journey, in the most inclement season of the year, the barber's shop was the surrogate. Here a pail of water, sliding on a horizontal pole, was brought over our heads; and having stripped our upper parts, a cock was turned which produced a shower bath, and the barber making good use of his soap, his hands and his towels, and subsequently of his scissors, we were in the course of half an hour brought into a state of comparative comfort.

These provincial towns in the interior of Bulgaria have a different character and aspect from the Danubian ones, with their ramparts, bastions, detached forts, sickly climates, and stranger population of large garrisons, bureaucracy and general merchants.—Here in Plevna the air was sensibly drier, colder, sharper, and more salubrious than on the Danube. The bazaars were extensive, but abounded mostly in the rude articles of Turkish manufacture or merchandise having a domestic hue. The coarse but strong horse trappings wanted largely for a horse dealing country, the extensive furrier's bazaar, with its hundreds of sheepskin cloaks and its atmosphere impregnated with heavy

foxy odours,—and in the Christian provision shops, piles of saltfish or ranges of buckets of it for the long fasts of the Oriental Church.—At the well-built mosque of hewn stone are tall well-grown leafless trees, and an elegant fountain with its cakes of ice; the wintry scene is animated by a venerable figure with flowing white beard, staff in hand, who asks the stranger the news from the Danube, and informs him that the place around him is in the heat of summer the delight of the beholder, from its umbrageous foliage and its gurgling fountain.

Here we got abundance of horses to continue our journey, and proceeded across the vale of the Janitra, a large tributary of the Danube, to Rustchuck, admiring, now that the thaw had set in, the productive country we passed through, its noble trees, its rich meadows and its extensive arable lands, giving great crops under the most retrograde processes of agriculture—but from time to time our admiration or speculations being brought to a sudden stop by having to cross a river, half-a-float, with exhausted patience, and endangered lives.

In this long and painful journey from Widdin to Rustchuck I had a very good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Christian native of the soil, and without multiplying adventures which might tire by their similarity, I will here briefly give my impression of one of those rayah populations of the Ottoman Empire, which at this moment are particularly the object of the solicitude and attention of the European public.

The character of the Bulgarian is essentially different from that of the Servian, whose language he speaks. This Asiatic race, coming, as the name denotes, from beyond the Volga, was early conquered in their new seats by the Servians, and being subject to this more energetic race, universally adopted the language of Orosh and Stephen Dushan; so that for centuries the original Bulgarian language has been extinct. Whatever they may have been when they first burst in upon this part of the Byzantine

Empire, they are now a most unwarlike race, and submissive to the Turks as sheep to a colley dog. Their habits are pastoral and agricultural, having neither the soldier spirit and gigantic stature of the Serb, nor the mercantile enterprise and intelligence of the Greek,—for all their trade is a petty local dealing. The Bulgarian is in the country a shepherd or ploughman—in the town a small mechanic or manufacturer, rarely or never a capitalist with wide connections. Rigorously devoted to the mere external observances of the Greek Church and the literal dicta of the priest, he is wretchedly inferior to the Moslem in the most ordinary conceptions of a vital religion. The Moslem, reading his Koran, a book of incomparable rhythm, colouring and concision, and in many respects of lofty morality, makes a constant exercise of his understanding, while the magic of its strains attunes the inmost recesses of his soul to sentiments of religion, of veneration and of love. Not so the poor Bulgarian, to whom the Divine Scriptures and the Christianity of Christ are unknown.

The sentiment of nationality is generally as low as that of religion; the latent propaganda at the three localities of Kazan, Ternova, and, to a certain extent, at Sistov, is rather anti-Turkish than pro-Bulgarian; and I can never conceive the possibility of the Bulgarians erecting for themselves a political edifice resembling that of Servia, not only from their want of energy but from a deficiency in honest leaders. The greater part of Turkey in Europe is composed, not of Greeks with an idle dream of a Byzantine Empire, but of Bulgarians who hate Fanariot Greek supremacy in church and state, and whose great object is to get quit of those Fanariot Bishops who must suck their dioceses for the purchase money of their sees, but whose interests, families, and connections being centered in Constantinople are a guarantee to the Porte for the fealty of themselves and their subordinates, who thus dovetail Turkish supremacy by a corrupt Christian hierarchy. The chief men of an archbishoprick not a thousand miles from the Balkan, having been very lately desirous

of a Prelate of their own nation, employed the most considerable man of their community to proceed to Constantinople and work the matter out. This man procured their signatures to a document in blank and proceeded to the metropolis;—but having put the archiepiscopal see up to private auction, a Fanariot proved the highest bidder;—his name was inserted in the petition which, being supported by so many respectable signatures, was presented to the Porte, and, to the surprise of his constituents, a Fanariot Greek, and not a Bulgarian, took possession of the archiepiscopate.

The Bulgarian has not those salient powers of intelligence and will which, as years roll over a nation's existence, manifest themselves in a wide political dominion or a high material civilization; but he is not devoid of those unobtrusive household virtues which enrich the state, and keep at a distance the vice and the pauperism which are the cancers of the more crowded communities of Europe. The industry and the frugality of the Bulgarian are the chief levers of the fiscal revenues of Turkey in Europe, and the great contributors to that superfluity of agricultural production which helps to fill our corn ships with cargoes, and our granaries with wholesome food for the mechanic of Glasgow and Manchester¹. His modesty, his good nature and the kindness of his disposition establish a strong claim on the sympathy of the more powerful and the more fortunate Christian nations of Europe, who, I trust, will by a joint effort at no distant day render fully effective that equality before the law which was consecrated by the Hattischerif of Gul Hane, and which the most keenly national Ottoman can safely concede without endangering that political and social superiority which is essential to the stability of the whole edifice. The Briton may be proud, that in this spirit our most eminent statesmen have always acted, with reference to questions affecting the rayah population; and no nobler

¹ With all this, Bulgaria is miserably underpopulated and undercultivated.

epitaph could be inscribed on the tombs of our Clarendons and Stratfords than that of declared and conscientious friends of the Christians of Turkey.

CHAPTER VII.

RUSTCHUCK.

Muddy old Rustchuck seemed a Paradise of luxury after the cowstalls and damp mud huts I had been sleeping in—but still the khan of Shekir was very far from having any of the comforts of an European inn. It was a large quadrangle, two thirds of it occupied by soldiery kicking up a row all day and singing by night. On the ground floor was the café and counting house where a palefaced scribe, acting as bookkeeper, sat cross-legged on a bench with a square box and writing materials before him. The landlord himself, a man of large head and shoulders, sat all day on his divan smoking a nargile, but, when afoot, seemed a most insignificant bandy-legged little fellow, which with his large head made him look like a figure from a Christmas Pantomime or a puppet-show turned into flesh and blood. He had built the place from his own capital, and carried on the business of the place, but in a very dignified manner, conceiving that having laid out his money, no further services were requisite towards his guests, beyond wishing them a good morning on entering in a loud deep bass-voice. The fare was good and various, and the landlord honored me by charging me at least quadrupled prices, at which after all I had no great reason to grumble; for when I asked him how affairs were going on, he laughed most cheerfully, as none but a jolly fatalist Turk could do under the circumstances. “As you see,” said he, “two thirds of my establishment goes in billets for the soldiery—and I am making certain of a bombardment, some of these days, blowing the whole concern to splinters.”

A motley crew filled the place when I went in the morning to have my coffee—country Turkish merchants, town idlers, and private soldiers. The son of the landlord, a youth awfully pitted with small pox, was one of the Redif, or national guard, of the town—out half the night at a post, snoozing out part of the day on the bench,—never without pistols in his girdle, and abusing the Russians loudly above all the other conversations, to the evident admiration and gratification of old Shekir, who whispered to those about him that he was by nature brave and spirited—in short quite a fire-eater, and that general *Gorchoffchiskoff* would do well to steer clear of him. Various uncouth spectacles were included in the entertainment of this hospitable apartment. One morning it was Shekir himself whose prodigious bald pate was operated on by the barber—another morning two murderers and a thief were collared with iron preparatory to being transported for ten years to work at the fortifications of Silistria. The collars fixed on their necks, like those of dogs, were connected with a chain which ran through a ring. The thief affectedly held his arms aloft and looked at the roof while the operation was performed. They were then marched off in the mud with the sleet falling heavily on their heads. But I did not remain long in this hostelry; a blazing fire as compared with the suffocating mangal, and one or two other approaches to European comfort, led me in a day or two to a khan recommended by the Austrian and Prussian consuls, where I remained to the end of the time I passed in Rustchuck. Here I had a smaller room, a European bedstead, a table to write on, which no khan ever has. The cook of the establishment was a Christian Arab from Jerusalem, travelling for improvement and making the most vile gastronomical experiments on the palates and stomachs of the unfortunate guests. In short, the dinners were atrocious.

I renewed acquaintance with the Austrian Consul, whom I had known ten years ago, on my second visit to the

lower Danube—an active and zealous servant of his government and profusely hospitable. He lived in a nice new house built in the European fashion but in rather an unpleasant position, being on the Danube, and adjoining the angle battery next to Giurgevo. To prepare for accidents he had disfurnished all the upper parts of the house, and, having sent away his family, occupied only the ground floor. Madame R. had gone to Orsova, but still communication by letter was very difficult—of thirteen letters which she had written him, only four had come to hand.

During all this warlike crisis there was an extraordinary seizure or stoppage of letters by unseen and unknown hands, and one of the first reforms required for Turkey is that of the post office. For instance, a letter posted in England for any town in the interior of Turkey in Europe will not reach its destination; it must be addressed to some one in Constantinople who then transmits it by the Turkish internal post. On arrival at the provincial town no delivery takes place, but the letters are laid out; each one selecting his own;—unfortunately some particular friend, unknown to you five minutes before your arrival, may have felt so strong an interest in your affairs as to take charge of your letters and examine their contents. And *en revanche* you may pocket any half dozen of letters lying before you in the baskets. Letters dispatched to me from England by prompt men of business arrived sometimes in one month, sometimes in two months;—of letters which I dispatched to England considerably more than a dozen never came to hand; nor was my case a singular one. One of the most notable Europeans in Shumla was one morning informed, on the arrival of the Constantinople post, that there was a letter for him. He went direct to the Office, and within the quarter of an hour it had disappeared. It was thus quite clear that there was incapacity and negligence on the part of the authorities, or else foul play by parties un-

known. But as regards the interior of Turkey unoccupied by our armies, I am afraid that for long, affairs must go on in this disorderly state. And it is as the sincere friend of the Porte that I signalize the post office as a field for reform, and the necessity of the Ottoman Government making postal conventions with the principal European powers, so that a letter posted and prepaid in any large provincial town of Turkey may go direct to its foreign destination without sticking fast in Constantinople, and *vice versa*.

I had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of honest Herr Von der Becke, a tall, muscular, ruddy-faced Westphalian, instructor of artillery, one of those Prussian officers who have rendered such service in the military reorganization of the Ottoman Empire. It is a curious circumstance that it is chiefly owing to Prussian military science that the recent Russian campaign on the Danube has been so different in results from what was anticipated. In her fertile territory and hardy energetic population, Turkey has the raw materials of a powerful military state, but it is the science of Europe that can alone render them formidable to her hereditary opponent; and but for the Gutzkowskys, the Grachs, and the Von der Beckes, with their scientifically laid batteries, their detached forts, their Paixhans and their Shrapnells and an ex-Austrian as the skilful strategist, Turkey would have presented a very different resistance. To be brief, the part played by Prussia has been by no means a small one. In every large Turkish fortress one is sure to find a Prussian or German instructing, advising, or commanding either the artillery or the engineers, speaking Turkish fluently, reading up to the last science of Europe, and not alone men of mere routine, but choice spirits thrown on their resources; educated in the theories of Europe, but giving them a large and liberal interpretation in their Turkish practice.—Such was the lamented Grach, the all accomplished and heroic defender of Silistria—artilleryman, engineer and strategist—equally at home in the profound

problem of mathematics and in the vast panorama of military history, from Cæsar in the forests of Gaul, to Napoleon on the plains of the Po.

On arrival I presented my letters to Said Mirza Pasha, Governor General of the province of Silistria, but resident at Rustchuck. The Seraglio was an odd place with creaking wooden stairs, long passages, large rooms, filled with menials and attendants, Ulema, Dervishes, and hangers on of all sorts. I found him to be a dignified Turk of the old school. He is descended from the Khans of the Crimea, and therefore remotely connected with the reigning Sultan, that is to say, by the male side. He has large estates in the Dobrudscha, and must have suffered severe losses by the devastation of that district. He regretted that winter paralysed the operations, which, I have no doubt, was true, for he had behaved very gallantly in former campaigns. This was the fourth time of his being Pasha of the province of Silistria—thus, although three times dismissed, he had managed to return. I mention this insignificant circumstance as characteristic of a great period of transition in the Ottoman history. Said Mirza is a most inoffensive man and not likely to play the Pasvan Oglou or the Ali Pasha Tepelene. But although a large standing army and the discontinuance of the whole concentration of police and financial functions in one person have removed all fear of revolt, the government is nevertheless very fond of dismissing, changing and replacing, so as to keep its momentum always in function. Said Mirza Pasha has a great taste for agriculture, and introduced Merino sheep and Swiss cows into the Dobrudscha, where, until the Russians crossed the river, there was a large Tartar population that had emigrated out of the Crimea.

Omer-Pasha having kindly sent me a packet of introductions to the military authorities, I went to see Khaled-Pasha, commander of the troops, for since the new organization begun in the later years of Sultan Mahmoud, the civil governor, the treasurer and the commander of

the troops are, now, as in European delegations, three distinct persons. This is literally "Divide et impera;"—consequently Sultan Abdul-Medchid, if he chose to wield it, has more real power in his own dominions than any of his predecessors had for many generations. Entering a large open space forming one of the angles of the fortifications, we found the troops exercising under their officers, and presenting a martial appearance, but, as already stated, without that scrupulous neatness of costume which characterises the soldiers of Europe.

Khaled-Pasha is a tall, majestic, dark-complexioned man, a very strict Moslem, with cool courage, which he shewed at Oltenitza and elsewhere. He received me gravely and without a smile, but informed me that a room was at my service if I chose to take up my quarters with him, which I declined with many thanks, as in the khan I felt myself more free and at my own disposal. We were soon deep in the events of the day, and the Turk evidently by nature as cold as ice, at once kindled up into fervour, and all the animation of an intellectual eye illuminating his noble classic features:

"What fault has Turkey committed this time?" said he, addressing an imaginary opponent,—"*kabahat yok dur*. They reproach us with being barbarous and uncivilized—how does it happen that war and devastation are carried into our country, and our financial resources paralysed in the very nick of time when we were on the eve of commencing railways and other improvements?—not the smallest evil can accrue to Christian or to Jew, if the Moslems adhere to the noble Koran and the Christians pay their capitation tax.—Wicked men there are and corrupt in all countries, that pervert or disobey the written law.—Do the Christians and the Jews in Europe all walk by their written law—by the Torat and the Gospels? As for us, with fair words we shall do much—by menace, nothing. And better will it be to be crushed and annihilated at once than this constant pressure upon us.—Some people say the times are dark and

troubled,—but I see a clear horizon—doubt and uncertainty are at an end. We may conquer or be conquered, as it is written in the writings, but the period of doubt, fear, and vacillation is at an end;—the sword is drawn and glory be to God in whose hand is the decision.”

Khaled-Pasha having kindly given me permission to see all the new fortifications and military establishments, I proceeded to the arsenal. At the end of a large courtyard I was first shewn the forge, the numerous glowing furnaces of which cast bright fawn tints on the muscular Bulgarians doing the heavy work and the bronze visaged gipsies accomplishing the lighter business,—the former plying the fore hammer on the glowing metal, while the perspiration ran down from under their black woollen caps; and the latter doing the light jobbing—such as they are accustomed to; with the portable smithies of their nomade semi-indolent life. On the heaths of England, the *puzstas* of Hungary and in the towns of Turkey, the gipsy is a horsedealer or light jobbing smith—rarely a laborious mechanic or agriculturist. The head of the forge establishment was a Turk—Demirgi Bashi, Emin Aga, of the army of Roumelia, who informed me that the first essays of gun carriages were all uneven, but that now these Bulgarians and gipsies managed to work square. The carpenters were all Turks, and the sawyers Bulgarians, under one Halil Aga of the army of Roumelia, who bore the title of Marangos Bashi, and informed me that the oak of the gun and ammunition carriages was all got from the vast forest of Deli Orman in this neighbourhood. All the tin work of the grape canisters was done by Jews.—Thus distinct is the national division of labour, wherever we travel in Turkey.

I then proceeded up the Danube with Major Von der Becke to make the acquaintance of Demetry Castriotis Capitan—commonly called in Europe the Prince of the Myrdites, being the hereditary chief of those Roman Catholic Albanians, whose ancestors did not embrace Is-

lamism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in common with the majority of the Bosniak and Albanian noblesse. He lived at a chiflick or farm house above Rustchuk, and on dismounting in the court-yard, which was surrounded by trees and outhouses, we saw hanging about the door and the lobbies a number of those savage Arnauts of whom we had heard such bad accounts on our journey, dressed mostly in coarse white woollen garments, with sandals and laced legs, all abundantly supplied with pistols and dirks—altogether barbarous in appearance, and having murder and rapine written on their ill-favored features. On entering, we were accommodated with a seat on the carpet covering the floor, and the conversation was carried on by an old Arnaut interpreter, who turned the Albanian into Turkish, and our Turkish back again into Albanian. Unfortunately, however, the interpreter was not a very good one, and the chief, knowing a little of the Turkish himself, was occasionally obliged to help out his own interpreter! The chief was a young man evidently not more than four or five and twenty years of age, and had lately married a Moslem wife, which is a very rare thing for a Christian to do.

“If you pay us a visit in the country of the Myrdites,” said the Prince to me,—“you will find a state of affairs quite different from any thing else in the Ottoman Empire. A large Christian population—neither trodden down rayahs with the yoke about their necks, nor yet hostile to the Porte, nor rebellious like several communities of Christian Mountaineers; but men obedient to the Lofty Government and at the same time free as the winds in our own mountains; paying no tax in gold and silver,—but giving, as of old, their military service—and a heavy enough tax too,” said he, “when one counts the numbers of brave fellows that go as fodder for cannon.”

Feeling interested in the circumstance that one of the last relics of feudalism in the Ottoman Empire should be a Christian Clan with its chief of the family of Scanderbeg, from the highlands of the Adriatic, I touched upon

my own visit to the capital of Montenegro, the islands of Dalmatia and the Switzerland of Croatia, which made the Albanian relate many curious particulars of his native land and social position.

"If the Sultan ask me for twenty thousand fighting men," said he, "I can turn them out,—and every one of them practised marksmen who do not throw away their bullets in the air like a platoon of soldiers of the line, but fellows who know to a nicety the distance their rifles can carry and bring down two men with every three shots. We know the trade," continued he, "from generation to generation, and I can shew you in the archives of my castle a firman granted to my ancestor by the great Amurath, nearly five hundred years ago, and long before the capture of Constantinople,—conferring freedom from tribute and the privilege of carrying the standard of the Sultan. Nor must you suppose me a mere soldier by parchment and diploma. A year has but elapsed since I made the campaign of Montenegro, where I was forty two days without bread, and living only on potatoes with a little animal food and milk, to say nothing of one ugly day on which the army lost eight hundred men, the Montenegrine bullets falling upon us from the rocks above like hail in a storm."

In spite of the boasting tone of these speeches, there can be no doubt the Albanians, Moslem and Christian, behaved with great coolness and obstinate valour, both at the Islands of Rustchuck and the siege of Silistria.

On another day I visited the fortifications. Rustchuck is not strong by nature, being commanded by the heights, but these heights are crowned by detached forts resembling those which colonel Grach erected at Silistria.—A new and striking feature of modern warfare, being in fact the projection and isolation of the old Vauban *contrescarpe*, thus detaining a besieging enemy a considerable time at a distance from the main body of a fortress, and especially suited to places which, like Rustchuck and Silistria, are commanded by heights in the environs. Here

at Rustchuck I saw evident traces of the extraordinary activity which the Turko-Prussians had developed in a very brief period. Five large forts crowned the chief eminences, and every thing had been prepared for a siege had it been attempted. Above a hundred new gun carriages had been erected, the parapets had been done up anew,—the old confused Turkish system of having guns of various calibres in one battery had been done away with, and the whole of the artillery classified according to the calibre, and a complete fire brigade had been organised, which was also a novelty in a Turkish garrison town.

.. There are twenty-five bastions surrounding Rustchuk, and I entered one to see what they were like. The battery was of five oke guns, being somewhat heavier than our twelve pounders—the carriages all new, the breastworks and banquettes all fresh, while down in the *terre-pleine* was a battery of six inch bronze howitzers with round breeches of French fashion but Constantinople casting—having, a few months before, done deadly execution at Oltenitza. Close at hand was a moveable field battery, all the guns of Prussian construction with angular breeches and the poles of the caissons furnished with coils of strong ropes, ready to be undone when oxen are required either for the stony steeps of the Balkan or the slimy sloughs of the plain.

The detached forts on the hills I found to be closed redoubts with drawbridge and fosse, thirty or thirty-five feet wide and deep, in short, what is called a considerable profile. In the centre of each was the powder magazine and cisterns forming one shell proof building. The dwellings of the men resembled those I have described at Kalafat, being sunk into the earth, and in the kitchen a rut in the earth filled with live charcoal served for the cooking.

I then ascended the eminence behind, from which I had a gorgeous winter view with bright sunshine but piercing frosty air. Around me were the detached forts and those

eminences—the last spurs of the Balkan, which commanded the town and environs. Below was Rustchuck, which, like all Turkish towns, is a place of far greater extent than its forty or fifty thousand inhabitants would lead one to suppose,—a wide semicircle of snow-roofed houses, broken with a lofty massive clock tower, and numerous slender minarets that bristled in the foreground. Beyond was the Danube glistening with large masses of ice floating to the sea,—further away rose Giurgevo with its Christian spires, and further still the dead flat white plains of Wallachia fading away in the distance.

As I returned towards the walls, the shades of evening fell; and the bells of Giurgevo, ringing in the Greek Christmas, chimed sweetly with the dull hoarse roar of the ice-laden Danube. To how many a poor conscript must this have recalled the warm hearts and familiar faces of the Kama and the Volga!

CHAPTER VIII.

RUSTCHUCK TO SILISTRIA.

From Rustchuck I went to Turtukai or Totrukhan, which is opposite Oltenitza—but the journey was any thing but pleasing; for a thaw had taken place after deep snow. The Wallachian shore on our left continued flat; the Bulgarian on our right was undulating and as we approached Totrukhan became mountainous and wooded;—the town itself is at the foot of a high steep hill next the Danube—but was anything but inviting, with six inches of black liquid mud in the streets, as if all the reserve stores of Day and Martin had been poured out on them; and every house, including the khan, was crowded to the door with troops, mostly Albanians,

keeping watch at this important post; which, besides its commanding position, is half way between Rustchuck and Silistria, being the centre of the Danubian base of the triangle formed by Shumla and these two other strong places.

Giafar Pasha, who commanded here, is an Albanian by birth, but a Moslem, and belongs to one of the old families in the environs of Corfu, having married a daughter of the well known Vely Pasha, son of Ali Pasha of Janina. Giafar himself had dabbled dangerously in politics, having a few years ago risen in revolt against the suppression of the feudal system, and the hereditary jurisdictions; but he was promoted for his brave conduct in holding the island of Mokanna against a far superior Russian force operating from Giurgevo after the affair of Oltenitza. I found him occupying a house with a pleasant situation, looking out on a garden that sloped precipitately to the Danube, and commanding a view across to the ruined quarantine and green sward of Oltenitza, and the wooded island at the confluence of the Argish with the Danube. In his outer rooms was a great retinue of Tcham Albanians, who are Moslems dressed in kilts of Manchester cotton, which has superseded the native fustanella. Being strongly recommended to him from Shumla and Rustchuck, he gave me a very kind reception, and I found him to be a man between forty and fifty years of age and of a pleasant social humour. He entered freely into his adventures and antecedents in those early days of his career before he wore a Nizam uniform, but had his native kilt and velvet jackets with suns and stars embroidered on his back and breast, and his first essay of arms had been, at eighteen years of age, in scaling with ladders, in the dead of the night, a castle which had been wrongfully taken from him during his minority; so that in our younger days feudal rapine, tyranny, romance and adventure, banished from prosaic bureaucratic encyclopedic Frangistan, vegetated in Turkey in Europe; now expelled from thence, it might be difficult to know where to find

them, except in the penny-novel and on the boards of the Theatres on the Surrey side of London or those of the *Boulevard du Crime*; and it certainly is not every day that even a traveller like myself,—who from time to time leaves his fireside for foreign lands,—falls in with the lord of a manor who has recovered a property by club law, after a night escalade, and executed a summary process of ejection at not the most convenient hour for the outgoing tenant.¹

He showed me a wound in his leg received in the island of Mokanna after Oltenitza, which by this time had healed; and as we sat on the divan and conversed, the other Arnaout Captains and Cavasses stood in front of us, occasionally putting in a word; and giving an anecdote of their wounds, and informing me that they always apply cheese to their fresh wounds. Of those Captains, the one who had been guilty of the greatest atrocities on the march was the most grave, respectable, innocent looking man in appearance of the whole file of henchmen, constantly expressing himself as perfectly resigned to the Divine Will.

The horses were saddled and we then rode out to see the place. I seldom saw on my route hither a more commanding position than that of Turtukai; while the opposite part of Wallachia is a dead flat, the Bulgarian shore rises precipitously to a high ridge, from which one sees the whole of the field of the recent fight spread out as on a map. Snow having entirely disappeared during the thaw, every thing was green and bright. On the plateau above is a large redoubt, which secures the town from a force attacking it either from the east or west Danubian approach. This battery did nothing for the Turks on the day of Oltenitza, and is useful only as an aid to the naturally strong position of Turtukai itself. Looking across with the glass, I saw that the quarantine

¹ His share in the Bosphorus conspiracy of 1859 is beyond the sphere of the present work.

is a complete ruin and that the Turkish entrenchments have been carefully destroyed by the Russians, the want of a similar precaution by the Turks after the first siege of Silistria having most materially contributed to the success of the second year's siege. The Cossacks were visible, cantering on the greensward on the other side of the river, who contented themselves at this stage of the proceedings with sending an occasional conical ball across to the lodgings of Giafar Pasha. To the east of the town is another battery commanding the whole breadth of the town.

The object of this little volume is not to give a history of the war; but as I am so near to Oltenitza, I may say that in this action the design of Omer Pasha was to give elbow room to Ismael Pasha at Kalafat: to distract and confuse the Russians about the real point at which a push was to be made, and at the same time to give confidence to his own troops; in all which he was fully successful.

Giafar Pasha gave me an escort to Silistria—one of his kilted Albanians, whose roomy great coat attracted my attention as inconsistent with the kilt, but he informed me that it was a Russian one, a spoil of Danubian warfare, and had belonged to some poor devil who has not recrossed the Pruth. He praised the present state of Albania, saying that a man might now travel through the country with a vase of gold on his head.—Through all the progress of my tour I heard proofs and saw signs that a very notable improvement had taken place in the police organization of the most turbulent and unsafe districts. He kept singing to himself the greater part of the way to Silistria, through a country which is beautiful in summer, every hill being wooded, but the valleys of which we found very marshy after the thaw.

CHAPTER IX.

SILISTRIA.

The first aspect of Silistria shews it to be a place of the first military importance. Every embrasure and palisade having been then fresh, tidy, and fit for work, while the heights are covered with forts that sweep every approach to this place, which even before the late siege was renowned beyond every other in the annals of Danubian warfare, with the single exception of Belgrade.

Having presented introductions from Mirza Pasha, the Governor general, to Ibrahim Pasha, the civil Governor, and from Omer Pasha to Mousa Pasha, the military Governor, I experienced a most kind reception, with every possible facility for seeing the place and acquiring information. There being no inn nor good *khan* in the place, I had lodgings assigned me in the house of the wealthiest Christian merchant in the town—a fine old fellow—short in stature and meagre in flesh—but with a black eye full of fire, and gestures full of vivacity, but without theatrical exaggeration. He was full of reminiscences of the Greek and Russian war and also of most uncomfortable experiences of those troubled times. Although a landsman, he was impressed as a sailor and put in irons—having in this state had to trudge thirty-three days on foot before he joined his ship, in which he had a rib broken at the battle of Navarino. I had a couple of rooms to myself—nicely fitted up in a semi-European manner. Every evening before bed time he made a social cup of *tchai*, a pleasant composite of tea, rum, lemon juice, beaten eggs, and sugar. This he had learned from the Russians during their long occupation of Silistria. The house being near the rampart, I all night through heard the sentinels calling to each other the Turkish “All ’s well.” The last accounts that I heard of my host in May, before leaving Bulgaria, were that he had sent all his family

away and had dug a shell proof cellar in his court-yard, where he lived day and night surrounded with his goods and chattels.

Mousa Pasha, then in the last months of his earthly career, was a short firmly-knit man of great bodily strength, dark complexioned, pale and round faced, with an agreeable expression of countenance, and seemed about forty years of age. He had a great deal of conversation—a rapid consumption of ideas, as well as great natural elegance of expression;—in fact, his high-flown Turkish sometimes got fairly beyond me.—All this was unlike a Turk, and when I was informed that he was of Jewish extraction it occasioned me no surprise. Mousa Pasha had a rare activity of intellect which flew saliently out on every occasion, and the accusation that he was merely a thinking, and not a fighting man, was fully belied by his conduct during the siege. The reform of the Turkish artillery and the enlightened and persevering support that Mousa Pasha gave to the Prussian officers, while practical Director of the Arsenal of Constantinople,¹ has proved of the greatest value to the Ottoman Empire, and if he has not lived to see the harvest, the seed was well sown before he fell.—I asked him his opinion of the strength of the place, and he answered me that there was no chance of the Russians taking it since this new formidable system of detached forts had been adopted. “We have no secrets—nothing to conceal,” said he; “the Russians may come when they choose, we are ready for them,—thanks to Prussian science.” He then broke into a warm eulogium of the Prussians with reference to the sciences of fortification and artillery, in which they were well advanced—“*Chok ileri gitmish!—Chok ileri gitmish!*” said he emphatically and repeatedly.

His right hand man was Lieutenant Colonel Grach, formerly Lieutenant in the Prussian service, since pro-

¹ The nominal Master Generalship of the Turkish Ordnance was always more or less of a sinecure and occupied by some dignitary of great influence, and often of very little merit or practical knowledge.

moted to the rank of Colonel by the Sultan, and now, alas! no more. Grach, thin, fair haired, and approaching forty, was my chief companion during my residence in Silistria—a man of rare genius, extraordinary attainments, and prodigious energy. The facility of his intellect for the largest strategical views, combined with a great memory for, and lucid arrangement of details, at once stamped him as a superior man. He began his career as a private artilleryman in the Prussian army, and the time that his comrades devoted to the pot-house he spent in mathematics, drawing, and military reading. On leaving Prussia for Turkey his merit being seen, he got rapidly forward, and when I was in Silistria he had the pay of kaimakan. He constructed, during the previous autumn, all the detached forts, and his defence of Silistria, against a formidable army, has made him immortal. General Schilders was the ablest engineer of the Russian army, but he certainly met his match in the Prussian. Nor must we forget that the presence of two gallant English officers, even although volunteers and without a command, and one of whom will never return to his home, must have been a great additional encouragement to the cool death-contemning Arnauts who stood in the trenches of Arab Tabia—for the best science of Prussia, and the bravest blood of Albania, are not fully effective without considerably better officers of intermediate and subaltern rank than the Turks possess.

I spent most of my time with the artillery and engineer people—the mornings instructively, the evenings amusingly. When I speak of society, the reader must not figure to himself a drawing room with mirrors and chandeliers—a piano forte and a circle of clever or pretty women; but a rectangular divan seen in a cloud of tobacco smoke and occupied by a dozen men in blue surtouts and red fez. In the centre of the room, close to the brass lamps, are a couple of draught players with their backers. A fasciculum of sabres stands in a corner, fifteen pairs of shoes or boots are on the floor at the door, which is

blocked up with perhaps a negro, a couple of chibouquegis and three or four private soldier-servants. Now and then a little drama varies the entertainment—so deeply rooted is the taste for this art in human nature that the most undramatic of races, although without a theatre, has coarse puppet shows—private theatricals and buffoonery. The draughtboard is lifted aside, the central space cleared; and in walk eight or ten stalwart private sappers, travestied into Xebecks or men of the lawless brigand tribes of the fastnesses of Asia Minor, supposed to be returned from a marauding expedition, with their muskets reversed on their shoulders, twirling their imaginary long moustachios, and leading captive a woman in the person of a son of the Armenian landlord of the house dressed up in female attire for the occasion. A discussion *en famille*, with guns, pistols, sabres and long knives, then takes place as to who is to have the woman—rather an alarming stroke of fun to civilians of weak nerves. But fortune favors the brave.—One cut-throat-looking fellow secures possession of the weeping lady, and the dead as well as the dying and groaning rivals are carried out amidst the roars of laughter of the spectators on the divan. The distribution of the booty then takes place; but the fat man gets by mistake a lean man's coat which he vainly attempts to wriggle himself into, all which gives occasion for a great deal of comic by-play. A minstrel then appears with a guitar and sings a song, which the captain, sitting in state, listens to with awful solemnity, and then in extatic admiration digs into his girdle with wry faces for imaginary coin, and throws prodigal largesses which the minstrel catches. The affair ends; the lawless captain becomes the private sapper again, making his exit with the most humble obeisance. Thus caricature is the natural amusement of a race comparative strangers to the ideal. Their own heroic deeds have neither the lyric nor epic mirror, with its exalting and magnifying power, nor yet its refined comic reverse, with subtle and airy expression or felicitous juxtaposition of distant resemblances.

The patriarch of the society of Silistria, which was small but quite united, and most hospitable and agreeable, was the Civil Governor Ibrahim Pasha, an old uncorrupted Turk who has a good capacity for business, which lies hid under a jocose manner, as if all the affairs of the world were capital fun—whether carrying on a bloody war, punishing a culprit, or negotiating a bargain for the supply of the troops. He was the wealthiest landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. A European nobleman, with his all on the seat of war, would have worn a grave face, complained of his position, of dangers, of deficient rents and contingent bombardments. Not so old Ibrahim—he was as jolly and pleasant as a Yorkshire squire after a good audit and knowing nothing of war's alarms but by the second edition of the "Times." Really these Turks, man, woman and child, have quite a Salamandrine acclimatization to the fiery ordeal of devastating war.

Silistria is situated on the full breadth of the Danube, just before it makes a little bend to the south, and divides so as to form several islands. It contains above 20,000 inhabitants, the houses being mostly one story high, built of wood. The principal edifice is a large Greek Church and Convent, begun during the years of Russian occupation, Silistria being the chief pledge for the fulfilment of the treaty of Adrianople. The Emperor Nicholas twice furnished considerable sums for its construction; but having learned that his liberality conduced rather to the edification of the fortunes of the managers than of the Church, it remains a new ruin.

Silistria is nearly of a semi-circular form, with five bastions on the river base, and five on the land side, or seven if the corner ones be included. All the scarps and counterscarps are of solid stone masonry. There is no ravelin, contregarde, or other complicated extension of the Vauban system. The renovated strength of Silistria lies in the detached forts, the chief of which is that of Abdul-Medjid, on the hill of Akhar, the eminence from which the Russians made themselves masters of the place in the

last war. It is situate at the back of Silistria, assuming the river to be the front, and is supported on each side by forts to the right and left, the whole enclosing an oval space. Fort Abd-ul-Medjid is the key of all, so that the new fortifications of Silistria may be compared to a bracelet of which Silistria is the jewel and Fort Abd-ul-Medjid the clasp—the two being connected by the minor forts forming a semi-circle on each side. These new forts on the plain are placed with strict reference to the bastions of the town and their rayon. All, with the exception of Abd-ul-Medjid, had been constructed within the last six months, several with blockhouses of solid stone masonry, and all with deep fosses and drawbridges. So that one may conceive that Silistria would present to a Russian force a very different aspect from that of 1829.

Fort Abd-ul-Medjid, constructed according to the designs of the Prussian Colonel Gutzkowski, is allowed by all military men to be one of the most remarkable works of this age. Turkey, from her fine territory, and her brave and resolute race, has the raw materials for the revival of a powerful state, but it is European science that can alone utilize them. This fort is of a semi-octagonal form, and, situated on the chief eminence that dominates Silistria, commands a fine view of the town, the Danube and the wooded islands below.

In the centre of the base, or section of the semi-octagon next Silistria, is a beautiful reduit, all shell proof, semi-circular in plan, as may be understood by the term; the vaulting of extreme solidity so as to afford a secure refuge in the severest bombardment. Outside this is an esplanade, and then the pentagonal rampart; beyond which is a wall loopholed for infantry, completely sunk between the rampart and the covered way (much preferable to the *fausse braie*), with three shell proof blockhouses (two on the shoulder angles and a caponière on the base), each mounted with two 12-pound howitzers to sweep the fosse.

Fort Abd-ul-Medjid is supported by three forts on neighbouring eminences, which preclude a *locus standi* for an enemy and yet are commanded by Medjid itself. Down in the plain two forts, Tchair and Liman, shut in Silistria to the west, on the side of Turtukai; another, Dairnem, or the Windmill, shuts in the plain to the East; and lastly one, also to the East, close to the Danube, not only commands the breadth of the river, but also the passages whence gunboats might debouch from the islands—being mounted with bronze 42-pounders.

The loss of Silistria, if it ever take place, would be a great blow to the Ottoman arms, for it breaks down an angle of the triangle which it forms with Rustchuk and Shumla; it places all the Turkish troops in the Dobrudja, or tongue of land between Silistria and Sulina, in a very disadvantageous position, and in danger of having their retreat cut off, while at the same time Silistria becomes a *tête de pont* for operations on Shumla and Varna, which latter important post is the extreme right wing of the second line of Turkish defence; but even with the rupture of the Danubian chain the heavy work of the invader has still to come, for on the Balkan line from Varna to the Servian frontier the five great passes near Varna, Pravada, Osman Bazar, Ternova, and Sumugh have been fortified so as to be all but impassable, Adrianople being as it were placed on purpose as a convenient camp of reserve for supporting the whole line from Varna to the mountainous environs of Sophia.

A careful examination of these forts confirmed all that I had previously thought of the prodigious energy the Turks developed in this crisis—of the formidable character of the defences of Bulgaria, and of the much more arduous task than in 1828-9 Russia would have on her hands when again trying her fortune on the right bank of the Danube. It may therefore well be believed that the memorable thirty-nine days' siege, which took place a few months afterwards, was to me an object of the deepest and most absorbing interest, although I had almost forgotten a course of fortification I went

through many years ago. This event was important as shewing the great value of the new system of detached forts in detaining a besieging enemy at some distance from the central fortress. In former wars the line of batteries of a fortress, although ever so strong, was liable to be broken by the springing of a mine. Even when countermines obviated this, the Russians used to make themselves masters of a height, and, by a bombardment, burnt down three-fourths of a town, in consequence of the combustible nature of the buildings, and the want of proper engines and a fire brigade. The detached forts have altered all this, and I hold that there has been a great deal of misconception as to the siege of Silistria, not only on the part of the ingenious Mr. Cobden, who talked of the Russian inundation being broken into spray against a contemptible fortress, but others, one of whom for instance, the author of a very able and in many respects excellent article in the *Edinburg Review*, who has a slighting idea of the Russian troops for not having taken a redoubt such as that which was carried by French cavalry at Borodino; but I should like to know what cavalry could do anything with redoubts having a profile such as those of Silistria? A very talented correspondent of a morning paper (the *Daily News*) also expressed the opinion that the giving up of the siege by the Russians was a mistake and that the place was on the point of falling. It is impossible for me to concur in this opinion, having seen the place a short time before the siege, and having since carefully collated the circumstantial German diaries and reports with those which have appeared in the English journals.

The fact is that Silistria would have been a hard nut to crack for the best French or English army that ever was a-foot, with this formidable horse-shoe of detached forts, and the scientific part of the defence directed by a man of such consummate ability and energy as Grach. General Schilders shewed great judgment in investing Arab Tabia, which, notwithstanding its strong profile, was not a closed redoubt like the others; and he in fact put

in the thin end of the wedge. But even had Arab Tabia fallen, the heavy work was still to begin; for all officers are agreed that so long as fort Abd-ul-Medjid holds out, there is no chance of an enemy reducing Silistria. But it was not the mere failure before Arab Tabia that caused the raising of the siege.—The disembarcation of the Anglo-French troops filled the Russian commander with fear of their junction with Omer Pasha; but above all, the concentration of a powerful army in Transylvania, which is the military key of the Principalities, made Marshal Paskievitch uneasy for his flank and rear. It is to be lamented that the gallant British volunteer rifleman, who has identified his name with the sorties from Arab Tabia, should have come to so untimely an end; and it is much to the credit of the government that his active and energetic companion, Lieutenant, now Major Nasmyth, has received a recognition of those services which Omer Pasha did not fail to acknowledge in the handsomest manner.

CHAPTER X.

OMER PASHA.

From Silistria I started from Schumla, through a country rich in pasture and well grown timber, and one of the nights was passed at a country residence of Ibrahim Pasha, the hospitable Lieutenant Governor of the district of Silistria. We drove into what appeared a large farm-yard, studded all round with office-houses, and on one side was the residence, with a large wooden veranda projecting into the court-yard, supplied with Divans, from which the whole of the establishment with its human and animal inhabitants was visible. The pleasure grounds were quite on the other side of the court, and open not to the Selamlık but to the hareem, which was a separate

building. Two of the numerous sons of Ibrahim Pasha did the honors. One, who assisted his father in the office at Silistria, was a smart Stamboul Effendi of the new order, with irreproachable kersymere trousers and Parisian bottines; but those rustic squires, his younger brothers, wore the old Turkish costume of undyed drab, all braided and embroidered as of yore. Families agglomerate to a greater extent in the East than in Europe. Each of these very youthful lads had his invisible conjugal partner over the way. There was besides a brother of Ibrahim Pasha whose residence was in one of the buildings in the court-yard. This, with a considerable train of domestic servants, agricultural overseers, book-keepers and hangers on, made quite a clan or colony of the place, which I am afraid was quickly dispersed when the Russians invested Silistria and the Cossacks marauded around.

An old inhabitant of a neighbouring village in his eighty-sixth year informed me that this was the fifth *sepher* or Russo-Turkish war that he had seen, being old enough to recollect the harrying hither and thither at the period of the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardje, which was signed in 1774 at that small town in this immediate neighbourhood, and was that very treaty on which Russia founded the Menschikoff demands.

At length, after a lapse of eleven years, I again entered Shumla, which has the aspect of being built in the crater of a volcano, or in the middle of a split mountain with an opening on one side, and its natural and artificial strength consists of its rampart of mountainous territory broken with ravines, while access from the plain is debarred by detached forts and land sloping down to a ravine, forming a fine position for an army. Its defect is that a very large garrison is requisite to defend so extensive a place, which is a fortified camp rather than a fortress. Thirty thousand men, and afterwards fifty thousand, were there during my residence, for whose sustenance ovens had to be cut in the living rock, those in the town being insufficient. The barracks were very

large, and occupied by Egyptian troops, the Turks complaining bitterly of their dirty habits, which every one who has seen a fellah's hut in Egypt will readily believe. A friend of mine in that country, having built a neat white-washed porter's lodge at the gate of his villa, in the European fashion, was astonished to perceive that the first thing his Egyptian porter did to make it habitable was to plaster the walls and the floor a foot thick with red mud and dried with a fire of dung.

The chief feature of Shumla is the great abundance of excellent fresh water, which flows from fountains in every street. Unfortunately this element, which is a good servant, proves a bad master, for in rainy weather some streets become regular brooks, fordable certainly for those who are mounted on horseback, but rather puzzling for foot passengers, even the high stepping-stones at the crossings being so rounded, that a person incumbered with a cloak and an umbrella runs the risk of being soured in the stream. Various large dung-hills, venerable from their size and antiquity of accumulation, are held sacred from the contact of pitchfork and wheel-barrow, and numerous are the annual sacrifices to Cloacina; even when life is not lost by gastric or intermittent fever, diarrhea or cholera,—health and comfort are the usual offerings which the European renders to the air of Schumla.

The large mosque of Osman Pasha, in the centre of the town, is of good masonry and fantastic construction, its high swelling dome, seen against the steep green hills that almost encircle the place, being the most picturesque feature of the town. The market place, where there is a curious fountain with at least a dozen jets, is the most animated part of Schumla, and the cook and pastry shops were literally thronged with the irregular troops, the Arnaout rifles of Europe and the horse Bashi-Bozouk of Asia. Here were also several shops, kept by Levantines, who sold European articles of inferior quality at most extravagant prices. The houses are all built of wood, with the exception of the mosques, the baths, and a range

of stone warehouses built by the wealthy banker Anastase, a very honest punctual man.—The hills around are not wooded—even firewood is brought from a distance of three hours off.

Intending to remain some time in Schumla, I got private lodgings in the Armenian quarter. The rooms were not only habitable but good, with ample divans and adorned with a picture of a Greek saint—an impostor, who having turned Moslem and then turned Greek again was canonised by the church. My landlord was a short stout Bulgarian—a shoemaker in the Bazaar, speaking Turkish fluently and very civil and obliging, but terrified to open his lips on any thing military or political. "*Ben karishmam!—Ben karishmam!* I don't meddle with affairs of state," said he. So that it was literally "*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" All along my way I had made a point of conversing familiarly with all classes—high, middling, and low—as the best way to judge of the action of the institutions on the people, and the susceptibility of safe improvement for Governors and Governed. But the Schumla shoemaker took alarm at the very first, and ever afterwards the reciprocal relations of Bulgarian and Turk were let alone.

The landlady was an active housewife, and the daughter very pretty; but an unpleasant circumstance occurred in the course of my stay. My servant Giovanni commenced an acquaintance with the young woman, and as the landlord complained to me, I questioned Giovanni and the girl, and it turned out that they had only had a conversation about the affairs of the house; and the servants of other lodgers explained to me that the landlord had most strict oriental ideas of the complete seclusion of his woman-kind from all intercourse with the other sex, however innocent. As no previous difficulty had occurred with Giovanni during my tour, I asked the landlord to inform me of any impropriety of speech or action that had come to his knowledge. He answered quite surprised, that for an unmarried woman to have any conversation with a

man was in itself an impropriety. I could scarcely restrain a smile, which I saw made the good man rather angry;—however, as he was the master over his own household, I said I would give my man the strictest injunctions to have no more *luff*, or “*chaff*,” as people say, with his womankind.

I called upon Omer Pasha to thank him for his valuable introductions. I found him in a small house, but having a good view, being situated on a steep descent, below which was a garden, and beyond it a view of half the roofs in the town. The room was comfortably carpeted and partly furnished in the European manner; and during renewal of acquaintance, after a lapse of more than a dozen years, diamond mounted pipes were brought in. I found him immensely improved; for although thinner and his beard grown grey, he has all that ease and confidence which a man who has still the better part of his career to make rarely possesses, while his conversation denoted that large general knowledge and precision of view which is only acquired by a wide course of reading and extensive practice in the manipulation of important military transactions. Indeed, even before the Menschikoff mission his name was associated with that remarkable social, military, and political revolution in the domestic administration of the Ottoman Empire which has extinguished the feudal hereditary jurisdictions and turned the cancers of the Ottoman Empire into springs of strength. In Syria, in Koordistan, in Bosnia and Albania, we have seen Omer Pasha at the same work, completing this great reform begun by Sultan Mahmoud; contending often with slender resources in men or money against the most valiant populations of Turkey, in spite of the territorial difficulties interposed by countries of forests and mountains; but always arriving at his aim with daring personal intrepidity, and plans most skilfully devised.

Such difficulties have proved a valuable school for war on the grander scale. Familiarised with all the details of the character of the Turkish soldier, his habits, his

prejudices, and his capacities, Omer Pasha has been able to combine his Oriental practice with the theories first taught him in the schools of Europe, and wrought out by inborn genius and persevering self-tuition. Hence the accomplished General, who knew perfectly what he could do, and what he could not do with the army under his command. Hence the clever surprises of Citate and Oltenitza, which demoralised the Russian troops, and gave confidence to those of the Sultan; and hence the wary tactics which resisted every inducement to risk the existence of his army in a general engagement with the numerous and well-trained cavalry of the Russians, on the level plains of Wallachia, with a great river in his rear. But he had other plans, not then known to the public, and which the evacuation of the Principalities now permits me to mention without being guilty of indiscretion.

"I regret," said the Pasha, "that my hands were tied and that I had not from the beginning more of my own way. It was my wish and intention to have been all ready to cross the Danube simultaneously with the Russian crossing of the Pruth, and to have entrenched Giurgevo and Braila. In that case the great labours of Kalafat would have been unnecessary; as no Russian army would have dared to march westwards, leaving such inconvenient places on their left flank. But it is probably all for the best, as in that case there might have been some diplomatic patched up settlement. Now I am very well pleased that the war has taken place; because, at its issue, Turkey will have a distinct position, and the Principalities will be either Russian or not. But not a mongrel middle thing. It was very desirable that some great settlement should take place either decidedly favorable or decidedly unfavorable to Turkey, and I am very happy that the illegal invasion of the Sultan's dominions has furnished an issue to the labyrinth."

Shortly after my arrival Omer Pasha received from the Sultan a splendid sabre of honour—the hilt studded with diamonds. The presentation took place with great pomp,

before the troops, outside the town, between the ramparts and the line of forts. The day was a mixture of clouds and sunshine which chequered the wide sweeping landscape. The tall white minarets coming boldly out from the dark steep hills behind. The troops were drawn up in array—the infantry in front, the artillery behind, and the cavalry in the rear. Strains of music now filled the air, and a procession was seen to advance from below, the chief personage of which was the Mabayngi, or officer of the intermediate household of the Sultan—that is to say—attached neither to the hareem within, nor the political administration without, but to the personal service of the Sultan. This was Ghalib Effendi, who brought the sword and firman. Omer Pasha advanced to meet the procession, and, the firman being read, the sabre was presented. Then there were prayers by the Ulema that God might prosper the affairs of the Moslems—then followed speeches, Omer Pasha attributing all the merit to the troops under his command.

In the evening Omer Pasha gave a dinner, at which there was an opportunity of examining the sword, every part of the hilt and guard of which glittered with diamonds, and he informed us that it was the fifth present he had received from the Sultan. All politics were banished from this friendly repast, and I never saw Omer in better spirits. The pensive commander, who threw away no superfluous words, became eminently social and loquacious, and communicated the convivial spirit to those around. I was the only Englishman present, but France had several representatives in the persons of General Dieu, French commissioner with the Turkish army and his suite, to whom I may add the name of M. Félix Belly,—the accomplished collaborateur of the *Constitutionnel*, a man of refined taste in belles-lettres, who in conversation has by nature that expansive power which finds the neatest forms for the offspring of the reflective faculties.

It was with great pleasure that I made the acquaintance of General Dieu, a well-informed man who distinguished

himself in Algeria and rose rapidly to separate commands, and this pleasure was enhanced by the circumstance of the total change which the French policy in the East had undergone;—for nearly all that I had seen of the policy of France in the East during a long series of years I conscientiously believed to have been hostile not only to the legitimate rights of the Ottoman Empire, but to the general interests of Europe; in short, far beyond the utmost verge of the capitulations. It is moreover incumbent on those who have strenuously and perseveringly disapproved this policy, to pay an ample and ungrudging tribute to the present Ruler of France, in giving France a government eminently suited to the character of the nation.

Constitutional liberty may be conceded to a people in proportion as the conservative element is inherent in the national character. If this character be steady, tolerant and phlegmatic, a large and liberal measure of self-government is both safe and normal. If it be inconstant and explosive, the artificial ligature of a more absolute executive is required as a substitute for an inherent cement. The Saxon nations who began with municipal institutions, end with a large liberal and constitutional development; while Celtic society, which began with the despotic chiefs of clans, has a congenial government in an almost absolute Empire, based upon a theoretical equality and universality of suffrage which satisfies the selflove of a sensitive and susceptible nation.—From time immemorial the Saxon obeys the metaphysical supremacy of the law; but the Celt must have the visible—the formidable executive magistrate, who is first the object of his fear and obedience, perchance later of his admiration and pride. Hence the safety and permanence of liberty in all the Saxon nations—hence the normal despotism, with occasional periods of splendour and bursts of anarchy, which seems the inevitable government of the Celt. This latter form of government would not suit the Saxon nations.—It would not suit the Englishman, the American,

the Dutchman and the Fleming.—It even bears hard on exceptional men of phlegmatic temperament, such as the Guizots and other disciples of Montesquieu, who by some untoward accident have been born on the wrong side of the channel. But it is eminently suited to the brilliant, the intelligent, the military, the artistic, the brave, sincere, and generous, but inconstant and explosive race, now ruled over by Louis Napoleon.

We must remember that the hereditary tendency of the Slaavic races to absolute government arises from an excessive submission to authority—causes which materially differ from those of this form of government in the Celtic races; for in the latter case military government seems to spring from an habitual tendency to revolt, or, to use a gallicism, to recalcitration. Thus extremes touch; the Slaavic tendency to absolutism being positive, the Celtic negative. As regards liberty, the Slaav always falls short of it; the vivacity and impetuosity of the Celt makes him run far beyond it. Hence, in our own day, M. Guizot's doleful tale of "*Mécomptes*" and "*Espérances déçues*". Those Guizots, Montalemberts, and Villemaines, respectable by their spotless probity, and illustrious by their erudition and attainments, seem to expect that France, like a Saxon nation, will stop short at a given point, and not carry out a principle to its utmost consequences. Between this brilliant coterie and France, there appears to us to exist a wide and impassable gulf. The whole of the history of France is an illustration of that extremism which does nothing by halves. Need we point out the prostration before the grandeur of Louis XIV., the ultra-sybaritism of the age of his great-grandson, the extension of the sensationalism of Locke to the atheism of Holbach, the revolution itself, with those "orgies of crime" from which M. Guizot turns away his eyes in disgust?—all concur to explain and agree with the spectacle which France now presents. Throughout her poorer populations a wide spread smouldering socialism, abounding in disciples of Rousseau and Babœuf, who, true

to the principle of levelling all privilege, would not even make an exception in favor of property; and, on the other hand, the vast majority of the people in the provinces, who, preferring solid experience to a fallacious logic and philanthropic plausibilities, see in a military monarchy a more simple barrier to the democratic extremism of the nation, than in the complicated and delicate machinery of an English system. Their diseases are not our diseases, and therefore their remedies should not be our remedies. To quit metaphor, with the Saxon temperament, the governing few are controlled by the many within the limits of the classes possessing property and intelligence; with the Celtic the many must be restrained by the governing few.

We have neither the rapid intelligence and charming exposition of the Frenchman; nor the recondite astuteness of the Slaav; nor the high sense of beauty of the Italian; our painting is good, but not great; our sculpture and music are null; our architecture is, with rare exceptions, abominable, but we have surely reared the grandest and most august political edifice that the world has as yet seen. Let us be content then to worship at the shrine of Britannia. To erect a similar temple has not been given to all the Gentiles. Variety of structure and division of labour is the law of God in all the material universe; why should it not be so in the organism of human society? If whole families of nations have from age to age, in consequence of some occult law of physiology, a uniform political development, the intelligence that refuses to acknowledge in this a Higher Will than that of mere soldiers, statesmen and agitators, must indeed be "darkness visible".

Such are not the sentiments of the untravelled part of my fellow countrymen; but they certainly are the opinions of those who have had a varied practical acquaintance with the nations of the continent, and who,—carefully collating the phenomena of history with the established principles of physiology,—believe that the laws

of political science are not absolute, but entirely relative to national temperament. The French of the nineteenth century appear to me to have utterly failed in their imitations of the British form of government, which is foreign to their character, habits, and historical antecedents; but in arts what language can express the admiration called forth by this race of modern Gauls? It was in Paris, on my return from the East, while transported with enthusiasm by the works of the Coutures and Proudhons, that I saw around me those extensive demolitions and architectural renovations which show Louis Napoleon to have understood the genius of his own people, which shines brightest in the application of the fine arts to all the necessaries and luxuries of civilized existence.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHUMLA.

The inclement weather of departing winter and approaching spring put a stop to all warlike movements, until the Russians crossed the Danube. Snow covered all the hills that rose so abruptly around the city of Schumla; the sky was generally bleak and grim while the blast from the Balkan and the Black Sea whistled dolefully through the rickety wooden houses, and shook their fragile casements with loud rattle. The poor sentry in his great coat cowered under the nearest shelter; the numerous Bashi Bozouks, no longer flaunting in gay Asiatic attire and bright colours, or prancing in cortége with brandished lance to the low roll of their diminutive kettle drums, thronged the Cafés and barbers' shops, while rain and thaw turned the streets into running rivers.

But Schumla was for all that full of life and movement.—The eyes of all Europe were directed to this spot; here centered all the action of the Porte on the army of Roumelia, and from hence radiated all the direction of its resources by Omer Pasha to Widdin, to Silistria, and the mouths of the Danube. Here were grouped round the Generalissimo eminent representatives of all the services and talents, military and political, of Turkey, in earnest preparation for the momentous struggle of the spring—Ismael Pasha, now returned laurel-crowned from Kalafat and Citate—and Shekib Pasha, the experienced diplomatist of London, St. Petersburg, and other Capitals, announcing with loud chuckle and radiant visage the departure of Baron Brunow from London and of Count Orloff from Vienna. Besides them were several foreign Officers and military commissioners, some high in rank, others eminent for their talents, sent by the principal powers of Europe—by France and England, to concert active measures for the approach of summer—and by the others to report and observe the vortex, which had become so comprehensive in its sweep as to give no assurance that the most distant neutrals might escape being ultimately engulfed. To these must be added a crowd of Europeans of all nations—honest soldiers—shipwrecked politicians and nondescript adventurers, all keen for employment by the “Lofty Government” and thronging the antichambers of Omer Pasha,—Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Wallachians. These gentlemen were mostly of the democratic persuasion, and I got on very well with them, all things considered. According to my experience of these gentlemen, they like Turkey, for they find a great deal of equality—but no compactly cemented aristocracy, or phlegmatic Saxon nationality, or any other indispensable requisite of constitutional liberty. In England, or any other constitutional country, a democrat is a fish out of water—but here in Turkey they seemed quite at home.

Even with the Turks themselves, there was the old camp and the new, *Old Turkey* and *Young Turkey*; the

former, fine old figures with ample paunch and white beard, who had risen to the rank of general by bravery—but guiltless of Euclid and Jomini—nay, whispers fame in softest pianissimo, sometimes even of common reading, writing and cyphering.—But they had taken a part in the Greek war, or the last Russian “Sefer” of 28’ and regretted the old times when Pashas were unlimited Satraps, forgetting that the squeezer was himself squeezed—that the man who ordered off heads so glibly was himself in terror of the bowstring—and that the fanatic Tyrant of the provincial wealthy Christian was the abject dependent on his own banker in Constantinople. Not so young Turkey. Instead of going backward, we went forward with the Frenchified Turk or Islamised Frank to changes never dreamt of by the other—equality of Moslem and Christian before the law—already adopted, to be sure, in theory, but not yet put in practice—mosque entails, modified, converted and made contributable to the state, Ulema all paid by the Sultan and a hook put in the nose of their fanaticism; and last, not least, the large Christian population of the Ottoman Empire conscribed, or recruited for the army, and able European officers, not merely as instructors receiving pay, but having actual rank and command, as the only condition of the science of Europe utilising the first-rate raw material which the Ottoman Empire offers in population and in territory for becoming again a powerful military state. In short, the whole vessel of state drifting into a new ocean, of which the past furnishes no experience, and in which lead and look-out supply the place of charts and compass. All this occasions endless surprise rather than satisfaction to the elders of the present generation—many a “Mashallah” with upturned eyes and the lugging out of a huge watch as a refuge from the painful subject—or as if the death of the good old times was approaching by minutes, seconds and hours, and not by slow decennia.

Many years must certainly elapse before the changes above indicated take place, but the war will undoubtedly

give them a great impetus—and one of the chief features of the military aspect of Schumla during my residence was the extensive voluntary recruitment of Christians for the cause of the Sultan. There are a great many Cossacks in this part of Turkey; whole villages around Silistria and a great many in the Dobrudscha. They still retain their national costume—the black woollen cap is the same as that of the Bulgarians, but the blue tunic and the bushy sandy coloured beard identify them outwardly with the well known and oft pictured type of the Muscovite Cossack. Their religion is a subdivision of the Greek Church, with some peculiarities of discipline; but many are members of the Nekrassa and other sects of Russians which are considered heretical by the Synod of Moscow.—One of these Cossacks, Joseph Ganscheroff, had great influence over the Cossacks of the Dobrudscha by his piety or fanaticism, I do not know which. He was now about sixty years of age, with a fine head in the style of the august distinguished presence of the Jupiters of the antique.

“I know the Russians well”, said he, “and the Turks too, and it is not without cause that I have made my election—you would scarcely believe,” continued he without animation—nay with great modesty and humility of demeanour, “that I at one time went to Saint-Petersburg and was presented to the Emperor Nicholas. Had my thoughts been set on this world and not on the world to come, I might have enjoyed great external prosperity—but my soul was embittered—our faith was put down with unexampled severity—our Congregational funds were confiscated; but we find under the shadow of the Sultan that facility for our worship which our brethren vainly sought in Russia. Joseph Ganscheroff is the sincere partizan of the Sultan, “and even now”,—said he—taking hold of his bushy sandy beard, “a reward of 2,000 ducats has been offered by the Russian General to any one who will put my head at his disposal.”

Active measures were taken by the Porte to utilize not

only these Cossacks, but to open a door for all other Christians who chose to combat for her. She could not conveniently enrol them in the Nizam, as no Moslem would associate with a Christian on a footing of equality. So a separate corps of light horse was created, headed by a Polish Colonel who had adopted Islamism. The corps was composed of Cossacks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Wallachians, Russian deserters, etc., etc., while a corps of officers was mostly Polish and Magyar, many of the former having been at one time in the Russian service—fellows who would fight to the last rather than be taken prisoners.

Schumla abounded in Magyars at this period. Most of them had embraced Islamism and learned Turkish far more quickly than any other foreigners, the internal structure of their language having, like other Asiatic Mongolian dialects, a family resemblance to that of Turkish; even their pronunciation was good. Magyar and Turkish, if not brother and sister, are certainly cousins—that is, descended from two languages originally cognate. The Magyars are themselves very anxious to clear up the obscurities of their Asiatic origin. One morning, at the lodgings of Sir Stephan Lakeman¹, I found a Transylvanian whose enthusiasm for his nationality proved itself at every turn in the conversation so as unconsciously to betray that monomania which in political action has given such irreconcilable offence to the other races forming the numerical majority of the Hungarians. This struck me so much that I wondered if this Transylvanian could be the Berzentzy whose eloquence produced the extraordinary effect I have related in “The Goth and the Hun,” and on enquiry it turned out to be the very same enthusiast, he having just returned from Calcutta and Canton whence he had been attempting to penetrate into the western borders of China, in the vicinity of which he assured me

¹ The brave leader of the Waterkloof rangers in the Caffre war—an amateur with a turn for the art of war amounting perhaps to genius.

the language of the Magyars is spoken to this day. After so recent a tour in Transylvania, the reader may easily suppose that this encounter interested me. Berzentzy's manner and appearance were quite those of a gentleman, and I was charmed with that wild enthusiasm which, without going beyond the bounds of good breeding, gave a zest to conversation.

The Wallachians, of whom there were a considerable number, being too large for a Council, and too few for an army, or perhaps numerous enough for a small army, if privates could be dispensed with, were disunited among themselves; one party holding with General Tell, who with somewhat too puerile conceit had adopted the name of the Hero of Swiss Independence, and another with M. Heliade Radulesco, a man of private fortune which he had devoted to libraries, printing presses, etc., all of which he informed me had been taken possession of by the Russians. These two formed part of the Triumvirate that was attempted to be established in Wallachia in 1848. Mr. Heliade had a monthly salary from the Porte. In his writings he shews considerable historical research, but the false pathos of the feuilleton school in which they abound do injustice to the really sound moral character and benevolent sentiments of the author.—Only think, gentle reader, of a visit to France and England—during which he was presented to M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Viscount Palmerston—being written in a biblical style!

It was with peculiar pleasure that I saw the gradual formation of an English circle in this interior town of Bulgaria. There was Lieutenant General Sir John Burgoyne—a calm and venerable figure, from whom the fire of youth had fled, but in whom the reflective faculties were still clear. The able Engineer of the age of Wellington, the skilful picklock of the strong places of the Peninsula, was now heading a younger generation of technicians in devising dams against the new Muscovite inundation. Sir John Burgoyne was accompanied by his daughter, a lady of considerable intellectual powers, and accomplished in

equitation; who went with her father early and late from fort to fort, creating the astonishment of the inmates of the hareems of Schumla by the contrast to their own vegetative existence.

I had agreed with Colonel Dickson, of the Engineers, Lieutenant Burke, and Lieutenant Wellesley of the Coldstream guards, to start together for the Danube where a movement was expected; but on the morning of proposed departure a violent attack of the spring fever, which swept off so many Russians in the Dobrudscha, laid me on my back, so that for a fortnight my life was despaired of, followed by such weakness and pain in the limbs that for nearly two months I was unable to walk. But I was well-attended to. Omer Pasha sent his own body physicians with the head physician of the military hospital, and daily asked after me; for which, considering his numerous avocations, I shall retain him in most grateful remembrance to the end of my life. A subsequent batch of English composed of accomplished men came frequently to see me, among whom I may gratefully mention Captain Symonds, an able officer of engineers who occupied apartments above me, Butler, Nasmyth, and several others. Lieutenant Maxwell, the clever correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, also paid his tribute to the campaign in small-pox. What could be the cause of all this sickness, nobody could precisely tell, and for myself, no man could live more carefully than I did—drinking very little wine, and never touching fruit. The mortality in the Turkish army during the winter was very considerable—possibly owing to deficient cultivation of the country, the absence of sewerage in the towns, and those colossal dunghills of which I have already spoken—which, although innocuous during the severe cold of winter, emit the most deadly exhalations in spring and summer: such was the opinion Dr. Dumbreck, Inspector of hospitals, then on a tour in Bulgaria.

The change of season was pleasant to the eye. The trees of the little garden in front of my room were all in bud—the roofs of the lower town were free from snow—the hills were

green, and speckled with white tents, and the sun shone bright on the high vaulted dome of the great mosque. But unfortunately the political, military and financial atmosphere was cloudy; the Russians were in the Dobrudscha and approaching Silistria; 50,000 men were crowded in Schumla; provisions and forage were scarce; and the horses lean and Rosinante like. The English did not exactly keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down; but I crawled out to dine with them on the first of May at a German Restaurant that had been got up in Schumla, where the health of the Queen, the Royal Family and the Sultan were drank by fourteen of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the best Champagne or gooseberry the bazaars could furnish. My humble part was to propose the health of General Cannon, whose subsequent conduct has fully justified the reputation for energy and intrepidity which he possessed. He is a thorough enthusiast in his profession and gives his whole mind to the details of the service.

CHAPTER XII.

SCHUMLA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

At length I was strong enough to undertake the journey to Varna, propped up in carriage by pillows; my limbs still in a miserable state. But this country having been recently so amply described, its uncultivated downs, its hills with furze bushes, and Devneh with its streams, are too familiar to the public to render it necessary to say any more—and on arrival at Varna the charm of summer weather, the high cliffs washed by the waves, the yellow sands, and the wide coast breaking away from cape to

cape, revived my drooping health and spirits. Strange fancies come over a man when he is in this state. One day I saw a huge vulture pursuing a young hare or rabbit, and the same night dreamed that I was attacked by wolves that were subsequently scared away by an ostrich.

There is no use in saying any thing more of Varna, where I was most kindly attended to by my worthy friend Colonel Neale, one of the most judicious Consular Officers in Her Majesty's service. From thence I proceeded to Constantinople, where I experienced a most unusual difficulty in getting quarters; for although the great artery of the Danube was stopped, there was a plethora of steamers by the Dardanelles, crowded not only with officers but with a host of travellers, attracted by curiosity, which the Oriental crisis had more than usually enhanced. It was so pleasant to see "the Europe and the Asia Shore"—the turbaned Turk and his veiled partners—far away from shot and shell—or anything that whizzes and cracks, except iced champagne and pale ale. I dined the first day at Missiri's, with two men of letters and distinguished writers,—one of them Mr. Russell, *facile princeps* of the whole tribe of correspondents,—where not less than from sixty to seventy travellers crowded the table d'hôte. Neither here nor at the Hotel de Byzance was there a room to be had, and I considered myself fortunate in getting a room on the fourth floor, where the company was almost entirely composed of British officers. All the ordinary waiters of the hotels having been carried off by travellers at high wages—that is to say eight or ten shillings a day over and above board—their places had been filled with any body that could be got. So there were daily discussions and complaints about the service, made in slang impatient English with unintelligible explanations and excuses in Greek, Turkish or Bulgarian. Most generally both question and answer were in pantomime, so that a section of the company sometimes looked like a set of Italian ballet performers—rehearsing a passionate denouement. One day a very stupid Servian waiter,

who spoke a few words of Turkish, was declared by a smart captain, with an overpowering voice, after various futile attempts to make an impression on him with English, French, Italian and German, to be "able to speak no human language except perhaps Chinese". A half dozen French and Italian habitués managed to have a sort of clique at one end of the table when I first arrived; but the military inundation made it quite an English society; "*Ça n'a pas le sens commun*," said one of these gentlemen, opening his eyes in astonishment as he stopped at the door and seeing the table filled from end to end with red coats, stalked out again.

Unfortunately for myself, I had scarcely arrived in Constantinople when I had a relapse of my illness; for many days I was confined to bed, and for weeks unfit for exertion and locomotion, but experienced every kindness from my Pera friends as well as from some pleasant travellers who helped me to kill the weary hours. But at length I was convalescent, and an occasional promenade on horseback, or sail in a caique on the Bosphorus, brought me considerably round; and except a minor relapse on my way from Trieste to Vienna, in consequence of the change of climate from the warm basin of the Adriatic to the colder mountainous region, I managed to shake off my unpleasant Bulgarian acquaintance whom many a Briton beside myself will long remember. I therefore dispensed with the lions of Constantinople, and in truth I might as well describe St. Peter's of Rome, or St. Paul's of London as hope to say anything that has not been already said of them. The true lions of our day are the statesmen and soldiers, who have figured in the various phases of this unparalleled Oriental crisis.

An accomplished nobleman, whose acquaintance I had made in other lands, having mentioned my name to the Duke of Cambridge, I received a message to wait on his Royal Highness, and embarked on the Bosphorus. Passing by the newest palace of the Sultan, I was struck with its sumptuous architecture, which, carrying ornament to

its utmost extreme, reminds one of the Venetian Balthasar Longhena. This is purely European, but farther up we have on the same side a specimen of the mixture of East and West in the Mosque of the Sultana Valide. There is the same form of swelling dome and pointed minaret as in the usual architecture of Turkey; but the details are quite different. The minaret returns to the antique column, a sort of Pompey's pillar, capped with a peak and muezzins bartizan, while the details of the ornaments smack of Wren and Vanburgh or Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze as our neighbours say. But although a mongrel, the totality was successful—although contrary to the strict laws of geographical and chronological purism, it is according to the deeper general law of a harmonious agreement of the parts with the outline of the whole. Even in music as well as in architecture, western influences are observable, and in the streets of Constantinople, when I have heard old Turkish airs, I have not failed to recognise some little inkling of Bellini and Donizetti to set them off.

This encounter from afar has its ultimate cause in identity—Italian and Turkish music are radically the same, however differing in stature and development; whoever has had the patience to teach his ears an apprenticeship to the peculiar modulations of Turkish music, at once perceives the family likeness to the Byzantine-souled Palestina. Turkish music is in fact Greek. The Mongol or Ugrian from first to last, has had the will to conquer and command, but not the sense of beauty to adorn. Sofia is his high temple. But its lofty walls were reared by the Greek, and the sublime accents of eloquence and praise with which they resound are not Turkish but Arab,—not Mongol but Caucasian.

I landed at a palace of the Sultan above that of Tcheragan, and ascending a wide staircase came upon an extensive hall,—the whole breadth of the building,—painted with warmth and exuberance, and sumptuously furnished with satin damask. These fairy abodes on the Bosphorus

are too fragile to keep out the wintry blasts of the Euxine, and are too fleeting ever to occupy the attention of the student of archæology. Nor is it their wood, their satin, or their paint that can excite the enthusiasm of the traveller;—but who can remain unmoved on contemplating the eternal Paradise that surrounds them! the Bosphorus glistening in the noontide sun,—the large vessels in full sail sweeping past close under the windows,—terraced gardens, shaded with tall shrubbery, and adorned with luxuriant alleys of the sun-wooing orange. Light and shade, warmth and beauty,—distance with its enchantments that withdraw you from the immediate environs,—and environs that stand the severe scrutiny of the lover of the beautiful. Such are some of the features of this glorious gulf, where thought is lulled to inactivity by the harmony of nature,—where man resigns himself for an Elysian moment to high unconscious health,—to a vague and dreamy extacy,—which even the eloquent pen cannot describe,—and that enjoyment of general well-being which language is powerless to define.

The Duke of Cambridge with his tall portly person, fair complexion, and slight baldness, bears the stamp of his race, recalling the air and outlines of his uncles—nearest perhaps to the Duke of York—and this not so much in feature as in general aspect. His whole nature is in fact Germanic, and instinct with sound practical sense. His conversation shews great anxiety for the welfare of the troops, and in rising from special to general questions, he loses no time with the outworks of a question and goes straight to the citadel of essential truth. Indolence and dissipation neutralised the abilities of some members of the family of George III. The contrast which the present generation of British princes offers is too salient to escape the record of the future historian. After a very affable and courteous reception I took my leave.

The wretched state of my limbs prevented my cultivating any acquaintance with the generals encamped on the southern shore of the Bosphorus, notwithstanding va-

rious opportunities that offered;—but one day, being placed next Lord Raglan at the hospitable table of the ambassador, I had an opportunity of seeing the commander in chief,—who had not only gentlemanly manners, but that high-bred courtesy which throws an unspeakable charm over society. To say which of our Generals has the bump of strategy and is capable of achieving a Ramillies or a Salamanca on the shores of the Black Sea, is a difficult matter at the beginning of a campaign. But of Lord Raglan we may say that he had seen war in all its phases, under the most scientific commander of modern times; while his vast administrative experience during the long peace ought to have enabled him to know the wants of the soldier and the value of every superior officer in the army. At the same time his temperament and manners gave the assurance that no exorbitancy of self esteem would disturb the all essential harmonious co-operation with the French commander¹.

With Mr. Smythe, now Lord Strangford—one of our most promising orientalists, who I believe was born in Constantinople during the embassy of his father, the accomplished translator of Camoens.—I took boat and crossed to Scutari, where I saw a review of the British troops as well as I could manage, reclining on the boards of the Csardak of a coffee house. The troops had a fine appearance, particularly the Grenadier Guards. The kilted Highlander too was especially the object of Turkish observation, and as the bagpipes struck up they laughed and wondered whether Bulgarians had introduced into Britain that unfortunate instrument, which seems to have been invented in order to let the world know what is not music.

¹ I print unaltered the impression of the moment. How nobly this captain fought at Alma and Inkerman needs not be dwelt upon, nor the exertions and anxieties which led to the tomb.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I had great pleasure in renewing acquaintance with Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, and have to acknowledge a most kind and hospitable reception from his Lordship, and repeated attentions from my old Embassy friends.— Lord Stratford with his talents and his energy is a consummate statesman. He has given solid and repeated proofs of regard for the real welfare of the Turks. Without the smallest flattery of their pride and prejudices, nay with many a rude battle for the Christians, with no loud addresses, or indirect appeals to the Christians themselves expressive of his wish to support them, with no open demonstrations which might give them a pretext to slacken their allegiance to the Porte, Lord Stratford has always given an effective and unostentatious support to those Turkish statesmen who are convinced that the safety of the Empire, and the permanent political supremacy of the Turks, lie in sweeping away all oppression of the rayahs, and in procuring an effective, not nominal, equality before the law.

From this contrast of political system to that of Russia, as well as from a personal antipathy which the late Emperor Nicholas was strongly suspected to entertain to him, he had never been on terms of thorough cordiality and complete confidence with the Russian missions, and, having by nature more of the *fortiter in re* than of the *suaviter in modo*, Pera abounded with his enemies, and as his Excellency was a good hater there was no love lost. The fact is, that when he discovered a deception he was implacable, and he was at a post where intrigue and deceit spring up in incredible redundancy. The defect of Lord Stratford is a rather quick temper, but this is allowed by all that know him to have considerably diminished of

late years. The great preservative against this too quick sense of injury was his long experience, and his perfect knowledge, even to a nicety, of what length, law and custom allowed him to go, with both the Porte and his Diplomatic colleagues.

The result of all this is, that Lord Stratford for many years enjoyed the greatest influence at the Porte. When I say influence, I speak of ordinary times. There are other times when the current of public will sweeps all along with it,—Sultans, Grand Viziers and diplomatists altogether, like a horse whose blood has got up and makes him take the bit in his teeth and bolt right forward in spite of rider and bridle. Altogether few men in the history of Britain have earned a Peerage by more accumulated efforts for the public service than Lord Stratford. He takes to business as irresistibly as a drunkard to dram drinking,—a power within him gravitates to hard work in spite of his other self, which is that of a well-read, accomplished, and social being¹.

I found quite a Congress of diplomatic and military functionaries at Constantinople, among others my worthy friend Sir Hugh Rose, in a position for which he was eminently fitted by his military training, his special knowledge of Turkey, and his conciliatory courtesy of manners, he having been attached to Marshal Saint-Arnaud as British Commissioner, a sort of *pont volant* between that commander and Lord Raglan. At his house on the Bosphorus I had the pleasure of seeing several of the staff of Marshal Saint-Arnaud and whom I judged to be men of undoubted capacity from their views as to the approaching struggle. On the day when I was to have been

¹ Lord Napier was the secretary of Embassy and heads his clan with distinction. There is a Scotch phrase that, "There never was a Napier without talent and a bee in this bonnet." Lord Napier is a long-headed Scotchman, with an acute analytical turn of mind. But the bee must be very deep in the nook of this bonnet, for it is inaudible as well as invisible. Very few young men of his age have a larger capacity for dealing with the realities of political life, or have turned their varied experience to better account.

presented to the gallant Saint-Arnaud he was confined to bed, but his speedy and lamentable end was not then foreseen.

Having already in the "Goth and the Hun" introduced Baron Bruck, the Austrian internuncio, to my readers, it is not necessary to say any more of this clear-headed statesman. Russia was of course without a Representative. The minister of Prussia was my worthy friend, Baron Wildenbruch, who recommended a day at his villa on the Bosphorus as the best medical prescription for an invalid. So I again sought a little strength in the invigorating breezes of this matchless sound, and gliding from one retreat to another, I got strength enough for the voyage. Kurutcheshmeh is a Christian village for the most part, and here is the splendid residence of Duz Oglou, the wealthy Armenian banker of the Sultan; one branch of the family having a house below on the water's edge, and another a park above, on the table land; so that a Christian, and not a Turk, was the chief native proprietor of this part of the Bosphorus. From the nature of things, the Armenian will always have a better position in the Ottoman Empire than the Greek; his territory having been earlier absorbed by the Turk, as well as being geographically more remote from the influence of Europe, he conceives no political existence for his nation apart from the Ottoman Empire, whose very language is become vernacular to him. The Turk does not admit him to political and social equality, but he confidently trusts, and willingly favors him. The talent and European assimilation of the Greeks enable many of them to rise to considerable influence, but the relations are always measured, and latently mistrustful, except in the case of a man of undoubted probity and benevolence, such as the present distinguished Representative of the Ottoman Porte at the Court of London.

The villa Wildenbruch had a large garden behind, and above, terrace on terrace, till the plateau was reached, from which was a splendid view of wooded creek and

bold promontory. Kandili, on the other side, the choicest of all the choice seats of the Bosphorus, recalling the pleasant hours passed with the accomplished Layard many years ago—while downwards Olympus and the sea of Marmora were seen in the azure distance. In Baron Wildenbruch I have always found a union of the athletic Cuirassier Colonel, the extensive information of the diplomatist, and the recondite taste of the antiquary and dilettante. I confess the mind reposes pleasantly on this polygon form of mind, (I speak apart from all the debated questions of the day,) and in the late lamented Baroness Wildenbruch I have always found a lady familiar with the literature of Europe, without the pretensions of the blue-stocking. Their retreat was a charming one, and the Bosphorus, with the rustle of its green leaves, and the ripple of its blue waters, is certainly more propitious to the man of business who charms his leisure with letters, than the dusty stifling air of Pera.

Further up the Bosphorus I found Mr. Henry Skene, whose time is well employed and who is one of those men to whom the public is indebted for much valuable service in various capacities. A friendly visit to my bed of sickness in Pera had renewed and recalled an acquaintance that began thirty years ago at school, and therefore was mingled with some unpleasant reminiscences of short comings in classical lore! I recollect as if it were yesterday the Wizard of the North with his white locks and tortuous limb hobbling into the new academy of Edinburgh to examine us. Archibald Tait, now Bishop of London, was as usual Dux and I was as usual booby. Our task was the perusal of Virgil or Homer, I forget which, "*ad aperturam libri*".—Looking at the number above me, I calculated what lines would fall to my share; and quite big with expectation, thought I had penetrated the author's meaning. Tait, Skene, Swinton (brother of the artist—and now Professor of Law in Edinburgh), and the other clever boys had got through with *éclat*; but the master, archdeacon Williams, kindly thinking to save

me a breakdown, or perhaps to save himself from the discredit of such a pupil, waved me to my seat and turning to Scott, said: "You see how far it can go." "The devil he does," thought I, and Scott gave me a shake of the head, and a droll reproving grin, while I thought myself for a moment a martyr; and I almost suspect that I long owed the master a grudge for it.

At Balta Liman I presented letters to Reschid Pasha and his son Ali Ghalib Pasha, then about to espouse a daughter of the Sultan. This statesman, the most enlightened of all the modern Turks, I found in feeble health, much exhausted with the fatigues of the long twelve months' crisis,—which began with Prince Menschikoff's mission; and taking a little ease from the weight of state business, in a cool lofty apartment, simply furnished, and looking out on the broad part of the Bosphorus, below Therapia where it appears a lake.

With an intelligent eye, a mild expression of countenance and a bushy white beard, his look was venerable; and although no longer in the enjoyment of the bodily strength of youth, his intellect was quite clear and it was at once apparent that he seized his points like a true statesman. He spoke French admirably, and he had thus the advantage of always being able to communicate directly with the Foreign Ministers accredited to the Porte. The great merit of Reschid Pasha was that without seeking to change the obviously essential doctrines of Islamism, he had boldly thrown himself in the breach in order to render Turkey a possible member of the European family; and the Turkish Revolution, which was begun by the destruction of the Janissaries, has been carried on by Reschid Pasha's persevering war with the intolerant section of the Ulema,—those moral Janissaries, of the hosts of pride and prejudice; and if his task is incomplete, it is for want of neither the intelligence nor the will, but of that lapse of time which is needed for the consolidation of the stages already reached, the settling of foundations,—the cohesion

of parts, and the closing of fissures between the old element and the new.

It may well be believed that the state and prospects of Turkey, the possibilities, and the impossibilities of the future, formed the subject of many interesting conversations with the soldiers, statesmen and men of letters I met at Constantinople. I have not judged it fair to put in print, and appropriate to their authors, opinions often freely expressed, on the gravest problems and chief personages of this momentous crisis,—I prefer giving in propria persona some of my own experiences of this heterogeneous Empire, confirmed, or corrected by my most recent tour in the Ottoman Empire.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BALANCE SHEET OF TURKISH STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

In the "*Constitution and Administration of the Ottoman Empire*," by the erudite Baron von Hammer, we have the most complete and authentic account of old Turkey. The chief features of this once formidable system are soon sketched.—Radically the same as that of the Mameluke Sultans, founded by Saladin, its chief military force consisted of a large number of healthy men, taken young from their parents and educated in the art of war and the doctrines of Islamism; in fact, lay-brothers of an ecclesiastical and political system which broke them off from the ties of their parents and kindred, who were often of the Christian religion. Instead of the successive elevation of these men to the supreme power of state, there was the sounder principle of hereditary Monarchy as in the Caliphates. In short these new Pretorians, styled

Janissaries, did not rise to be Emperors, but they held in their hands the power of deposing the Sultan. Thus absolute monarchy and turbulent oligarchy were reciprocally pushed to their extremes; and the history of Turkey is a black catalogue of monarchs deposed by violence, and grandees suddenly attainted in life and chattels.

Sultan Mahmoud clearly understood that a reciprocal tolerance between the primary and secondary powers of the state was absolutely essential to its welfare. The Janissaries were destroyed,—feudalism has been gradually extirpated, and the present Sultan neither fears deposition by turbulent Pretorian guards, nor is the Metropolitan or Provincial magnate in terror lest either a low ebb of influence or a springtide of power (for both extremes were often fatal to the political adventurer) should lead to decapitation and confiscation. Mahmoud did not live to complete his work. He saw the light glimmering at the end of the cavity. He never reached the broad expanse of day—but he groped boldly in the right direction; and if the Ottoman Empire get clear of the present difficulties, Mahmoud will go down to posterity as the Renovator of the Empire.

The publication of the Hattisherif of Gulhane, the reform bill of the Ottomans, took place in 1839,—shortly after my first setting foot on the soil of Turkey; and I confess that, inexperienced at that time in political affairs, I indulged in rather too sanguine expectations of its realization. In short the contrast between its splendid promise and miserable performance by the agents of Abd-ul-Medjid, then girding on the sword of Empire, was most melancholy. How truly says Luther of mankind—that it is like a drunken beggar on horseback: as soon as you prevent him from falling on one side he is apt to tumble over on the other.—No sooner had the energy of Viscount Palmerston, Prince Metternich, Viscount Ponsonby and the other allied statesmen of that day saved the body of the Empire from the fangs of Ibrahim Pasha and Mohammed Ali, than a frightful re-action took place in favor of the

most corrupt and intolerant part of the privileged classes. The reins of Government being no longer held by the vigorous hands of Mahmoud, the extreme youth and inexperience of Abd-ul-Medjid was unequal to the task of preventing the power and emoluments of place from being held by the corrupt and artful jobbers of the old system.

Russia had gained by the coercion of Mohammed Ali; the great influence of that Pasha at Constantinople, so annoying to her in later years, had been reduced. By the surrender of the spirit and letter of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi she adroitly postponed for fourteen years the war with the Western powers, which her traditional Turkish policy was inevitably drawing down on her head; and the wild aberrations of M. Thiers from all the recognised principles of European right and international dealing had created a most unseemly fissure between the two powers that threatened, in conjunction with Austria, to do that European execution on Nicholas which the world had witnessed in the case of Louis XIV.,—the elder Bonaparte, and other monarchs, when their policy became dangerous to the general welfare.

But Russia was by no means converted to the doctrine of a renovation of the strength of the Ottoman Empire. It did not suit her interests that Turkey should be united, prosperous, and powerful,—and Russia maintaining intimate relations with the soi-disant orthodox populations of the Sultan, it is clear that the Emperor Nicholas did not believe it practicable. We consequently find that the influence of Russia in the Ottoman Empire was far more frequently given to the leaders of the retrograde party than to those who wished to make the Hattisherif of Gulhane a reality.

M. Thiers had been expelled from power, but in too many instances the traditions of his policy still haunted the chanceries of France. It was impossible for an impartial European at that time to reside any length of time in Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia, and not

arrive at the conclusion that the whole of the French policy of that day was based upon the assumption that the Ottoman Empire was tumbling to pieces, and that provision must be made for that consummation by a moral hold on the Catholic or Rayah population, far beyond the utmost verge of the capitulations, and analogous to those pretensions which have proved the rock on which Russia has since split.

The modern history of Turkey begins with the year 1841. During the previous part of the century, she had never had an interval of repose, from either foreign war or domestic revolt. Russia, France, and Britain, the Serbians, the Greeks, and the Egyptians, had all pointed their cannon against Turkey. Chaos therefore preceded the new organization. The first thing to be done, after turning the great corner of the Egyptian expulsion from Syria, and the fresh start of 1841 (by which the five great Powers of Europe became parties to the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire)—was to put some stop to the mortal internal corruption that festered on the vitals of Turkey, even in a state of quiescence. Here the services of Lord Stratford—then Sir Stratford Canning—stand forward, with a brightness and a prominence that at once arrests in the most striking manner the attention of the European historian. An active and intelligent Consular corps supplied him with the materials for his operations. —Whenever a Governor indulged in gross fanaticism or venality, Lord Stratford knocked at the Sublime Porte with a sledge hammer power and vehemence until the Empire resounded again, and success was obtained. This vigorous policy was carried out against individual Turks, not in hostility to Turkey,—nor in order to build up a rayah interest for Britain in spite of her,—but as the only means of arriving at that realization of the projects of Sultan Mahmoud expressed in Abd-ul-Medjid's Hattissherif of Gulhane, in which lay the salvation of the whole machine.

Even those Viziers whose conduct was open to criticism

began now to exercise their capacity for the general welfare. Riza Pasha, if less free from intolerant prejudice than Reschid Pasha—has an intellect of an organizing turn, and the reform of the military system and its division into corps d'armée of Constantinople, Roumelia, Anatolia and Arabistan, with the proper division of cavalry and artillery, is principally due to him. When we add the apprenticeship that the Ottoman armies have received under the genius of Omer Pasha in extirpating feudalism in those provinces where it had the deepest roots, it is no longer surprising that with their natural bravery the Turks should have performed so respectable a part in the late campaign.

As in every decaying state, the greatest abuses were identified with the private interests of the privileged classes. In the time of Mahmoud the chief cancer was that of rebellious Pashas, under Abd-ul-Medjid,—the great body of the Ulema, their privileges and obstructions requiring decisive operation before the Ottoman Empire can be pronounced sound and healthy.—The Tariff reform, carried out with signal ability by Reschid Pasha and Viscount Ponsonby,—and the separation of the military command, as well as the financial administration from the political power wielded by the Pashas,—have, in spite of partial miscarriages, gradually settled down into a habit and system, working after all much better than had ever been anticipated. The keys of the treasure chest and the immediate leading of the troops being in the hands of special functionaries, the possibility of any governor playing over again the game of a Pasvan Oglou, or an Ali Tepelen, was for ever removed. But the Augean stable of legal and ecclesiastical abuse has still to be cleaned.

The great reform at present required in Turkey is to turn the whole of the *Vacouf* property into *mulk*,—that is to turn the property entailed on mosques and untaxed into property held by individuals and taxable by the state. So very large a proportion of the landed property of Turkey escapes with a mere nominal taxation, that this state

cannot be pronounced to be financially exhausted as long as she offers such a virgin field to a puzzled chancellor of the Ottoman Exchequer. Nor would the advantage be merely financial.—The property thus locked up in the mosques, apparently for religious but really entailed for private purposes, would, after its disengagement from obligation to support the mosques and the Ulema, compel the State to pay salaries to this body. They would thus become servants of the State and more amenable to its power. If the independence of this Ecclesiastical Corporation were, as in some European states, a check on the despotism of the Civil Government, one would not propose the change. But it so happens that this body (in modern times destitute of erudition and activity) is really a drag on all the improving tendencies of the Government, and lends its momentum only to a retrograde and fanatical policy.—But good may come out of evil; out of the present decay of the Ottoman finances may spring reforms replete with vital sap for the coming generation, however beset they may be with discouraging difficulties for the present. More land too would come into the Market, and the *tourniquet* of this compound of lay and ecclesiastical liens being removed, the life's blood of economical existence would beat with a freer pulse.

A general civilization of the Turks, in the European sense of the word, I hold to be impossible. If the obstacles to reform are in the traditions and principles of the Ulema, and not in the written word of the Koran, the indisposition to science is in the Mongol race, and not in the Moslem religion. The Koran, if inferior to the New Testament in essentials—is equal to the works of the Stoic Philosophers in dogmatic morality, and immeasurably superior to them in fervour of eloquence and religious sentiment. The cause of the present discredit of Islamism is its hold on an Ugrian race that is dominant over so large a territory; for the Arab period of self-government in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Andalusia, was dis-

tinguished by erudition, science and architecture. Fortunately for the Germanic and Romano-Celtic races, Christianity forstalled Islamism in the West of Europe. But if by some mysterious dispensation of Providence the Koran, preceding the New Testament, had taken possession of the higher races, the preponderance of Islamism would have been greater than it now is.

In spite of this indisposition towards European science, education and civilization, on the part of the Turks, I hold that it would be unwise to disturb Ottoman supremacy, even if present treaties did not exist—for there is no race in the land fit to take their place.—Certainly not the Bulgarians, who are so numerous and who extend all through Macedonia and almost touch the gulf of Saloniki,—they being utterly deficient in the courage and capacity to carry on the business of an Empire. The Greeks are equally unfit to take the place of the Turks,—for they have a very feeble numerical basis in Turkey, except in Thessaly and Epirus, and even there have easily been put down; their rule moreover would be utterly unacceptable to the Slaavic population forming the great majority of Turkey in Europe.

As to most of the schemes for putting Christians and Moslems on a footing of equality, I hold them to be illusory. Equality before the law must certainly be pushed through, not only nominally but virtually. But in the social and political sphere either Ottoman supremacy must remain or anarchy must ensue. Europe can make up exotically the science and material civilization which Turkey wants, but Europe cannot infuse into the good natured Bulgarian the confidence and energy required to rule a state or lead armies. Europe, even in the interests of Turkey, ought to give Greece a better boundary; but in the great moral quality of sincerity, the intelligent and mercantile Greek is certainly very far from being equal to the Turk.

I now took leave of Constantinople, and with reference to all the above mentioned interesting topics it is im-

possible for me sufficiently to acknowledge the valuable information which I have, during many years, received from that most accomplished Orientalist, Mr. C. Alison, now Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Persia.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN HOME BY BERLIN.

Having now recovered some strength, I embarked for Trieste in the Austrian steamer with an interesting variety of passengers, High Church and Low Church, sane and insane—Turcophile and Philhellene. One was the learned and pious Bishop of Malta and Gibraltar on a tour through his diocese, to which Constantinople and Trieste both belong. Another passenger was a French maniac, but quite harmless. His face streaming with perspiration in the torrid heat of a Mediterranean Midsummer, and rolling his eyes like Bocage in a Boulevard melodrame,—he related how his father and mother had been frightfully murdered and how Providence had spared him for the express purpose of sending to the Emperor of China a sure plan for the suppression of the rebellion that is afflicting that part of the world. He whispered mysteriously to me that the whole art of diplomacy is to ask for blue when you want red.—“*Voulez-vous du bleu? demandez du rouge. Voulez-vous du rouge? demandez du bleu.*” We had also a popular dissenting preacher whose oily address, and pulpit intonation gave a pleasant zest to the breakfast table. One morning he asked us if

he had the look of an Italian revolutionist, — but one gentleman declared that his rosy countenance was very unlike the bilious complexion of those choleric innovators, and for myself I thought his aldermanly rotundity of contour savoured more of roastbeef and plum-pudding, than of meagre macaroni and olives.

“Would you believe”, said he, wiping his expansive brow with his handkerchief, and speaking with a clerical suavity of inflection that was delectable to hear, “that I have lately come out of jail?”

We were all still incredulous, declaring that it was impossible, for he was most unlike a jail bird.

“Perfectly true”, said he;—“I had a taste of a Neapolitan prison in consequence of a revolutionary cockade having been found in my writing desk.”

This revolutionary emblem was straightway produced to the passengers amidst considerable laughter, and proved to be a two penny penwiper of red and blue cloth.

“Well, Doctor, and what did you say to this serious charge?—what answer did you give?”

“The answer that a Briton ought to give.—I boldly avowed that I was a revolutionist,—on which the sbirro said: “Aye, aye! I thought so, the truth is coming out.”—“Yes”—continued the gallant and reverend Doctor—“I told him I was not the man to shrink from my profession, but that the only profession I practised, and the only revolution I contemplated, was to turn the thoughts of the sons and daughters of vanity to the kingdom to come;—but my appeals were vain—so I was sent off to Naples—a martyr, not to my colours, political or religious, but to those of my penwiper.—It soon appeared however that the police authorities of Naples were ashamed of their provincial subordinates, and here I am, as great a revolutionist as ever in the sense of my profession.”

I took a glance at Vienna and Berlin on my way home, and saw the principal political persons in each capital, being anxious to have some idea of the condition of Austria and Prussia in relation to the Oriental crisis.

Arrived at the former capital, I found some pleasant English people, conspicuous among whom was our fellow-country-woman Mrs. Norton; for it must be confessed that the aristocracy of beauty and genius united in one person, with the impulses of a noble and generous nature, form a pluralism of not an every-day order. If Corinne and Recamier rolled into one do not constitute the salt of the earth, what does? It was to the Paradies Garten that a choice spirit or two adjourned from her charming family circle, to enjoy the beauties of nature, the wide view of the suburbs, and the wooded slopes of the Kahlenberg; while the strains of distant music harmonized with the softening glow of a sunset in June and formed a symphony to delicious converse on art and poesy.

But the momentous military and political crisis also occupied the thoughts of those accomplished persons, and I could not avoid remembering that nearly fifty years before Madame de Stael had sat on this very bastion, enjoying the glorious material prospect, and with the moral eye looked through the spectacles of August Wilhelm Schlegel on the rapid and solid elevation of the literature of Germany simultaneously with the crumbling ruins of her political fortunes; for Goethe and Schiller were the contemporaries of a Mack, and it was the lyre of the bard rather than the trumpet of the triumph that heralded the return of Germany to the consciousness of a national existence. But alas! the vain attempt to fill the tubs of Tantalus is the moral of the history of this restless lower world. After all the struggles are ended—after nations meet in congress to partition Europe anew; after the victorious and the fortunate have entered on possession, and the conquered and curtailed have resigned themselves to their fate—the world, after a brief season, again awakes to the blast of the trumpet and the roll of the drum, and the once light-hearted British or French subaltern, who wooed the black eyes of Andalusia and slashed his way through the Peninsula, but now well

up in years and the army list, must leave the flags of gay Pall Mall or the Boulevard des Italiens for the dangers of the Minié rifle, and the discomforts of a bivouac.

I have lived very little in Berlin; but it certainly is redolent of art, science, and literature; and whatever the judgment of posterity may be on the late king as a political character, that court will certainly be pronounced Augustan, which has been illustrated by an observation of nature like that of Humboldt—the musical direction of a Spontini—the sculpture of a Rauch and a Kis—the dramatic powers of a Raupach—the deep erudition of a Von Raumer—the intellectual activity of a Ranke—the accomplishments of a Waagen, who brings the light of large general powers and attainments to illuminate and vivify the most purely technical and antiquarian branches of his profession,—and last—not least—the true power of a Kaulbach, in whom the reflection of the philosophic historian and the sensibility of the poet are translated to the canvass with splendour, beauty, and a daring comprehensiveness that knows no obstacle, that recoils from no difficulty.

The erudite historian Von Raumer I found in good health, and dispensing on all hands the benefits of his researches. Struck with the brilliant colours of the carpet of his drawing room, he informed me that it had been worked by a circle of Ladies to whom he had delivered a series of lectures on History. “That I can do,” said he, “for at my age I can attempt no new works, and content myself with correcting and completing my old ones.”

Professor Ranke I congratulated on having just been made Councillor of State by the King; and it may well be believed that the historian of Servia had many questions to ask of the traveller in those parts, relative to the condition and prospects of the Christians of Turkey,—and the incomparable efforts made by our Ambassador, during a long series of years, to reconcile a humane policy to the Christians with those sovereign rights of the Porte,

which are now an essential part of the public law of Europe. Nor are these explanations altogether unnecessary, for a certain part of the German press is far too ready to see in the British policy only a selfish support of an Oriental Power, that, for want of inherent strength, seeks to make herself formidable at home by the oppression of the rayah population.

From Lord Bloomfield, our minister in Berlin, I experienced a most kind and hospitable reception; and my conversations with him, as well as with Baron Manteuffel the Premier, and Count Pourtales, the head of the Anglo-French party, were instructive and interesting; and all assisted in throwing light on the crisis—but “least said, is soonest mended”—in the case of men occupying delicate positions. To Baron Manteuffel I presented letters for the first time, and found him of middle stature, slight in person, fair-haired, about 50 years of age, and with a penetrating eye and conversation that at once shew him to be a well-informed man of business. I was amused with an old General in the drawing-room, adjoining the study of the Baron, who, hearing I had come from Constantinople, asked me “How are we to get the better of these English and French?” but when I informed him that that object formed no part of the plans of a subject of the Queen of England, he looked caught and said abruptly: “*Was Teufel—Ein Engländer! da bin ich schön gefangen,*” and we both had a hearty laugh.

The rise of Prussia by arts and arms is certainly one of the most remarkable developments of modern history, and seems to be the logical sequence of the great split of Germany between the catholic south and the protestant north at the reformation. At first sight Saxony seems to have been the power entitled to occupy the prominent position, and as far as art goes, the age of Augustus the Strong has left its impress on Germany; for from his reign date the various sumptuous architectural decorations of the Saxon capital, the establishment of the Dresden Gallery, the School of Design, and the impulse to the

patronage of subsequent painters, whose names are associated with this charming residence. But this had its dark side in folly, finery, and profusion which exhausted Saxony during the period in which strict financial economy, iron military discipline, and resplendent military genius, elevated Prussia to be one of the great powers of continental Europe. Indeed, there are few Empires more interesting than that of Prussia. The true founder of this monarchy was in my opinion neither the conqueror of Fehrbellin, nor Frederic the Great, but the semi-savage father of the latter Prince, and the spirit of the system was contained in his memorable words—"I establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze, army and treasure are both created; my successor may throw away the mask when he chooses".

The great Frédéric lived and died in the unbelief of the eighteenth century. Great King, great warrior, great Statesman, master of the erudition of his age, and even of the lighter accomplishments of the drawing-room, he creates our astonishment and extorts our admiration. But that large philosophy which leads *to* and not *from* God, was unknown to Frederic; and it is impossible to read with attention the history of Prussia in the days of our fathers without coming to the conclusion that the frivolity, the corruption, and the indifference, which signalised the temporary fall of this otherwise vigorous State, had its ultimate cause in that systematic ridicule directed against the religious sentiment, of which Frederic set the most pernicious, because the most signal and conspicuous example.

The military and political monarchy well established, it must be admitted that Frederic William the Fourth has made up the lee way of Prussia in the arts with a splendour and magnificence which has arrested general attention, and which would require volumes to describe in detail, and so as to couple his name with those of an Augustus the Strong and a Louis of Bavaria. Berlin has also preserved the traditions of high art in music, as

remarkably as in the architectural, the plastic and the pictorial arts. At the Royal Opera house we find a repertory, more varied with the old standards than is usual in the west of Europe, where the operas of Gluck, have been heard during all the period of their desuetude in France; and the same might be said of the remarkable works of Cherubini, and the two truly grand masterpieces of Spontini and Mehul.

Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since I had received the kind hospitality of Spontini, meeting at his table the most remarkable artists and men of letters in Berlin, and afterwards enjoying the greater treat of accompanying Madame Spontini to her box and hearing the "*Vestale*", conducted by the composer himself. But his antipathy to the modern Italian school was invincible. Having had the pleasure of knowing Bellini personally, during his visit to London, in 1833, when *Norma* was first introduced to the London public, with the original cast of Pasta, Donzelli and Galli,—and having been inoculated, with the warmest admiration of those works, which in compact beauty, tenderness, and simplicity, with a certain deficiency in the mechanical qualities, may be compared to the paintings of those inspired elder Umbrians and Florentines, who addressed the souls rather than the senses of the spectators,—I ventured to make this comparison to Spontini, who was himself an Umbrian, and often spoke of Urbino and that part of Italy. But Spontini, himself a great master of the orchestra, a contemporary of Beethoven and Cherubini, had no relish for compositions which did not bring out the full resources of the orchestra, which was certainly the case with Bellini's earlier works. No strains haunt the memory more obstinately, than those of *Il Pirata* and *Montecchi*. When sunny sky, breezy woods, or placid lake, are enjoyed in the society of those we love, those little strains of Bellini intensify the elysian enjoyment of the scene with a sympathetic power, surpassed by no other master of our century. But it cannot be denied, that the sublime, the

sombre, and the terrible, which in music can only be brought out by the orchestra skillfully translating the audacious movements of the soul of the composer, were beyond Bellini, and had been attained by Spontini and Mehul, with such a power, as to produce astonishment and delight, even in an age that followed so close on the Gluck and Mozart period. What the music of the future will be, no one, I imagine, can pretend to say. This can only be reasoned out by establishing a comparison with other epochs of other arts, and for this purpose, we must first take a brief retrospect of music itself.

According to many, modern music begins with Händel; this excludes of course the curious felicities of some men of the seventeenth century, which figure in the charming historical concerts of M. Fétis, and other musical antiquarians, and on the whole I am inclined to concur in this opinion, although Händel's operatic works have entirely sunk. On hearing the truly colossal works, "Bach's Passion's Music," and Graun's "Death of Jesus," it is clear, that the two latter are rather the last of the Ancients, than the first of the Moderns. Bach in fact, by his unsurpassable science, put the apex on the great ecclesiastical school of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. There is more complication in Bach, wound up to a perfect and beautiful unity, than in Händel, but in the latter we have the bolder and freer genius, with a greater range of inflections, and more of the forecast of the omnitonic development which music was destined subsequently to receive, and this with a spontaneity, a sweep of line, and a total absence of the constrained, or the eked out, which characterized the true master.

Gluck is the true beginner of the modern opera, he gave it nearly its present form, and we must assign to him the unquestionable supremacy in the treatment of stronger passions.

Mozart also followed closely the action of his drama, and no composer ever relieved the intentional irregularity of his rhythm with more enchanting melodies, while the

ingenious elaborateness of its construction is a barrier to a large proportion of his music being ever hackneyed in chamber practice. With Mozart, as with Raphael, we find ourselves in that wide and lofty region of art where every taste can appropriate something to itself: that of the million, the obvious and striking beauties; and that of the initiated, those mysterious graces, and that tranquillity of effect, which we find only in the aristocracy of genius.

Rossini is the prince of melodists. His detractors may no doubt point out the germs of many of his ideas in Cimarosa, Generali and in Paer, but the idea is almost invariably so transformed, beautified and perfected, by passing through the alembic of his genius, as to be invested with the charm of novelty. On the contrary, when the contemporaries of Rossini take one of his ideas, it is generally diluted, instead of being made more racy. At first sight, the profusion of ornament seems to interfere with the dramatic passion of his works, but on a closer examination, this profusion is mostly to be found in the cavatinas of the principal singers, which comprise a very small part of the whole of an opera, and this very florid vocalisation, has preserved even the most popular airs of Rossini from being hackneyed; take for instance any of his commonest songs, such as the serenade "Ecco ridente," in the Barber of Seville, which not one amateur in a thousand can ever attempt. Unquestionably, Rossini has carried the ornate to excess; but it belongs to his nature, which is that of a fertility, facility, and spontaneity of invention, altogether unrivalled in musical history, and which in the world of sweet sounds is a miracle, which equals, if it does not exceed, what was achieved in romance by the pen of Scott, or in painting by the pencil of Rubens. His comic style is quite in the "Ercles vein," and in buoyant hilarity he surpasses all musicians that ever lived, not even excepting Mozart himself, who rarely let himself loose in high glee. In martial bravura his power is equally remarkable,—I do

not mean in the modern accumulation of trombone on trombone, as we find in the apes of the last style of Beethoven, but in the deeper art, in which the composer intuitively leaps to the notes that strike on the imagination, as the most vigorously accentuated. This power he revealed at the very beginning of his career in *Tancredi*. And in all his compositions, we find a charming clearness, and impossibility, in the dullest ears, not to seize the intention of the composer, or not to be swept along by his rhythm. Rossini must also be considered a great harmonist, one of the very greatest, if we consider the rich effects, produced by the economy of notes, and this, which we call natural harmony, seems remarkable in his earlier works, such as *Tancredi*, and *L'Italiana*, where massive mechanical means and a thick colouring are not put in requisition.

But, that something is to be said on the other side, is unquestionable; the forms, that he invented, were reproduced too often, in a multitude of operas, no longer given in any theatre; thus, while he wrote too much in the ten years comprised between *Tancredi* and *Semiramide*, total cessation after *Tell*, when he was only thirty seven years of age, was surely a mistake, and a high treason committed against his own genius, for, having attained the maximum of orchestral skill, he had the power of continuing such revisals of his own earlier compositions, as *Moïse*, and *Le Siège de Corinthe*.

Bellini's pathos is exquisite, as even to go to excess, and while a certain vein of dignity lurks under the tenderness of Rossini, that of Bellini is often suggestive of hopeless prostration, such as in the celebrated "*Qui m' accolse*," in *Beatrice di Tenda*. Bellini was not prolific, but what he did was carefully digested; in fact, he was somewhat the converse of Rossini, for while the profuse ornament of the latter was spontaneous, the simplicity of Bellini was elaborate. His temperament was melancholy, his manners soft and retiring, as those who knew him may well remember, his person slender, a

sepulchral gloom hung over his compositions, and to make all complete—he died in youth.

Of Donizetti, we incline to say with Beyle Stendahl that he was one of the Marmontels of Music, and that, notwithstanding his wonderful facility of producing audible and pleasant compositions, and the dramatic and orchestral power shown in his latest works, the illusion is greatly spoiled on finding the germs of so many of his best ideas scattered through the remembered or forgotten works of Rossini.

The works of the “ancien repertoire,” have been laid aside, owing to the influx of masterly works, of the more recent generation, that is to say, the best works of Rossini’s fourth manner, in which he vies with the first Germans, on their own proper ground, of the orchestra, and of a more purely dramatic treatment of the poem. The two magnificent creations of Meyerbeer, on which his fame rests; the luscious, almost cloying operas of Auber, and of the more severe, but less genial and inventive Halévy, not to mention the most elaborate, although perhaps not the most inspired works of Donizetti and Verdi. These performances, on a scaffolding of dramatic invention and display: more ingenious, with a view to stage effect, than those of the old school, are sufficient to account for the desuetude into which a Gluck, a Spontini, and a Mehul have fallen. But we seem now to have arrived at a period, when the most popular operas of the prolific dramatic period of a quarter of a century, that followed that peace, have become thoroughly known, and no new productions of equal vigour, variety, and beauty, having taken their place, the love of novelty seems likely to evolve the reproduction, on the leading theatres of Europe, of all the great works of the old repertory. Nature seldom sends men of genius isolated into the world, all the arts and sciences seem to have bright and luminous epochs. The taste and intelligence of certain countries take a particular direction. Not only is the territorial division of labour a sound principle,

but there seems to be a chronological division of labour, when human genius does one thing at a time, in a masterly style, and then rests itself, or pursues a different art or science. These rests are distinctly discernable in the schools of painting and architecture, and in music we seem to have come to a rest, after the astonishing quarter of a century, within which were produced *Il Barbiere*, *Freyschütz*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Tell*, *Norma*, *Robert le Diable*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *La Juive*, *Il Giuramento* and the *Huguenots*, and it is to the credit of the musical taste of Berlin, that, while welcoming all the new comers, they have held fast to all the old classics from Bach to Gluck and Mehul. The masterpiece of Weber, sweetest of all the bards of woodland beauty and romantic mystery, and potent alchymist in the perfect fusion of the orchestral elements, first saw the light in Berlin, and to use Weber's own expression to Kind, "*hat ins schwarze getroffen*"; but yet "*Les deux Journées*," "*Joseph*," and the two *Iphigenies* were never expelled from the varied and classic repertory of the northern capital of German art.

APPENDIX.

As the careers of those five Statesmen who have taken the most prominent part in the historical questions treated of in these travels may be of interest to the reader, the publisher transcribes from the highly interesting biographical part of the Foreign Office List notices of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Clarendon, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe and Earl Russell.

ABERDEEN (GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON)

EARL OF, K. G., K. T.,

Succeeded as 4th Earl, August 13th, 1801; at the General Election in 1807, was chosen one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland; was decorated with the Red Riband, March 16th, 1808; was Ambassador at Vienna from July 29, 1813, to April, 1814; was created an English Peer, by the title of Viscount Gordon, June 1, 1814; was made a Privy Councillor, July 23, 1819; was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from January 26, to June 2, 1828; was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from June 2, 1828, to November 2, 1830; and also from September 2, 1841, to July 5, 1846. Was First Lord of the Treasury, from December 28th, 1852, till February 7th, 1855; was appointed

one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, March 6, 1854; was made a K.G. February 7, 1855.

CLARENDON (GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK
VILLERS),

EARL OF, K. G., G. C. B.,

was attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg from 1820 till 1823; was First Commissioner of Excise, from the end of 1823 till September, 1833; in 1827 he went to Ireland as Commissioner to make arrangements for an union of the English and Irish Boards, and remained there till 1829; for a few months in 1831 he was employed in France as Commercial Commissioner to arrange the basis of a treaty of Commerce with that country; was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid from September 5, 1833, till October 18, 1839; was made a G. C. B. October 20, 1837; succeeded as 4th Earl, December 22, 1838, was made a Privy Councillor January 3, 1840; was Lord Privy Seal from January 15, 1840, till September 3, 1841; was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, *pro tempore*, from October 31, 1840, till June 23, 1841; was President of the Board of Trade from July 6, 1846, till July 22, 1847; was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from May 26, 1847, till February 28, 1852; was made a K.G. March 23, 1849; was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, February 21, 1853; accompanied Her Majesty to Paris in August, 1855; was Plenipotentiary at the Conferences of Paris, and signed the Treaty of Peace of March 30, 1856; he resigned office, February 26, 1858.

PALMERSTON (HENRY JOHN TEMPLE),

VISCOUNT, K. G., G. C. B., M. P.,

succeeded as 3rd. Viscount, April 17, 1802; was appointed Secretary of War, October 27, 1809, which office he held

till May 31, 1828; was made a Privy Councillor, November 1, 1809; upon the formation of a Cabinet by the late Earl Grey was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, November 22, 1830; he held the Seals of that office till November 21, 1834, when he was succeeded by the late Duke of Wellington; was again appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, April 18, 1835, under the late Viscount Melbourne's Administration; his Lordship resigned with the rest of the Cabinet in September, 1841; upon the formation of Lord John Russell's Cabinet, Lord Palmerston was for the third time appointed to his former post, July 6, 1846; and in December, 1851, he resigned; upon the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, in December, 1852, Lord Palmerston was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department; was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, February 8, 1855, and one of a Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums of money voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting Public Education, February 28, 1855; was M.P. for the University of Cambridge from 1806 till 1831; for Bletchingley from 1831 till 1832; for South Hants from 1832 to December 1834; and has sat for Tiverton since June 1835; was made a K.G., July 12, 1856. He resigned office, February 19, 1858. Was appointed July 9, 1858, one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the purpose of inquiring into the establishment, organization, government and direction of the Militia Force of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, June 24, 1859; was appointed, July 6, 1859, one of the Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums of money voted by parliament for the purpose of promoting Public Education.

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE (STRATFORD
CANNING),

VISCOUNT, G. C. B.,

was appointed Précis Writer in the Foreign Office by Mr. Secretary Canning, July 5, 1807; accompanied Mr.

Merry to Copenhagen as Secretary (conjointly with the late Earl of Mornington) to his Special Mission, in October, 1807; accompanied Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair to the Dardanelles, as Secretary to his Special Mission, in June, 1808, for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace between England and the Porte; was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, April 15, 1809; on the recall of Mr. Adair, was Minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople in 1811 and 1812; attended by order at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, when Sir Robert Liston arrived as Ambassador; was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland, June 28, 1814; attended at the Congress of Vienna, and assisted at the Committee of Plenipotentiaries for Swiss Affairs, November, 1814; to the United States of America, July 20, 1820; was made a Privy Councillor, July 20, 1820; was appointed Plenipotentiary in London for negotiating with the United States of America, November 29, 1823, concerning all the questions in dispute, including that of the North-west Boundary, but which was not eventually ratified; was sent on a Special Mission to Russia, November 9, 1824, respecting Greece and the Boundary on the North-west American Coast, and was charged with communications to the Court of Vienna; was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, October 10, 1825; was sent, in July, 1828, while in that capacity, to Greece, for the establishment of its independence in concert with the Representatives of France and Russia.

Resigned his Embassy, and received a Pension, January 28, 1830; was made a G.C.B. 1829; was dispatched on a Special Embassy to Constantinople for enlarging the Boundaries of Greece, October 30, 1831; was appointed Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of all the Russias, October 30, 1832; was sent on a Special Embassy to Spain and Portugal, December 30, 1832; was again appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, October 16, 1841, with a Mission to Athens; on his return from leave of absence in England, was accredited, in 1847 and

1848, on Special Missions to Switzerland, Prussia, Austria, and Greece, communicating also under instructions with the Courts of Belgium, Hanover, Saxony, and Bavaria. He returned again to England in June, 1852, and in April, 1853, resumed his functions at Constantinople, after communicating by instruction with the Courts of Paris and Vienna. Sat in six Parliaments, for Stockbridge, Old Sarum, and Lynn Regis, successively from 1833 to 1842; and was raised to the Peerage, April 24, 1852, by the title of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. Signed and concluded six Conventions or Treaties with various States, and assisted, by single mediation, in bringing about peace between Turkey and Russia in 1812; by joint intervention in settling the Federal Compact of the Swiss Cantons; by Conference and Protocol in establishing the foundations of the Greek Monarchy; was offered, but declined, a Russian Order in 1814; accepted, by permission, from the Sultan Mahmoud, in 1832, his Nishan, with the Imperial Portrait in Brilliants; was offered, and declined by authority, the Greek Order of the Saviour, in 1842. Resigned his Embassy, in May, 1858, and retired on his pension. Was sent on a Special Mission to take leave of the Sultan, in September, 1858.

RUSSELL (LORD JOHN, NOW EARL)

RT. HON., M.P.,

was M.P. for Tavistock, from 1813 till March, 1817, and also from July, 1818, till March, 1819; for Huntingdonshire, from 1820 till 1826; and for Bandon Budje, from January, 1827, till 1830. Was made a Privy Councillor, November 22, 1830. Was Paymaster of the Forces from December, 1832, when he was returned for South Devon, which County he represented till May, 1835. Was appointed one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, August 15, 1836. Was Secretary of State for the Home Department from April 18, 1835, till August 30, 1839. Was M.P. for Stroud from May 21, 1835, till June, 1841. Was Secretary of State for the Colonies from August 30, 1839,

to September 3, 1841. Has been M.P. for the City of London since July 1841. Was first Lord of the Treasury from July 6, 1846, till February 26, 1852. Was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from December 28, 1852, till February 20, 1853, when he retained a seat in the Cabinet, but held no appointment. Was Lord President of the Council from June 12, 1854, till February 7, 1855. Was appointed to be the unpaid Charity Commissioner for England and Wales, July 8th, 1854. Was sent on a Special Mission to Vienna, February 11, 1855. Was appointed one of a Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums of money voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting Public Education, February 28th, 1855. Was Secretary of State for the Colonies from March to July, 1855. Was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, June 18, 1859; and one of the Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums of money voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting Public Education, July 6, 1859. Was in attendance upon Her Majesty when she proceeded to Coburg, in September and October, 1860.

END OF VOL. II.

